

# RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA – X

## HAPPINESS AS AN END OF HUMAN ACTION

ARISTOTLE

From *Book X of the "Nicomachean Ethics."* Translated by

R. W. Browne.

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*Restricted to prose. Volume I (of X) – Greece*, by Various

Since we have spoken of the virtues, of the different kinds of friendships, and of pleasures, it remains that we should discuss the subject of happiness in outline, since we assumed this to be the end of human actions. Therefore, if we recapitulate what has been said before, the argument will be more concise.

We have said that it is not a habit, for if it were, it might exist in a man who slept throughout his life, living the life of a plant, and suffering the greatest misfortunes. If, then, this does not please us, but if we must rather bring it under a kind of energy, as was said before, and if, of energies, some are necessary and eligible for the sake of something else, others are eligible for their own sakes, it is plain that we must consider happiness as one of those which are eligible for their own sakes, and not one of those which are eligible for the sake of something else, for happiness is in want of nothing, but is self-sufficient. Now those energies are eligible for their own sakes from which nothing more is sought for beyond the energy. But of this kind, actions done according to virtue seem to be, for the performance of honorable and good acts is among things eligible for their own sakes. And of amusements, those are eligible for their own sakes which are pleasant, for men do not choose these for the sake of anything else, for they are rather injured by them than benefited, since they neglect their persons and property. But the majority of those who are called happy fly to such pastimes as these, and, therefore, those who have a happy turn for such pastimes as these are in favor with tyrants, for they make themselves agreeable in those things which tyrants desire, and such are the men they want.

These things are thought to belong to happiness, because those who are in power pass their leisure in them. But such men are perhaps no proof, for neither virtue nor intellect consists in having power, and from these two good energies proceed, nor if those, who have never tasted pure and liberal pleasure, fly to bodily pleasures, must we therefore think that these pleasures are more eligible, for children think those things which are esteemed by them the best. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose, that as the things which appear honorable to children and men differ, so also those which appear so to the bad and the good will differ likewise, and therefore, as we have very often said, those things are honorable and pleasant which are so to the good man. But to every man that energy is most eligible which is according to his proper habit, and, therefore, to the good man, that is most eligible which is according to virtue.

Consequently happiness does not consist in amusement, for it is absurd that the end should be amusement, and that men should toil and suffer inconvenience all their life long for the sake of amusement, for we

choose everything, as we might say, for the sake of something else, except happiness, for that is an end. But to be serious and to labor for the sake of amusement appears foolish and very childish. But to amuse ourselves in order that we may be serious, as Anacharsis said, seems to be right, for amusement resembles relaxation. Relaxation, therefore, is not the end, for we have recourse to it for the sake of the energy. But the happy life seems to be according to virtue, and this is serious, and does not consist in amusement. We say also that serious things are better than those which are ridiculous and joined with amusement, and that the energy of the better part and of the better man is more serious, and the energy of the better man is at once superior, and more tending to happiness. Besides, any person whatever, even a slave, may enjoy bodily pleasures no less than the best man; but no one allows that a slave partakes of happiness except so far as that he partakes of life, for happiness does not consist in such modes of passing life, but in energies according to virtue, as has been said already.

If happiness be an energy according to virtue, it is reasonable to suppose that it is according to the best virtue, and this must be the virtue of the best part of man. Whether, then, this best part be the intellect, or something else—which is thought naturally to bear rule and to govern, and to possess ideas upon honorable and divine subjects, or whether it is itself divine, or the most divine of any property which we possess, the energy of this part according to its proper virtue must be perfect happiness, and that this energy is contemplative has been stated. This also would seem to agree with what was said before, and with the truth, for this energy is the noblest, since the intellect is the noblest thing within us, and of subjects of knowledge, those are noblest with which the intellect is conversant.

It is also most continuous, for we are better able to contemplate continuously than to do anything else continuously. We think also that pleasure must be united to happiness, but of all the energies according to virtue, that according to wisdom is confessedly the most pleasant, at any rate, wisdom seems to contain pleasures worthy of admiration, both in point of purity and stability, and it is reasonable to suppose that his mode of life should be pleasanter to those who know it than to those who are only seeking it. Again, that which is called self-sufficiency must be most concerned with contemplative happiness, for both the wise man and the just, and all others, need the necessities of life, but supposing them to be sufficiently supplied with such goods, the just man requires persons toward whom and with whom he may act justly, and in like manner the temperate man, and the brave man, and so on with all the rest. But the wise man, if even by himself, is able to contemplate, and the more so the wiser he is, perhaps he will energize better, if he has cooperators, but nevertheless he is most self-sufficient. This would seem also to be the only energy which is loved for its own sake, for it has no result beyond the act of contemplation, but from the active energies, we gain more or less beyond the performance of the action.

Happiness seems also to consist in leisure, for we are busy in order that we may have leisure, and we go to war in order that we may be at peace. Now the energies of the active virtues are exerted in political or military affairs, and the actions with respect to these are thought to allow of no leisure. Certainly military actions altogether exclude it, for no one chooses war, nor makes preparations for war for the sake of war, for a man would be thought perfectly defiled with blood, if he made his friends enemies in order that there might be battles and massacres. The energy of the statesman is also without leisure,

and besides the actual administration of the state, the statesman seeks to gain power and honors, or at least happiness for himself and his fellow citizens, different from the happiness of the state, which we are in search of, clearly as being different.

If, then, of all courses of action which are according to the virtues, those which have to do with politics and war excel in beauty and greatness; and these have no leisure, and aim at some end, and are not chosen for their own sakes; but the energy of the intellect is thought to be superior in intensity, because it is contemplative, and to aim at no end beyond itself, and to have a pleasure properly belonging to it; and if this increases the energy; and if self-sufficiency, and leisure, and freedom from cares (as far as anything human can be free), and everything which is attributed to the happy man, evidently exist in this energy; then this must be the perfect happiness of man, when it attains the end of life complete; for nothing is incomplete of those things which belong to happiness.

But such a life would be better than man could attain to; for he would live thus, not so far forth as he is man, but as there is in him something divine. But so far as this divine part surpasses the whole compound nature, so far does its energy surpass the energy which is according to all other virtue. If, then, the intellect be divine when compared with man, the life also, which is in obedience to that, will be divine when compared with human life. But a man ought not to entertain human thoughts, as some would advise, because he is human, nor mortal thoughts, because he is mortal; but as far as it is possible he should make himself immortal, and do everything with a view to living in accordance with the best principle in him, altho it be small in size, yet in power and value it is far more excellent than all. Besides, this would seem to be each man's "self," if it really is the ruling and the better part. It would be absurd, therefore, if a man were to choose not his own life, but the life of some other thing. And what was said before will apply now; for that which peculiarly belongs to each by nature is best and most pleasant to every one; and consequently to man, the life according to intellect is most pleasant, if intellect especially constitutes Man. This life, therefore, is the most happy.

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X

## NORMAN CHATEAUX

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Chateau and Country Life in France*, by Mary King Waddington

We never remained all summer at our place. August was a disagreeable month there--the woods were full of horse-flies which made riding impossible. No nets could keep them off the horses who were almost maddened by the sting. They were so persistent that we had to take them off with a sharp stick. They stuck like leeches. We generally went to the sea--almost always to the Norman Coast--establishing ourselves in a villa--sometimes at Deauville, sometimes at Villers, and making excursions all over the country.

Some of the old Norman châteaux are charming, particularly those which have remained just as they were before the Revolution, but, of course,

there are not many of these. When the young ones succeed, there is always a tendency to modify and change, and it is not easy to mix the elaborate luxurious furniture of our times with the stiff old-fashioned chairs and sofas one finds in the old French houses. Merely to look at them one understands why our grandfathers and grandmothers always sat upright.

One of the most interesting of the Norman châteaux is "Abondant," in the department of the Eure-et-Loir, belonging until very recently to the Vallambrosa family. It belonged originally to la Duchesse de Tourzel, gouvernante des Enfants de France (children of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette). After the imprisonment of the Royal Family, Madame de Tourzel retired to her château d'Abondant and remained there all through the Revolution. The village people and peasants adored her and she lived there peacefully through all those terrible days. Neither château nor park was damaged in any way, although she was known to be a devoted friend and adherent of the unfortunate Royal Family. A band of half-drunken "patriots" tried to force their way into the park one day, with the intention of cutting down the trees and pillaging the château, but all the villagers instantly assembled, armed with pitchforks, rusty old guns and stones, and dispersed the rabble.

Abondant is a Louis XV château--very large--seventeen rooms en façade--but simple in its architecture. The Duchess occupied a large corner room on the ground-floor, with four windows. The ceiling (which was very high) and walls covered with toiles de Jouy. An enormous bed à baldaquin was trimmed with the same toile and each post had a great bunch of white feathers on top.

In 1886, when one of my friends was staying at Abondant, the hangings were the same which had been there all through the Revolution. She told me she had never been so miserable as the first time she stayed at the château during the lifetime of the late Duchesse de Vallambrosa. They gave her the Duchesse de Tourzel's room, thinking it would interest her as a chambre historique. She was already nervous at sleeping alone on the ground-floor, far from all the other inmates of the château. The room was enormous--walls nearly five metres high--the bed looked like an island in the midst of space; there was very little furniture, and the white feathers on the bed-posts nodded and waved in the dim light. She scarcely closed her eyes, could not reason with herself, and asked the next morning to have something less magnificent and more modern.

In all the bedrooms the dressing-tables were covered with dentelle de Binche<sup>[15]</sup> of the epoch, and all the mirrors and various little boxes for powder, rouge, patches, and the hundred accessories for a fine lady's toilette in those days, were in Vernis Martin absolutely intact. The drawing-rooms still had their old silk hangings--a white ground covered with wreaths of flowers and birds with wonderful bright plumage--hand-painted--framed in wood of two shades of light green.

[15] Binche, name of a village in Belgium where the lace is made.

The big drawing-room was entirely panelled in wood of the same light green, most beautifully and delicately carved. These old boiseries were all removed when the château was sold. After the death of the Duchesse de Tourzel the château went to her niece, the Duchesse des Cars--who left it to her niece, the Duchesse de Vallambrosa, a very rare instance, in France, of a property descending directly through several generations in the female line.

It was sold by the Vallambrosas. The old wood panels are in the Paris

house of a member of that family. The park was very large and beautifully laid out, with the fine trees one sees all over Normandy.

Twenty years ago a *salle de spectacle* "en verdure" still existed in the park--the seats were all in grass; the *coulisses* (side scenes) made in the trees of the park--their boughs cut and trained into shape, to represent green walls, a marble group of allegorical figures at the back. It was most carefully preserved--the seats of the amphitheatre looked like green velvet and the trees were always cut in the same curious shapes. It seemed quite a fitting part of the fine old place, with its memories of past fêtes and splendours, before the whirlwind of liberty and equality swept over the country.

Many of the *châteaux* are changing hands. The *majorat* (entail) doesn't exist in France, and as the fortunes must always be divided among the children, it becomes more and more difficult to keep up the large places. Life gets dearer every day--fortunes don't increase--very few young Frenchmen of the upper classes do anything. The only way of keeping up the big places is by making a rich marriage--the daughter of a rich banker or industrial, or an American.

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Our cousins, Comte and Comtesse d'Y----, have a pretty little old place not very far from Villers-sur-Mer, where we went sometimes for sea-bathing. The house is an ordinary square white stone building, a fine terrace with a flight of steps leading down to the garden on one side. The park is delightful--many splendid old trees. Until a few years ago there were still some that dated since Louis XIV. The last one of that age--a fine oak, with wide spreading branches--died about two years ago, but they cannot make up their minds to cut it down. I advised them to leave the trunk standing--(I think, by degrees, the branches will fall as they are quite dead)--cover it with ivy or a vine of some kind, and put a notice on it of the age of the tree.

The house stands high, and they have splendid views--on one side, from the terrace, a great expanse of green valley looking toward Falaise--on the other, the sea--a beautiful, blue summer sea, when we were there the other day.

We went over from Villers to breakfast. It was late in the season, the end of September--one of those bright days one sometimes has in September, when summer still lingers and the sun gives beautiful mellow tints to everything without being strong enough to make one feel the heat. The road was lovely all the way, particularly after we turned off the high road at the top of the Houlgate Hill. We went through countless little Norman lanes, quite narrow, sometimes--between high green banks with a hedge on top, and the trees meeting over our heads--so narrow that I wondered what would happen if we met another auto. We left the sea behind us, and plunged into the lovely green valley that runs along back of the coast line. We came suddenly on the gates of the *château*, rather a sharp turn. There was a broad avenue with fine trees leading up to the house--on one side, meadows fenced off with white wooden palings where horses and cows were grazing--a pretty lawn before the house with beds of begonias, and all along the front, high raised borders of red geranium which looked very well against the grey stone.

We found a family party, Comte and Comtesse d'Y----, their daughter and a governess. We went upstairs (a nice wooden staircase with broad shallow steps) to an end room, with a beautiful view over the park, where we got out of all the wraps, veils, and glasses that one must have

in an open auto if one wishes to look respectable when one arrives, and went down at once to the hall where the family was waiting.

The dining-room was large and light, high, wide windows and beautiful trees wherever one looked. The decoration of the room was rather curious. The d'Y-----s descend--like many Norman families--from William the Conqueror, and there are English coats-of-arms on some of the shields on the walls. A band which looks like fresco, but is really painted on linen--very cleverly arranged with some composition which makes it look like the wall--runs straight around the room with all sorts of curious figures: soldiers, horses, and boats, copied exactly from the famous Bayeux tapestries, the most striking episodes--the departure of the Conqueror from Dives--the embarkation of his army (the cavalry--most extraordinary long queerly shaped horses with faces like people)--the death of Harold--the fighting Bishop Odo--brother of the Conqueror, who couldn't carry a lance, but had a good stout stick which apparently did good service as various Saxons were flying horizontally through the air as he and his steed advanced; one wonders at the imagination which could have produced such extraordinary figures, as certainly no men or beasts, at any period of time, could have looked like those. The ships were less striking--had rather more the semblance of boats.

However, the effect, with all the bright colouring, is very good and quite in harmony with this part of the country, where everything teems with legends and traditions of the great Duke. They see Falaise, where he was born, from their terrace, sometimes. We didn't, for though the day was beautiful, there was a slight haze which made the far-off landscapes only a blue line.

After breakfast we went for a walk in the park. They have arranged it very well, with rustic bridges and seats wherever the view was particularly fine. We saw a nice, old, red brick house, near the farm, which was the manoir where the Dowager Countess lives now. She made over the château to her son, in her life time, on condition that he would keep it up and arrange it, which he has done very well. We made the tour of the park--passing a pretty lodge with roses and creepers all over it and "Mairie" put upon a sign, d'Y-----is mayor of his little village and finds it convenient to have the Mairie at his own gate. We rested a little in the drawing-room before going back, and he showed us various portraits and miniatures of his family which were most interesting. Some of the miniatures are exactly like one we have of father, of that period with the high stock and tight-buttoned coat. The light was lovely--so soft and warm--in the drawing-room, and as there were no lace curtains or vitrages, and the silk curtains were drawn back from the high plate glass windows, we seemed to be sitting in the park under the trees. They gave us tea and the good little cakes, "St. Pierre," a sort of "sablé," for which all the coast is famous.

The drive home was enchanting, with a lovely view from the top of the hill, a beautiful blue sea at our feet and the turrets and pointed roofs of the Villers houses taking every possible colour from the sunset clouds.

We went back once more to a thé dansant given for her seventeen-year-old daughter. It was a lovely afternoon and the place looked charming--the gates open--carriages and autos arriving in every direction--people came from a great distance as with the autos no one hesitates to undertake a drive of a hundred kilomètres. The young people danced in the drawing-room--Madame d'Y----- had taken out all the furniture, and the parents and older people sat about on the terrace where there were

plenty of seats and little tea-tables. The dining-room--with an abundant buffet--was always full; one arrives with a fine appetite after whirling for two or three hours through the keen salt air. The girls all looked charming--the white dresses, bright sashes, and big picture hats are so becoming. They were dancing hard when we left, about half past six, and it was a pretty sight as we looked back from the gates--long lines of sunlight wavering over the grass, figures in white flitting through the trees, distant strains of music, and what was less agreeable, the strident sound of a sirène on some of the autos. They are detestable things.

We were very comfortable at Villers in a nice, clean house looking on the sea, with broad balconies at every story, where we put sofas and tables and green blinds, using them as extra salons. We were never in the house except to eat and sleep. Nothing is more characteristic of the French (particularly in the bourgeoisie) than the thorough way in which they do their month at the sea-shore. They generally come for the month of August. Holidays have begun and business, of all kinds, is slack. Our plage was really a curiosity. There is a splendid stretch of sand beach--at low tide one can walk, by the shore, to Trouville or Houlgate on perfectly firm, dry sand. There are hundreds of cabins and tents, striped red and white, and umbrellas on the beach, and all day long whole families sit there. They all bathe, and a curious fashion at Villers is that you put on your bathing dress in your own house--over that a peignoir, generally of red and white striped cotton, and walk quite calmly through the streets to the établissement. Some of the ladies and gentlemen of mature years are not to their advantage. When they can, if they have houses with a terrace or garden, they take their meals outside, and as soon as they have breakfasted, start again for the beach. When it is low tide they go shrimp-fishing or walk about in the shallow water looking for shells and sea-weed. When it is high tide, all sit at the door of their tents sewing, reading, or talking--I mean, of course, the petite bourgeoisie.

At other places on the coast, Deauville or Houlgate, the life is like Newport or Dinard, or any other fashionable seaside place, with automobiles, dinners, dressing, etc. They get all the sea air and out-of-door life that they can crowd into one month. One lady said to me one day, "I can't bathe, but I take a 'bain d'air' every day--I sit on the rocks as far out in the water as I can--take off my hat and my shoes and stockings."

There is a great clearing out always by the first of September and then the place was enchanting--bright, beautiful September days, one could still bathe, the sun was so strong, and the afternoons, with just a little chill in the air, were delightful for walking and driving. There was a pretty Norman farm--just over the plage--at the top of the falaise where we went sometimes for tea. They gave us very good tea, milk, and cider, and excellent bread and butter and cheese. We sat out of doors in an apple orchard at little tables--all the beasts of the establishment in the same field. The chickens and sheep surrounded us, were evidently accustomed to being fed, but the horses, cows, and calves kept quite to the other end. We saw the girls milking the cows which, of course, interested the children immensely.

We made some charming excursions in the auto--went one Saturday to Caen--such a pretty road through little smiling villages--every house with a garden, or if too close together to allow that, there were pots of geraniums, the falling kind, in the windows, which made a red curtain dropping down over the walls. We stopped at Lisieux--a quaint old Norman town, with a fine cathedral and curious houses with gables and

towers--one street most picturesque, very narrow, with wooden houses, their projecting roofs coming so far over the street one could hardly see the sky in some places. There were all kinds of balconies and cornices most elaborately carved--the wood so dark one could scarcely distinguish the original figures and devices, but some of them were extraordinary, dragons, and enormous winged animals. We did not linger very long as we were in our new auto--a Martini hill-climber--built in Switzerland and, of course (like all automobilists), were anxious to make as fast a run as possible between Villers and Caen.

The approach to Caen is not particularly interesting--the country is flat, the road running through poplar-bordered fields--one does not see it at all until one gets quite near, and then suddenly beautiful towers and steeples seem to rise out of the green meadows. It was Saturday--market day--and the town was crowded--every description of vehicle in the main street and before the hotel, two enormous red 60-horse-power Mercedes--farmers' gigs and donkey carts with cheeses and butter--a couple generally inside--the man with his blue smock and broad-brimmed hat, the woman with a high, clean, stiff-starched muslin cap, a knit shawl over her shoulders. They were not in the least discomposed by the bustle and the automobiles, never thought of getting out of the way--jogged comfortably on keeping to their side of the road.

We left the auto at the hotel and found many others in the court-yard, and various friends. The d'Y----s had come over from Grangues (their place). He is Conseiller Général of Calvados, and market day, in a provincial town, is an excellent occasion for seeing one's electors. There were also some friends from Trouville-Deauville, most of them in autos--some in light carriages. We tried to make a rendezvous for tea at the famous pâtissier's (who sends his cakes and bonbons over half the department), but that was not very practical, as they had all finished what they had to do and we had not even begun our sightseeing. However, d'Y---- told us he would leave our names at the tea-room, a sort of club they have established over the pâtissier's, where we would be quieter and better served than in the shop which would certainly be crowded on Saturday afternoon. We walked about till we were dead tired.

St. Pierre is a fine old Norman church with beautiful tower and steeple. It stands fairly well in the Place St. Pierre, but the houses are much too near. It should have more space around it. There was a market going on, on the other side of the square--fruit, big apples and pears, flowers and fish being heaped up together. The apples looked tempting, such bright red ones.

We went to the two abbayes--both of them quite beautiful--St. Étienne--Abbaye aux Hommes was built by William the Conqueror, who was originally buried there. It is very grand--quite simple, but splendid proportions--a fitting resting-place for the great soldier, who, however, was not allowed to sleep his last sleep, undisturbed, in the city he loved so well. His tomb was desecrated several times and his remains lost in the work of destruction.

We went on to the Abbaye aux Dames which is very different, smaller--not nearly so simple. The façade is very fine with two square towers most elaborately carved, the steeples have long since disappeared, and there are richly ornamented galleries and balustrades in the interior of the church, not at all the high solemn vaulted aisles of the Abbaye aux Hommes. It was founded by Queen Mathilde, wife of William the Conqueror, and she is buried there--a perfectly simple tomb with an inscription in Latin. There was at one time a very handsome monument, but it was destroyed, like so many others, during the Revolution, and the remains



placed, some years after, in the stone coffin where they now rest. We hadn't time to see the many interesting things in the churches and in the town, as it was getting late and we wanted some tea before we started back. We found our way to the pâtissier's quite easily, but certainly couldn't have had any tea if d'Y----- had not told us to use his name and ask for the club-room. The little shop was crowded--people standing and making frantic dashes into the kitchen for chocolate and muffins. The club-room upstairs was quite nice--painted white, a good glass so that we could arrange our hair a little, one or two tables--and we were attended to at once. They brought us the spécialité of the place--light, hot brioches with grated ham inside--very good and very indigestible.

We went home by a different road, but it looked just like the other--fewer little hamlets, perhaps, and great pasture fields, filled with fine specimens of Norman dray horses and mares with long-legged colts running alongside of them. It was late when we got home. The lighthouses of Honfleur and Havre made a long golden streak stretching far out to sea, and the great turning flashlight of St. Adresse was quite dazzling.

We went back over the same ground two or three days later on our way to Bayeux. The town is not particularly interesting, but the cathedral is beautiful and in wonderful preservation--the columns are very grand--every capital exquisitely carved and no two alike. Our guide, a very talkative person--unlike the generality of Norman peasants, who are usually taciturn--was very anxious to show us each column in detail and explain all the really beautiful carving, but we were rather hurried as some of the party were going to lunch at Barbieville--Comte Foy's château.

On the same place as the cathedral is the Hôtel de Ville, with the wonderful tapestries worked by the Queen Mathilde, wife of William the Conqueror. They are really most extraordinary and so well preserved. The colours look as if they had been painted yesterday. I hadn't seen them for years and had forgotten the curious shapes and vivid colouring. We went to one of the lace shops. The Bayeux lace is very pretty, made with the "fuseau", very fine--a mixture of Valenciennes and Mechlin. It is very strong, though it looks delicate. The dentellières still do a very good business. The little girls begin to work as soon as they can thread their needle, and follow a simple pattern.

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The F.'s enjoyed their day at Barbieville, Comte Foy's château, very much. They said the house was nothing remarkable--a large square building, but the park was original. Comte Foy is a racing man, breeds horses, and has his "haras" on his place. The park is all cut up into paddocks, each one separated from the other by a hedge and all connected by green paths. F. said the effect from the terrace was quite charming, one saw nothing but grass and hedges and young horses and colts running about. Comtesse Foy and her daughters were making lace. The girls went in to Bayeux three or four times a week and took lessons from one of the dentellières.

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## ANECDOTES OF THE FAIRFAX FAMILY.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. II (of 3)  
by Isaac Disraeli

Will a mind of great capacity be reduced to mediocrity by the ill choice of a profession?

Parents are interested in the metaphysical discussion, whether there really exists an inherent quality in the human intellect which imparts to the individual an aptitude for one pursuit more than for another. What Lord Shaftesbury calls not innate, but connatural qualities of the human character, were, during the latter part of the last century, entirely rejected; but of late there appears a tendency to return to the notion which is consecrated by antiquity. Experience will often correct modern hypothesis. The term "predisposition" may be objectionable, as are all terms which pretend to describe the occult operations of Nature--and at present we have no other.

Our children pass through the same public education, while they are receiving little or none for their individual dispositions, should they have sufficient strength of character to indicate any. The great secret of education is to develop the faculties of the individual; for it may happen that his real talent may lie hidden and buried under his education. A profession is usually adventitious, made by chance views, or by family arrangements. Should a choice be submitted to the youth himself, he will often mistake slight and transient tastes for permanent dispositions. A decided character, however, we may often observe, is repugnant to a particular pursuit, delighting in another; talents, languid and vacillating in one profession, we might find vigorous and settled in another; an indifferent lawyer might become an admirable architect! At present all our human bullion is sent to be melted down in an university, to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright divine--in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession preconceived by their parents. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son, but the true genius of the avocation in the bent of the mind, as a man of great original powers called it, is too often absent! Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering, on the stage of society, actors out of character! Our most popular writer has happily described this error.

"A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. For how often do we see," the orator pathetically concluded,--"how often, I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!"

In looking over a manuscript life of Tobie Matthews, Archbishop of York in James the First's reign, I found a curious anecdote of his grace's disappointment in the dispositions of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day finding the archbishop very melancholy, inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness. "My lord," said the archbishop, "I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons, one of whom has wit and no grace, another grace but no wit, and the third neither grace nor wit." "Your case," replied Lord Fairfax, "is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons: one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up

a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the inns of court, and he is good at divinity, but nobody at the law." The relater of this anecdote adds, "This I have often heard from the descendant of that honourable family, who yet seems to mince the matter, because so immediately related." The eldest son was the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax--and the gunsmith to Thomas Lord Fairfax, the son of this Lord Ferdinando, heard the old Lord Thomas call aloud to his grandson, "Tom! Tom! mind thou the battle! Thy father's a good man, but a mere coward! All the good I expect is from thee!" It is evident that the old Lord Thomas Fairfax was a military character, and in his earnest desire of continuing a line of heroes, had preconceived to make his eldest son a military man, who we discover turned out to be admirably fitted for a worshipful justice of the quorum. This is a lesson for the parent who consults his own inclinations and not those of natural disposition. In the present case the same lord, though disappointed, appears still to have persisted in the same wish of having a great military character in his family: having missed one in his elder son, and settled his other sons in different avocations, the grandfather persevered, and fixed his hopes, and bestowed his encouragements, on his grandson, Sir Thomas Fairfax, who makes so distinguished a figure in the civil wars.

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skilful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of anything better, to throw dice with fortune; or adopt the determination of the father who settled his sons by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions or aptness for different pursuits. The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbour reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint, and we are told in the life of John Angier, the elder son, a puritan minister, that he chose for them these different callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully. "Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterwards." This is an important principle discovered by Hartley, but it will not supply the parent with any determinate regulation how to distinguish a transient from a permanent disposition; or how to get at what we may call the connatural qualities of the mind. A particular opportunity afforded me some close observation on the characters and habits of two youths, brothers in blood and affection, and partners in all things, who even to their very dress shared alike; who were never separated from each other; who were taught by the same masters, lived under the same roof, and were accustomed to the same uninterrupted habits; yet had nature created them totally distinct in the qualities of their minds; and similar as their lives had been, their abilities were adapted for very opposite pursuits; either of them could not have been the other. And I observed how the "predisposition" of the parties was distinctly marked from childhood: the one slow, penetrating, and correct; the other quick, irritable, and fanciful; the one persevering in examination; the other rapid in results; the one exhausted by labour; the other impatient of whatever did not relate to his own pursuit; the one logical, historical, and critical; the other, having acquired nothing, decided on all things by his own sensations. We would confidently consult in the one a great legal character, and in the other an artist of genius. If nature had not secretly placed a bias in their distinct minds, how could two similar beings have been so dissimilar?

A story recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate the present topic. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted, and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause.

To tell stories, however, is not to lay down principles, yet principles may sometimes be concealed in stories.[298]

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## CHAPTER X. BATAVIA TO CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

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[December 1770.]

THURSDAY, 27th. Moderate breezes at West and North-West, with fair weather. At 6 a.m. weighed, and stood out to Sea, at Noon the Island of Edam bore North by East, distant 3 miles.

Friday, 28th. Winds variable between the North and West. At 6 in the Evening anchored in 13 fathoms, Edam Island bearing East, distant 1 1/2 miles. At day light in the morning weighed again, and kept plying to windward between Edam and Duffin's Island, but gained very little owing to the variableness of the winds.

Saturday, 29th. In the P.M. anchored in 12 fathoms water in the Evening until daylight, when we got again under Sail, with the wind at West-South-West, and stood out North-West for the Thousand Islands. Before noon the wind veer'd to North-West, and we endeavour'd to turn through between Pulo Pare and Wapping Island.

Sunday, 30th. After making a short trip to the North-East, we tacked, and weather'd Pulo Pare, and stood in for the Main, having the wind at North-West, a fresh breeze. We fetched Maneaters Island (a small island laying under the Main midway between Batavia and Bantam) after making a trip to the North-East, and finding that we lost ground, we stood in shore again and anchored in 13 fathoms, the above mentioned Island bearing South-West by West, distant 1 mile, and in one with Bantam Hill. At 7 A.M. weighed, with the wind at West-South-West, and stood to the North-West, and weather'd Wapping Island, having the current in our favour.

Monday, 31st. At 1 P.M. the wind veer'd to the Northward; we tack and stood to the Westward, and weather'd Pulo Baby. In the Evening Anchor'd between this Island and Bantam Bay, the Island bearing North, distant 2 miles, and Bantam Point West; at 5 a.m. weighed with the wind at West by South, which afterwards proved variable; at noon Bantam Point South-West 1/2 West, distant 3 Leagues.

JANUARY, 1771.

Tuesday, 1st. In the P.M. stood over for the Sumatra Shore, having the wind at South-South-West, a fresh breeze, and the current in our favour, but this last shifted and set to the Eastward in the Evening, and obliged us to Anchor in 30 fathoms, under the Islands which lay off Verakens point, which point constitutes the narrowest part of the Straits of Sunda. Here we found the current set to the South-West the most part of the night, at 5 a.m. weigh'd with the wind at North-West, and stood to the South-West between the Island Thwart-the-way and Sumatra, the wind soon after coming to the westward we stood over for the Java Shore. At noon the South point of Peper Bay bore South-West by South, and Anger Point North-East  $1\frac{1}{2}$  East, distant 2 Leagues, tacked and stood to the North-West.

Wednesday, 2nd. First and middle parts fresh breezes at South-West, and fair the remainder, squally with rain, plying to windward between Cracatoa and the Java shore without gaining anything.

Thursday, 3rd. In the P.M. had it very squally, with heavy showers of rain, at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 anchor'd in 19 fathoms, Cracatoa Island South-West, distance 3 Leagues. In the morning came to sail, having very squally variable weather, at Noon Cracatoa West 2 Leagues.

Friday, 4th. Most part of these 24 hours squally, rainy weather, winds variable between the North-North-West and South-South-West, at 5 p.m. anchor'd in 28 fathoms water, Cracatoa West, distant 3 miles. Some time after the wind veer'd to North-West, with which we got under sail, but the wind dying away we advanced but little to the South-West before noon, at which time Princes Island bore South-West, distance 8 or 9 Leagues.

Saturday, 5th. Had fresh breezes at South-West, with squally, rainy weather until the evening, when it clear up, and the wind veer'd to South and South-East, with which we stood to the South-West all night. In the morning the wind veer'd to North-East, which was still in our favour, at noon Princes Island bore West  $1\frac{1}{2}$  South, distant 3 Leagues.

[At Anchor. Princes Island, Sunda Strait.]

Sunday, 6th. At 3 o'clock in the P.M. anchor'd under the South-East side of Princes Island in 18 fathoms water, in order to recruite our wood and water, and to procure refreshments for the people, which are now in a much worse state of health than when we left Batavia. After coming to an anchor I went on shore to look at the watering place, and to speak with the Natives, some of whom were upon the Beach. I found the watering place convenient, and the water to all appearance good, Provided proper care is taken in the filling of it. The Natives seemed inclined to supply us with Turtle, Fowls, etc., Articles that I intended laying in as great a stock as possible for the benefit of the Sick, and to suffer every one to purchase what they pleased for themselves, as I found these people as easy to traffick with as Europeans. In the morning sent the Gunner ashore with some hands to fill water, while others were employ'd putting the whole to rights, sending on shore Empty Casks, etc. Served Turtle to the Ship's Company. Yesterday was the only Salt meat day they have had since our arrival at Java, which is now near 4 months.

Monday, 7th. From this day till Monday 14th we were employ'd wooding and watering, being frequently interrupted by heavy rains. Having now compleated both we hoisted in the Long boat, and made ready to put to Sea, having on board a pretty good stock of refreshments, which we purchased of the natives, such as Turtle, Fowls, Fish, two species of

Deer, one about as big as a small sheep, the other no bigger than a Rabbit; both sorts eat very well, but are only for present use, as they seldom lived above 24 hours in our possession. We likewise got fruit of several sorts, such as Cocoa Nutts, plantains, Limes, etc. The Trade on our part was carried on chiefly with money (Spanish Dollars); the natives set but little value upon any thing else. Such of our people as had not this Article traded with Old Shirts, etc., at a great disadvantage.

[Batavia to Capetown.]

Tuesday, 15th. Had variable light airs of wind, with which we could not get under sail until the morning, when we weighed with a light breeze at North-East, which was soon succeeded by a calm.

Wednesday, 16th. Had it calm all P.M., which at 5 o'clock obliged us to Anchor under the South Point of Princes Island, the said Point bearing South-West by West, distance 2 miles. At 8 o'clock in the A.M. a light breeze sprung up at North, with which we weigh'd and stood out to Sea. At noon Java Head bore South-East by South, distance 2 Leagues, and the West Point of Princes Island North-North-West, distance 5 Leagues, Latitude Observed 6 degrees 45 minutes South. Java Head, from which I take my departure, lies in the Latitude of 6 degrees 49 minutes South, and Longitude 255 degrees 12 minutes West from the Meridian of Greenwich, deduced from several Astronomical Observations made at Batavia by the Reverend Mr. Mohr.\* (\* The true longitude of Java Head is 254 degrees 49 minutes West.)

Thursday, 17th. Little wind and fair at 6 p.m. Java head bore East-North-East, distant 4 or 5 Leagues; at 6 a.m. it bore North-North-East, 12 Leagues. Wind North-East, course South 27 degrees 15 minutes West, distance 48 miles, latitude 7 degrees 32 minutes South, longitude 255 degrees 35 minutes West.

Friday, 18th. Light Airs and Calms, with Showers of Rain. Wind Variable, course South-West  $1\frac{1}{2}$  South, distance 30 miles, latitude 7 degrees 55 minutes South, longitude 255 degrees 54 minutes West.

Saturday, 19th. For the most part of these 24 hours had little wind and fair weather. Wind Westerly, course South 3 degrees East, distance 53 miles, latitude 8 degrees 48 minutes South, longitude 255 degrees 51 minutes West.

Sunday, 20th. Light Airs and Calms, with some Showers of Rain. Saw 2 Sail in the North-West Quarter standing to the South-West, one of them shew'd Dutch Colours. Wind North Westerly, course South 44 degrees West, distance 36 miles, latitude 9 degrees 14 minutes South, longitude 256 degrees 15 minutes West.

Monday, 21st. First part Little wind, the remainder a Gentle breeze, the 2 Sail in sight. Wind Easterly, course South 57 degrees West, distance 58 miles, latitude 9 degrees 46 minutes South, longitude 257 degrees 5 minutes West.

Tuesday, 22nd. Little wind and fair weather. Wind South-Westerly, course North 10 degrees West, distance 17 miles, latitude 9 degrees 29 minutes South, longitude 257 degrees 8 minutes West.

Wednesday, 23rd. Ditto weather, a swell from the Southward, and which we have had ever since we left the Straits of Sunda. Wind Ditto, course East Southerly, distance 18 miles, latitude 9 degrees 30 minutes South, longitude 256 degrees 50 minutes West.

Thursday, 24th. First part Light Airs, the remainder Calm. In the A.M. died John Trusslove, Corporal of Marines, a man much esteem'd by every body on board. Many of our people at this time lay dangerously ill of Fevers and Fluxes. We are inclinable to attribute this to the water we took in at Princes Island, and have put lime into the Casks in order to purifie it. Wind South–West by South to South–South–East, course South, distance 4 miles; latitude 9 degrees 34 minutes South; longitude 256 degrees 50 minutes West.

Friday, 25th. Light Airs and Calms, hot, sultry weather. Departed this life Mr. Sporing, a Gentleman belonging to Mr Banks's retinue. Wind Variable and Calms, course South 30 degrees East, distance 12 miles; latitude 9 degrees 44 minutes South; longitude 256 degrees 44 minutes West.

Saturday, 26th. First part little wind, the remainder calm and very hot, set up the Topmast Rigging, and clear'd ship between Decks, and wash her with Vinegar. Wind South Westerly, course South–East, distance 17 miles; latitude 9 degrees 56 minutes South; longitude 256 degrees 32 minutes West.

Sunday, 27th. Little wind, and sometimes calm. In the evening found the Variation to be 2 degrees 51 minutes West. Departed this life Mr. Sydney Parkinson, Natural History Painter to Mr. Banks, and soon after John Ravenhill, Sailmaker, a man much advanced in years. Wind Variable, course South 30 degrees West, distance 19 miles; latitude 10 degrees 12 minutes South; longitude 256 degrees 41 minutes West.

Monday, 28th. Moderate breezes, with some Squalls, attended with Showers of Rain. Wind West–North–West, North–East, course South 43 degrees West, distance 66 miles; latitude 11 degrees 0 minutes South; longitude 257 degrees 27 West.

Tuesday, 29th. Very variable weather, sometimes squally, with rain, other times little wind and calms. In the Night died Mr. Charles Green, who was sent out by the Royal Society to observe the Transit of Venus. He had long been in a bad state of health, which he took no care to repair, but, on the contrary, lived in such a manner as greatly promoted the disorders he had had long upon him, this brought on the Flux, which put a period to his life. Wind North Westerly, course South 40 degrees West, distance 74 miles; latitude 11 degrees 57 minutes South; longitude 258 degrees 15 minutes West.

Wednesday, 30th. First and Latter parts moderate breezes and Cloudy weather, the middle Squally, with rain, Thunder, and Lightning. Died of the Flux Samuel Moody and Francis Haite, 2 of the Carpenter's Crew. Wind Easterly, course South 40 degrees West, distance 67 miles; latitude 12 degrees 48 minutes South; longitude 258 degrees 59 minutes West.

Thursday, 31st. First part Moderate and fair, the remainder frequent Squalls, attended with Showers of Rain. In the course of this 24 Hours we have had 4 men died of the Flux, viz., John Thompson, Ship's Cook, Benjamin Jordan, Carpenter's Mate, James Nickolson and Archibald Wolf, Seamen, a melancholy proof of the calamititious situation we are at present in, having hardly well men enough to tend the Sails and look after the Sick, many of whom are so ill that we have not the least hopes of their recovery. Wind East–South–East, course South–West, distance 80 miles; latitude 13 degrees 42 minutes South; longitude 259 degrees 55 minutes West.

[February 1771.]

Friday, February 1st. Fresh Gales, with flying showers of rain. Clean'd between Decks, and washed with Vinegar. Wind South-East by South, course South 58 1/2 degrees West, distance 119 miles, latitude 14 degrees 44 minutes South, longitude 261 degrees 40 minutes West.

Saturday, 2nd. A Fresh Trade, and mostly fair weather. Departed this life Daniel Roberts, Gunner's Servant, who died of the Flux. Since we have had a fresh Trade Wind this fatal disorder hath seem'd to be at a stand, yet there are several people which are so far gone, and brought so very low by it, that we have not the least hopes of their recovery. Wind East-South-East, course South 61 degrees West, distance 131 miles, latitude 15 degrees 48 minutes South, longitude 264 degrees 16 minutes West.

Sunday, 3rd. Ditto weather. In the Evening found the variation to be 2 degrees 56 minutes West. Departed this life John Thurman, Sailmaker's Assistant. Wind Ditto, course South 65 degrees West, distance 128 miles, latitude 16 degrees 40 minutes South, longitude 266 degrees 16 West.

Monday, 4th. A fresh Trade and hazey weather, with some Squalls, attended with Small Rain, unbent the Main Topsail to repair, and bent another. In the night died of the Flux Mr. John Bootie, Midshipman, and Mr. John Gathrey, Boatswain. Wind South-East, course South 69 degrees West, distance 141 miles, latitude 17 degrees 30 minutes South, longitude 268 degrees 32 minutes West.

Tuesday, 5th. A fresh Trade wind, and hazey, cloudy weather. Employ'd repairing Sails, appointed Samuel Evans, one of the Boatswain's Mates, and Coxswain of the Pinnacle, to be Boatswain, in the room of Mr. Gathrey, deceased, and order'd a Survey to be taken of the Stores. Wind East by South, course West 15 degrees South, distance 141 miles, latitude 18 degrees 6 minutes South, longitude 270 degrees 54 minutes West.

Wednesday, 6th. A Fresh Trade wind and fair weather. In the night died Mr. John Monkhouse, Midshipman, and Brother to the late Surgeon. Wind South-East, course West 12 degrees South, distance 126 miles, latitude 18 degrees 30 minutes South, longitude 272 degrees 28 minutes West.

Thursday, 7th. Gentle Gales, with some Showers in the night. In the Evening found the variation to be 3 degrees 24 minutes West, and in the Morning I took several observations of the Sun and Moon, the mean result of which, carried on to Noon, gave 276 degrees 19 minutes West Longitude from Greenwich, which is 2 degrees to the Westward of that given by the Log, this, I believe, is owing to a following Sea, which I have not as yet allowed, for I judge it to be 6 miles a day since we have had the South-East Trade wind. Wind South-East, course South 75 degrees 15 minutes West, distance 110 miles, latitude 18 degrees 58 minutes South, longitude 274 degrees 20 minutes per Log, 276 degrees 19 minutes per Observation.

Friday, 8th. Winds as Yesterday, clear weather in the day, and Showrey in the Night. In the morning took Observations again of the Sun and Moon, the mean result of which, reduced to noon, gave 278 degrees 50 minutes West, which is 2 degrees 31 minutes West of Yesterday's Observation, the log gives 2 degrees 20 minutes. Wind South-East, course South 78 degrees West, distance 127 miles, latitude 19 degrees 24 minutes South, longitude 276 degrees 40 minutes per Log, 278 degrees 50 minutes per Observation.

Saturday, 9th. Gentle Gales and fair weather in the morning. Saw a Ship



on our Larboard Quarter, which hoisted Dutch Colours. Wind South-East, course South 74 degrees 30 minutes West, distance 127 miles, latitude 19 degrees 58 minutes South.

Sunday, 10th. Fresh breezes and Hazey weather. Lost sight in the night of the Dutch Ship, she having out sail'd us. Wind South-East quarter, course South 77 degrees 15 minutes West, distance 136 miles, latitude 20 degrees 28 minutes South, longitude 281 degrees 12 minutes West.

Monday, 11th. Winds and weather as Yesterday. Some hands constantly employ'd repairing Sails. Wind Ditto, course South 75 degrees West, distance 126 miles, latitude 20 degrees 58 minutes South, longitude 283 degrees 22 minutes West.

Tuesday, 12th. Gentle breezes and fair weather. At 7 a.m. died of the Flux, after a long and painful illness, Mr. John Satterly, Carpenter, a man much Esteem'd by me and every Gentleman on board. In his room I appoint George Nowell, one of the Carpenter's Crew, having only him and one more left. Wind South-South-East, course South 71 minutes West, distance 83 miles, latitude 21 degrees 25 minutes South, longitude 284 degrees 46 minutes West.

Wednesday, 13th. Weather as Yesterday. Employ'd Surveying the Carpenter's Stores and repairing Sails. Wind Ditto, course South 72 degrees 30 minutes West, distance 87 miles, latitude 21 degrees 51 minutes South, longitude 286 degrees 15 minutes West.

Thursday, 14th. Moderate breezes and Cloudy, with some Showers of Rain. Variation per Azimuth 4 degrees 10 minutes West. Died Alexander Lindsay, Seaman, this man was one of those we got at Batavia, and had been some time in India. Winds Ditto, course South 73 degrees 15 minutes West, distance 105 miles, latitude 22 degrees 21 minutes South, longitude 288 degrees 3 minutes West.

Friday, 15th. Ditto Weather. Died of the Flux Daniel Preston, Marine. Wind South-East by East, course South 81 degrees 15 minutes West, distance 123 miles, latitude 22 degrees 40 minutes, longitude 290 degrees 15 minutes West.

Saturday, 16th. A Fresh Trade and Cloudy weather. Employ'd repairing Sails, rigging, etc. Wind Ditto, course South 84 degrees West, distance 115 miles, latitude 22 degrees 52 minutes South, longitude 292 degrees 20 minutes West.

Sunday, 17th. Fresh Gales, with some Showers of rain. Variation per Azimuth 10 degrees 20 minutes Westerly. Wind South-East by South, course South 79 degrees 45 minutes West, distance 157 miles, latitude 23 degrees 20 minutes South, longitude 295 8 minutes West.

Monday, 18th. Fair and pleasant weather. Wind South-East by East, course South 75 degrees 30 minutes West, distance 148 miles, latitude 23 degrees 57 minutes South, longitude 297 degrees 46 minutes West.

Tuesday, 19th. Ditto weather. Wind South-East by East and South, course South 77 degrees West, distance 130 miles, latitude 24 degrees 26 minutes South, longitude 300 degrees 5 minutes West.

Wednesday, 20th. Fresh Gales and clear weather. Variation per Azimuth 12 degrees 15 minutes West. This morning the Carpenter and his Mate set about repairing the Long boat, being the first day they have been able to work since we left Princes Island. Wind South, course South 75 degrees 45

minutes West, distance 127 miles, latitude 24 degrees 57 minutes South, longitude 302 degrees 21 minutes West.

Thursday, 21st. First and middle parts fair weather, Latter Squally, attended with Showers of Rain. Between 2 and 3 o'Clock p.m. took several Observations of the Sun and Moon, the mean result of them gave 306 degrees 33 minutes West Longitude from Greenwich, which is 1 degree 55 minutes West of account, and corresponds very well with the last Observations, for at that time the Ship was 2 degrees 10 minutes West of account. In the Night died of the Flux Alexander Simpson, a very good Seaman. In the Morning punished Thomas Rossiter with 12 lashes for getting Drunk, grossly assaulting the Officer of the Watch, and beating some of the Sick. Wind South to East-South-East, course West by South, distance 126 miles, latitude 25 degrees 21 minutes South, longitude 304 degrees 39 minutes per Account, 306 degrees 34 minutes per Observation.

Friday, 22nd. Fresh Trade and fair weather. Nothing remarkable. Wind South-East by South, course South 70 degrees 45 minutes West, distance 133 miles, latitude 26 degrees 5 minutes South, longitude 306 degrees 59 minutes West, 308 degrees 54 minutes per Observation.

Saturday, 23rd. Ditto Winds and weather. Variation per Evening Amplitude 17 degrees 30 minutes West. Wind Ditto, course South 64 degrees 14 minutes West, distance 124 miles, latitude 26 degrees 59 minutes, longitude 309 degrees 6 minutes West, 311 degrees 28 minutes per Observation.

Sunday, 24th. Gentle breezes and fair weather. In the A.M. took the opportunity of a fine morning to stay the Main Mast, and set up the Topmast Rigging. Saw an Albatross. Wind Ditto, course South 66 degrees 45 minutes West, distance 117 miles, latitude 27 degrees 45 minutes South, longitude 311 degrees 7 minutes West, 313 degrees 41 minutes per Observation.

Monday, 25th. Gentle Gales, and fair weather. Variation per Evening Azimuth 24 degrees 20 minutes West, and by the Morning Amplitude 24 degrees West Longitude, by Observation of the [circle around a dot, sun] and [crescent, moon] is 3 degrees to the Westward of the Log, which shews that the Ship has gain'd upon the Log 1 degree 5 minutes in 3 Days, in which time we have always found the Observ'd Latitude to the Southward of that given by the Log. These Joint Observations proves that there must be a current setting between the South and West. Wind East by South, course South 58 degrees 30 minutes West, distance 122 miles, latitude 28 degrees 49 minutes South, longitude 313 degrees 6 minutes West, 316 degrees 6 minutes per Observation.

Tuesday, 26th. Fresh Gales. Variation by Azimuth in the Evening 26 degrees 10 minutes West. Wind South-East by East, course South 82 degrees West, distance 122 miles, latitude 29 degrees 6 minutes South, longitude 315 degrees 24 minutes West.

Wednesday, 27th. Ditto Gales and Cloudy. In the A.M. died of the Flux Henry Jeffs, Emanuel Parreyra, and Peter Morgan, Seamen, the last came Sick on board at Batavia, of which he never recover'd, and the other 2 had long been past all hopes of recovery, so that the death of these 3 men in one day did not in the least alarm us.\* (\* These were the last deaths directly attributable to the dysentery contracted at Batavia. Though always enjoying an unenviable reputation, Batavia seems to have had, this year, a more unhealthy season than usual. The Endeavour lost seven persons while at Batavia, and twenty-three after sailing up to this date.) On the contrary, we are in hopes that they will be the last that

will fall a sacrifice to this fatal disorder, for such as are now ill of it are in a fair way of recovering. Wind East by South, East by North–North–East, course South 77 degrees 15 minutes West, distance 108 miles, latitude 29 degrees 30 minutes South, longitude 317 degrees 25 minutes West.

Thursday, 28th. Moderate breezes and fair weather until near 5 o'Clock in the A.M., when a heavy Squall from the South–West, attended with rain, took us all aback, and obliged us to put before the wind, the better to take in our Sails, but before this could be done the Foretopsail was split in several places. By 6 o'clock the Topsails and Mainsail were handed, and we brought too under the Foresail and Mizen, at 8 it fell more moderate, and we set the Mainsail, and brought another Foretopsail to the Yard, at Noon had strong Gales and Cloudy weather. Wind North–East by East, North, and South–West, course South 85 1/2 degrees West, distance 88 miles, latitude 29 degrees 37 minutes South, longitude 319 degrees 5 minutes West.

[March 1771.]

Friday, March 1st. Fresh Gales and Cloudy. Found the Bitts which secures the foot of the Bowsprit, loose, this obliged us to put before the wind until they were secured in the best manner our situation would admit, this done, we hauld our wind again to the Westward under the Courses and close Reef'd Topsails. Wind South–West to South by West, course South 86 degrees 45 minutes West, distance 71 miles, latitude 29 degrees 41 minutes South, longitude 320 degrees 26 minutes West.

Saturday, 2nd. First part fresh Gales and Cloudy, remainder little wind, with some few showers of rain, a Sea from the South–West. Wind Southerly, course South 60 degrees West, distance 80 miles, latitude 30 degrees 21 minutes South, longitude 321 degrees 46 minutes West.

Sunday, 3rd. First part little wind, remainder Gentle gales and clear weather, and the Sea pretty smooth. Wind North–East, course South 58 degrees 15 minutes West, distance 71 miles, latitude 31 degrees 1 minute South, longitude 323 degrees 2 minutes West.

Monday, 4th. In the P.M. had a moderate breeze, which continued until 5 o'clock in the A.M., when it fell calm, and soon after a breeze sprung up at South–West. In the Evening, and most part of the Night, the weather was dark and cloudy, with much Lightning to the Westward. Variation 25 degrees 35 minutes West. Winds North–East to South–West, course South 67 degrees 45 minutes West, distance 87 miles, latitude 31 degrees 54 minutes South, longitude 324 degrees 36 minutes West.

[Off Coast of Natal.]

Tuesday, 5th. Fresh Gales from the South–South–West, with squally, rainy weather, with which we stood to the Westward. In the evening some people thought they saw the appearance of land to the Northward, but this appear'd so improbable that I, who was not on deck at this time, was not acquainted with it until dark, when I order'd them to sound, but found no ground with 80 fathoms, upon which we concluded that no land was near. But daylight in the Morning proved this to be a mistake by shewing us the land at the distance of about 2 Leagues off. We had now the wind at South–East, blowing fresh right upon the land. When we made the land we were standing to the Westward, but, thinking the other the best tack to get off on, we wore, and hauld off to the Eastward, and by Noon had got an Offing of about 4 Leagues, the land at this time extending from North–East by North to West–South–West. This part of the Coast of Africa

which we fell in with lies in about the Latitude of 32 degrees 0 minutes South, and Longitude 331 degrees 29 minutes West, and near to what is called in the Charts Point Nattall.\* (\* Natal.) It was a steep, craggy point, very much broke, and looked as if the high, craggy rocks were Islands. To the North-East of this point the land in General appear'd to rise, sloping from the Sea to a Moderate height, the Shore, alternately Rocks and Sands. About 2 Leagues to the North-East of the Point appear'd to be the mouth of a River, which probably may be that of St. Johns. At this time the weather was very hazey, so that we had but a very imperfect view of the land, which did not appear to great advantage. Wind South-South-West to South-East, course per Log North 31 degrees West, distance 32 miles; latitude 31 degrees 5 minutes South per Observation, 31 degrees 7 minutes per Reckoning; longitude 331 degrees 19 minutes per Observation, 324 degrees 56 minutes per Reckoning.

Wednesday, 6th. Moderate Gales, with hazey, rainy weather. Stood to the Eastward all the day, having the land in sight, which at 4 p.m. extended from North-East by North to South-West by West, distant 5 Leagues. At 6 in the Morning we could only see it at West distant 7 or 8 Leagues. At Noon found the Ship by Observation 90 Miles to the Southward of account. Thus far the current has carried us to the South since the last observation, which was only 2 days ago, but it is plain, from the position of the Coast, that we have been carried full as far to the West also, notwithstanding we have been standing all the time to the East-North-East\* (\* The ship was now in the Agulhas Current.) Wind Southerly, course South 54 degrees East, distance 37 miles; latitude 32 degrees 4 minutes South; 330 degrees 44 minutes per Observation, 323 degrees 36 minutes per Reckoning.

Thursday, 7th. Cloudy, hazey weather, winds varying between the South-West by South and South-East by South, a light breeze at 1 p.m. Tack'd, and stood to the Westward, land at North, distant about 8 Leagues. At 6 saw it extending from North by West to West by North, distant 5 or 6 Leagues, at 8 tack'd, and stood to the Eastward till 12, then again to the Westward, standing 4 hours on one tack, and 4 on the other. At Noon very cloudy, had no observation, saw the land extending from North by West to West by North. Wind Southerly, course South 156 degrees 5 minutes West, distance 72 miles; latitude 32 degrees 54 minutes South; longitude 331 degrees 56 minutes West per Observation, 323 degrees 54 per Reckoning.

Friday, 8th. In the P.M. stood to the Westward, with the wind at South by West until 4 o'clock, then again to the Eastward, having the land in sight, extending from North-North-East to West by North, distant 8 Leagues. At 12 the wind veer'd to the Eastward, and before Noon blow'd a fresh breeze, with which we steer'd South-West. At 7, the land extending from North-North-West to East-North-East, distant 10 or 12 Leagues, found the Variation by the Amplitude to be 28 degrees 30 minutes West, and by an Azimuth 28 degrees 8 minutes West. At Noon Latitude observ'd 34 degrees 18 minutes, which is 93 miles to the Southward of that given by the Log, or dead reckoning since the last observation. Wind Easterly, course South 39 1/2 degrees West, distance 109 miles; latitude 34 degrees 18 minutes South; longitude 333 degrees 19 minutes West per Observation, 324 degrees 23 minutes per Reckoning.

Saturday, 9th. A steady, fresh Gale, and settled weather. At 4 in the P.M. had high land in sight, bearing North-East by North. At Noon had little wind and clear weather, the observed Latitude 46 miles to the Southward of the Log, which is conformable to what has hapned the 4 preceeding days, and by Observation made of the Sun and Moon this morning found that the Ship had gain'd 7 degrees 4 minutes West of the Log since

the last observation, 13 days ago. Wind Ditto; course South 65 degrees West; distance 210 miles; latitude 35 degrees 44 minutes South; longitude 337 degrees 6 minutes West per Observation, 326 degrees 53 minutes per Reckoning.

Sunday, 10th. In the P.M. had a light breeze at North-East until 4 o'clock, when it fell calm, and continued so until 11, at which time a breeze sprung up at West-North-West, with which we stood to the Northward. In the Morning found the Variation to be 22 degrees 46 minutes; at Noon the observ'd Latitude was 14 Miles to the Northward of the Log, which shews that the current must have shifted. Wind North-East Westerly; course North 17 degrees 15 minutes West; distance 55 miles; latitude 34 degrees 52 minutes South; longitude 337 degrees 25 minutes West per Observation, 327 degrees 12 minutes per Reckoning.

Monday, 11th. First part light Airs at West, the remainder had a fresh gale at South-East, with which we steer'd West and West-North-West, in order to make the Land, which was seen from the Deck at 10 A.M. At Noon it extended from North-East to North-West, distant 5 Leagues; the middle appear'd high and mountainous, and the two Extremes low. Took several Observations of the Sun and Moon, which gave the Longitude, reduced to Noon, as per Column. Wind Ditto South-East; course North 85 degrees West; distance 79 miles; latitude 34 degrees 45 minutes South; longitude 338 degrees 48 minutes West per Observation, 328 degrees 35 minutes per Reckoning.

[Off Cape Agulhas.]

Tuesday, 12th. In the P.M. had the wind at South-East and East, with which we steer'd along shore West and West-South-West. At 6 Cape Laguillas\* (\* L'Agulhas.) bore West, distance 3 Leagues. At 8, the wind being then at South, we tack'd and stood off, being about 2 Leagues from the Cape, which bore about West-North-West. In this Situation had 33 fathoms water; the Wind continued between South-West and South all night, in times very Squally, with rain. At 2 a.m. tacked to the Westward until near 8, when we again stood off Cape Laguillas, North-West, distance 2 or 3 Leagues. At 9 the weather clear'd up, and the wind fix'd at South by West. We tack'd, and stood to the Westward. At Noon Cape Laguillas bore North-East by North, distant 4 Leagues. The land of this Cape is very low and sandy next the Sea, inland it is of a moderate height. Latitude 34 degrees 50 minutes South, Longitude 339 degrees 23 minutes West, or 20 degrees 37 minutes East, deduced from Yesterday's Observations. Wind East-South-East Southerly; course South 69 degrees 30 minutes West; distance 37 miles; Latitude 34 degrees 58 minutes South; longitude 339 degrees 30 minutes per Observation, 329 degrees 17 minutes per Reckoning.

Wednesday, 13th. In the P.M., having the wind at South, we steer'd along shore West by South  $1\frac{1}{2}$  South until 3 o'clock, when, finding this course carried us off from the land, we steer'd West by North; at 6 o'clock Cape Laguillas, or the high land over it, bore East by North 12 Leagues distance, and the westernmost land in sight North-West  $1\frac{1}{2}$  West. We continued a West by North course, with the wind at South-East until day light in the Morning, when we haul'd in North-West and North-West by North; at 8 the Cape of Good Hope North-West by North, and at 10 we were abreast of it, and distance off about 1 League or little more. We passed close without a rock, on which the Sea broke very high; it lies about a League right out to Sea from the Cape. After passing the Cape we kept along shore at the distance of about 1 League off, having a fresh Gale at South-East; at noon the Cape bore South-East, distance 4 Leagues. Latitude observed 34 degrees 15 minutes South, Longitude in, by our reckoning, corrected by the last observation, 341 degrees 7 minutes West,

or 18 degrees 53 minutes East from Greenwich, by which the Cape lies in 34 degrees 25 minutes South Latitude, and 19 degrees 1 minute East Longitude from Greenwich, which nearly agrees with the observations made at the Cape Town by Messrs. Mason and Dixon in 1761; a proof that our observations have been well made, and that as such they may always be depended upon to a surprizing degree of accuracy. If we had had no such guide we should have found an error of 10 degrees 13 minutes of Longitude, or perhaps more to the East, such an effect the current must have had upon the ship.

Thursday, 14th. Winds at South-East, a fresh Gale, but as we approached the Lyons Tail or West point, Table Bay, we had flurries of wind from all Points of the Compass; this was occasioned by the high land, for clear of it the wind was still at South-East, and blow'd so strong out of the Bay that we could not work the Ship in; we were therefore obliged to Anchor a good way without all the Ships at Anchor in the Road, in the whole 16 Sail, viz., 8 Dutch, 3 Danes, 4 French, a Frigate, and 3 Store Ships, and one English East Indiaman, who saluted us with 11 Guns; we returned 9. The Gale continued, which obliged us to lay fast all the morning.

Friday, 15th. Strong Gales at South-East all the Afternoon and most part of the Night, though in the Evening it fell a little moderate, which gave the Indiaman's Boat an opportunity to come on board us, with a Complement of a Basket of Fruit, etc., she was the Admiral Pocock, Captain Riddell, homeward bound from Bombay. In the morning we got under sail, and stood into the Road, having variable light airs mostly from the Sea. A Dutch boat from the Shore came on board, in which were the Master Attendant and some other Gentlemen; the former directed us to a proper birth, where about 10 o'clock we anchored in 7 fathoms water, a Ouzey bottom; the Lyon Tail, or West point of the Bay, bore West-North-West, and the Castle South-West, distance 1 1/2 miles. I now sent a Petty Officer on shore to know if they would return our Salute, but before he return'd we Saluted, which was immediately return'd with the same number of Guns; after this I waited myself upon the Governour, who was pleased to tell me that I should have everything I wanted that the place afforded. My first care was to provide a proper place ashore for the reception of the Sick, for which purpose I order'd the Surgeon to look out for a House where they could be lodged and dieted. This he soon found, and agreed with the people of the house for 2 shillings a day per man; which I found was the customary Price and method of proceeding. I afterwards gave the Surgeon an order to superintend the whole.

[Remarks on Dysentery.]

Few remarks have hapned since we left Java Head that can be of much use to the Navigator, or any other Person, into whose hand this Journal may fall, such, however, as have occur'd I shall now insert. After our leaving Java head we were 11 days before we got the General South-East Trade wind, in which time we did not advance above 5 degrees to the South and 3 degrees to the West, having all the time Variable light Airs of Wind, interrupted by frequent Calms, the weather all the time hot and sultry, and the Air unwholesome, occasioned most probably by the Vast Vapours brought into these Latitudes by the Easterly Trade wind and Westerly Monsoons, both of which blow at this time of the Year in this Sea. The Easterly winds prevail as far as 12 or 10 degrees South, and the Westerly winds as far as 6 or 8 degrees; between them the winds are Variable, and I believe always more or less unwholesome, but to us it was remarkable from the Fatal Consequences that attended it, for whatever might be the cause of First bringing on the Flux among our people, this unwholesome Air had a Great share in it, and increased it to that degree that a Man was no sooner taken with it than he look'd upon himself as

Dead. Such was the Despondency that reigned among the Sick at this time, nor could it be by any Means prevented, when every Man saw that Medicine, however skillfully Administered, had not the least effect. I shall mention what Effect only the imaginary approach of this disorder had upon one man. He had long tended upon the Sick, and enjoyed a tolerable good State of Health; one morning, coming upon Deck, he found himself a little griped, and immediately began to stamp with his feet, and exclaim, "I have got the Gripes, I have got the Gripes; I shall die, I shall die!" In this manner he continued until he threw himself into a fit, and was carried off the Deck, in a manner, Dead; however he soon recover'd, and did very well.

We had no sooner got into the South-East Trade wind than we felt its happy Effect, tho' we lost several men after, but they were such as were brought so low and weak that there were hardly a possibility of there recovery, and yet some of them linger'd out in a State of Suspence a month after, who, in all Probability, would not have lived 24 Hours before this Change hapned. Those that were not so far gone remained in the same state for some time, and at last began to recover; some few, however, were seized with the disorder after we got into the Trade wind, but they had it but slightly, and soon got over it. It is worth remarking, that of all those who had it in its last stage only one man lived, who is now in a fair way of recovering; and I think Mr. Banks was the only one that was cured at the first Attack'd that had it to a great degree, or indeed at all, before we got into the South-East Trade, for it was before that time that his Cure was happily effected.

It is to be wished, for the good of all Seamen, and mankind in general, that some preventative was found out against this disease, and put in practice in Climates where it is common, for it is impossible to Victual and water a Ship in those Climates but what some one article or another, according to different Peoples opinions, must have been the means of bringing on the Flux. We were inclinable to lay it to the water we took in at Princes Island, and the Turtle we got their, on which we lived several days; but there seems to be no reason for this when we consider that all the Ships from Batavia this Year suffer'd by the same disorder as much as we have done, and many of them arrived at this place in a far worse State; and yet not one of the Ships took any water in at Princes Island. The same may be said of the Harcourt Indiaman, Captain Paul, who sail'd from Batavia soon after our arrival, directly for the Coast of Sumatra; we afterwards heard that she, in a very short time, lost by Sickness above 20 men; indeed, this seem to have been a year of General Sickness over most parts of India, the Ships from Bengal and Madrass bring Melancholly Accounts of the Havock made there by the united force of Sickness and famine.

Some few days after we left Java we saw, for 3 or 4 evenings succeeding one another, boobies fly about the ship. Now, as these birds are known to roost every night on land they seem'd to indicate that some Island was in our neighbourhood; probably it might be the Island Selam, which Island I find differently laid down in different Charts, both in Name and Situation.

The variation of the Compass off the West Coast of Java is about 3 degrees West, which Variation continues, without any sencible difference in the Common Track of Ships, to the Longitude of 288 degrees West, Latitude 22 degrees 0 minutes South. After this it begins to increase apace, in so much that in the Longitude of 295 degrees, Latitude 23 degrees, the Variation was 10 degrees 20 minutes West, in 7 degrees more of Longitude and one of Latitude it increased 2 degrees; in the same space farther to the West it increased 5 degrees; in the Latitude of 28

degrees and Longitude 314 degrees it was 24 degrees 20 minutes, in the Latitude 29 degrees and Longitude 317 degrees it was 26 degrees 10 minutes, and continued to be much the same for the space of 10 degrees farther to the West, but in the Latitude of 34 degrees, Longitude 333 degrees we observed it twice to be  $28 \frac{1}{4}$  degrees West, but this was the greatest Variation we observed, for in the Latitude of  $35 \frac{1}{2}$  degrees, Longitude 337 degrees, it was 24 degrees, and continued decreasing, so that of Cape Laguillas it was 22 degrees 30 minutes and in Table Bay it was 20 degrees 30 minutes West.

From what I have observed of the Current it doth not appear that they are at all considerable until you draw near the Meridian of Madagascar, for after we had made 52 degrees of Longitude from Java head we found, by observation, our Error in Longitude was only 2 degrees, and it was the same when we had made only 19 degrees. This Error might be owing partly to a Current setting to the Westward, or, what I thought most likely, that we did not make sufficient allowance for the set of the Sea before when we run, and, lastly, the assum'd Longitude of Java head might be wrong. If any Error lays there it Arises from the imperfection of the Charts I made use of in reducing the Longitude from Batavia to the above mentioned Head, for it cannot be doubted but the Longitude of Batavia is well Determined. After we had passed the Longitude of 307 degrees we began to find the Effects of the Westerly Currents, for in 3 days our Error in Longitude was 1 degree 5 minutes, its Velocity kept increasing as we got to the Westward, in so much that for 5 days successively, after we had made the land, we were drove to the South-West or South-West by West by the Currents not less than 20 Leagues a day, and this continued until we were within 60 or 70 Leagues of the Cape, where we found the Current to set sometimes one way and sometimes another, but mostly to the Westward.

After the Boobies above mentioned left us we saw no more birds till we got nearly abreast of Madagascar, where, in the Latitude of  $27 \frac{3}{4}$  degrees, we saw an Albatross. After that time we saw more of these birds every day, and in greater numbers, together with several other sorts, one sort about as big as a Duck, of a very Dark brown Colour, with a yellowish bill. The number of these birds increased upon us as we approached the Shore. As soon as we got into Soundings we saw Gannets, which we continued to see as long as we were on the Bank, which stretches off Laguillas 40 Leagues, and Extends along shore to the Eastward from Cape False, according to some charts, 160 Leagues, the Extent of this Bank is not well known, however, it is useful in directing Shipping when to haul in to make the land.

[At Anchor. Table Bay.]

Saturday, 16th. Variable light Airs all this day. Moor'd the Ship and Struck Yards and Topmast, and in the morning got all the Sick (28) ashore to Quarters provided for them, and got off fresh meat and Greens for the People on board.

Sunday, 17th. In the A.M. sail'd for England the Admiral Pocock, Captain Riddle, by whom I sent Letters to the Admiralty and Royal Society. About noon came on a hard, dry Gale from the South-East.

Monday, 18th. In the P.M. anchored in the offing an English Ship, which proved to be the Houghton Indiaman from Bengal. In the A.M. it fell moderate, and we began to water the Ship.

Tuesday, 19th. Variable Gentle breezes. All this day employ'd repairing Sails, Rigging, Watering, etc.



Wednesday, 20th. In the P.M. Sail'd the Houghton Indiaman, who saluted us with 11 Guns, which Complement we returned; this Ship, during her stay in India, lost by sickness between 30 and 40 men, and had at this time a good many down with the Scurvey. Other Ships suffer'd in the same proportion. Thus we find that Ships which have been little more than 12 months from England have suffer'd as much or more by Sickness than we have done, who have been out near 3 Times as long. Yet their sufferings will hardly, if att all, be mentioned or known in England; when, on the other hand, those of the Endeavour, because the Voyage is uncommon, will very probable be mentioned in every News Paper, and, what is not unlikely, with many Additional hardships we never Experienced; for such are the disposition of men in general in these Voyages that they are seldom content with the Hardships and Dangers which will naturally occur, but they must add others which hardly ever had existence but in their imaginations by magnifying the most Trifling accidents and circumstances to the greatest Hardships and unsurmountable dangers without the imediate interposition of Providence, as if the whole merit of the Voyage consisted in the Dangers and Hardships they underwent, or that real ones did not hapen often enough to give the mind sufficient anxiety. Thus Posterity are taught to look upon these Voyages as hazardous to the highest degree.

Thursday, 21st. Fine Pleasant Weather. Employ'd getting on board water, overhauling the rigging, and repairing Sails. Sail'd for Batavia a Dutch Ship.

Friday, 22nd, Saturday, 23rd, Sunday, 24th, Monday, 25th, Tuesday, 26th. Mostly Fine pleasant weather. On the 23rd compleated our water, after which I gave as many of the People leave to go on shore to refresh themselves as could be spared at one time.

Wednesday, 27th. Winds variable and clear. Pleasant weather. Sailed for Holland 4 Sail Dutch Ships.

Thursday, 28th, Friday, 29th. Ditto weather. Employ'd fixing new Topmast and Backstays, repairing Sails, etc.

Saturday, 30th. In the P.M. anchor'd here the Duke of Gloucester, English East India Ship from China. In the Evening a prodigious hard gale of wind came on at South-East, which continued till about 3 o'clock in the Morning. During the Gales the Table Mountains and Adjacent Hills were cap'd with Extraordinary while Clouds; the remainder of the Day light Airs and pleasant weather.

Sunday, 31st. Clear pleasant weather all this day. In the Morning we got on board a whole Ox, which we cut up and salted. I had eat ashore some of as good and Fat Beef as ever I eat in my life, and was told that I might have as good to salt; but in this I was very much disappointed. The one I got was thin and Lean, yet well taisted; it weighed 408 pounds.

[April 1771.]

Monday, April 1st. In the P.M. I observed a dark, dence haze like a Fog bank in the South-East Horizon, and which clouds began to gather over the Table Mountain; certain signs of an approaching gale from the same Quarter, which about 4 o'clock began to blow with great voialance, and continued more or less so the Remainder of these 24 Hours, the Table Mountain cap'd with White Clouds all the time. The weather dry and clear.

Tuesday, 2nd. First part fresh Gales at South-East, the remainder little

wind and calms. In the P.M. sail'd for England the Duke of Gloucester Indiaman, who Saluted us at his departure. In the A.M. anchored here 2 Dutch Ships from Batavia, and a third at Anchor under Penguin Island in distress. Put on shore some Sick People.

Wednesday, 3rd. Fine, pleasant weather. Some people on shore on Liberty to refresh, the rest Employ'd repairing Sails and overhauling the Rigging.

Thursday, 4th. Ditto Weather. Employ'd Painting the Ship and paying her sides.

Friday, 5th. Variable light winds. Sail'd for Holland 3 Dutch Ships. Employ'd as above, and getting on board Provisions, etc.

Saturday, 6th. Gentle breezes, with some rain in the Night.

Sunday, 7th. Gentle breezes, and fine, pleasant weather, a Signal for some Ships being in the offing.

Monday, 8th. Gentle Breezes from the Westward. In the Night Anchor'd here the Europa, an English East Indiaman from Bengal, and in the Morning she saluted us with 11 Guns, which Complement we return'd.

Tuesday, 9th. Little wind at South-West, with Foggy, hazey weather. Employ'd making ready for Sea.

Wednesday, 10th. Gentle breezes at South-South-East and fair weather. Took on board 11 of our people from Sick Quarters.

Thursday, 11th. Ditto weather. Employ'd getting on board various Articles of Provisions from the Shore.

Friday, 12th. Wind at South-West, fair weather. Set up the Topmast rigging, and bent the Sails.

Saturday, 13th. Fresh breezes at South-West, and Cloudy, hazey weather, in the night Anchor'd here a Dutch Ship from Holland, she sail'd about 3 months ago in company with 2 more. The news brought by this Ship is that a War is dayley expected between England and Spain, Signals out for 4 or 5 Sail more being in the Offing, one of which is said to be a ship from England, took leave of the Gouvernour, intending to Sail to-morrow.

Sunday, 14th. Wind Westerly, gentle breezes. In the P.M. got all the Sick on board, many of whom are yet in a very bad state of health, 3 died here, but this loss was made up by the opportunity we had of compleating our full complement. In the morning unmoor'd and got ready for Sailing.

Monday, 15th. None of the Ships in the Offing are yet arrived. Desirous as we must be of hearing news from England, I detemmin'd not to wait the arrival of these Ships, but took the advantage of a breeze of wind from the West-South-West, weigh'd and stood out of the Bay, saluted with 13 Guns, which Complement was return'd both by the Castle and Dutch Commodore. The Europa Saluted us as we passed her, which we return'd. This Ship was to have sail'd with or before us, but not liking the opportunity she lay fast. At 5 in the Evening anchor'd under Penguin or Robin Island in 10 fathoms water, the Island extending from West-North-West to South-South-West, distant 1 1/2 or 2 miles.

In the Morning saw a Ship standing into Table Bay, under English Colours, which we took to be an Indiaman, at Noon Latitude observed 33 degrees 49

minutes South; Cape Town South 20 degrees East, distant 7 miles. As we could not Sail in the Morning for want of wind, I sent a Boat to the Island for a few Trifling Articles we had forgot to take in at the Cape, but the people on shore would not permit her to land, so that she return'd as she went, and I gave myself no further Trouble at it. Mr. Banks, who was in the Boat, was of opinion that it was owing to a mistake made respecting the rank of the Officer commanding the Boat, be this as it may, it seems probable that the Dutch do not admit of Strangers landing upon this Island least they should carry off some of those people which, for certain crimes, they Banish here for Life, as we were told was done by a Danish Ship a few years ago. But they might have a better reason for refusing our Boat to land, for it is not improbable but what there might be some English Seamen upon this Island whom they had sent from the Cape while we lay there, well knowing that if they came in my way I should take them on board; and this, I am told, is frequently done when any of His Majesty's Ships are in the Bay, for it is well known that the Dutch East India Ships are mostly mann'd by Foreigners.

[Remarks on Cape of Good Hope.]

The Cape of Good Hope hath been so often discribed by Authors, and is so well known to Europeans, that any discription I can give of it may appear unnecessary. However, I cannot help observing that most Authors, particularly the Author of Mr. Byron's voyage, have heightened the picture to a very great degree above what it will bear, so that a Stranger is at once struck with surprise and disappointment, for no Country we have seen this voyage affords so barren a prospect as this, and not only so in appearance, but in reality.

The land over the Cape which constitutes the Peninsula form'd by Table Bay on the North, and False Bay on the South, consists of high barren Mountains; behind these to the East, or what may be called the Isthmus, is a vast extensive plane, not one thousand part of which either is or can be cultivated. The Soil consists mostly of a light kind of Sea sand, producing hardly anything but heath; every inch of Ground that will bear Cultivation is taken up in Small Plantations, consisting of Vineyards, Orchards, Kitchen Gardens, etc. Hardly any 2 lay together, but are dispers'd from one another at some Distance. If we may judge from circumstances, the Interior Parts of this Country is not more fertile, that is, the fertile land bears a very small proportion to the whole. We were told that they have settlements 28 days' journey inland, which is computed at 900 English Miles, and thus far they bring Provisions to the Cape by land. It is also said that the Dutch Farmers are so dispers'd about the country that some have no neighbours within 4 or 5 days' Journeys of them. Admitting these to be facts, and it will at once appear that the Country in General cannot be very fertile, for it would be absurd to suppose that they would raise provisions at such an immense distance, where the trouble and expence of bringing them to Market must increase, in proportion, could it be done nearer. The Dutch assign another reason for being obliged to extend their Scattered Settlements so far in land, which is, they never disturb the Original native, but always leave them in peaceable possession of whatever lands they may have appropriated to their own use, which in some places is pretty Extensive, and that probably none of the worst, by which good Policy the new Settlers very seldom if ever meet with any Disturbance from the Natives, on the contrary, many of them become their Servants, and mix among them, and are useful members to Society.

Notwithstanding the many disadvantages this Country labours under, such is the industry, economy, and good management of the Dutch that not only the necessary, but all the Luxuries, of Life are raised here in as great

abundance, and are sold as cheap, if not cheaper, than in any part of Europe, some few Articles excepted. Naval Stores, however, do not want for price any more here than they do at Batavia; these are only sold by the company, who have a certain fix'd exorbitant Price, from which they never deviate.

The inhabitants of the Cape Town are in General well bred and Extreamly Civil and Polite to all Strangers; indeed, it is their Interest so to do, for the whole Town may be considered as one great Inn fitted up for the reception of all Comers and goers. Upon the whole, there is perhaps not a place in the known World that can Equal this in Affording refreshments of all kinds to Shipping. The Bay is Capacious, pretty safe, and Commodious, it lies open to the North-West winds, which winds, we are told, very seldom blow very Strong.\* (\* In the winter months these winds are very strong, and make the anchorage in Table Bay anything but safe.) but sometimes sends in a Great Sea, for which reason Ships moor North-East and South-West, and in such a manner as to have an Open Hawse with North-West winds. The South-East winds blow frequently with great Violence; but as this is right out of the Bay it is attended with no danger. Near the Town is a wharfe built of wood, run out a proper Distance into the Sea for the Conveniency of landing and Shipping off goods. To this wharfe water is convey'd in pipes and by means of Cocks. Several Boats may fill water at one and the same time. The Company keeps several large Boats or Hoys to carry goods, provisions, water, etc., to and from Shipping, as well Strangers as their own. Fuel is one of the Scarcest articles they have, and is brought a long way out of the Country, and Consists of Roots of Trees, Shrubs, etc. Except a few English Oaks which they have planted, this Country is wholly destitute of wood, except at too great a distance to be brought to the Cape.\* (\* Since Cook's day large plantations have been made in the vicinity of Capetown.) In the Article Timber, Boards, etc., they are chiefly supply'd from Batavia.

3 of the winter months, viz., from the middle of May to the middle of August, the Dutch do not allow any of their Ships to lay in Table Bay, but oblige them to go into False Bay, where there is a very safe Harbour.\* (\* Simon's Bay, now the naval station, where there is a dockyard.) and every other Conveniency both for their own Shipping and Strangers, and where every produce of the Country can be had as cheap as at the Cape Town. The Dutch, I am told, never Deviate from this custom of sending their ships to False Bay at this Season of the Year, notwithstanding there had not a Gale of wind hapned for many years that would have put them in the least Danger in Table Bay.

Table Bay is defended by a Square Fort, situated on the East side of the Town, close to the Sea beach, together with several other out works and Batterys along the Shore of the Bay on each side of the Town. They are so situated as to be cannonaded by Shipping, and are in a manner defenceless against a superior land force. The Garrison at present consists of 800 regulars, besides Militia of the Country, which comprehend every man able to bear Arms. They can, by means of Signals, alarm the whole Country in a very short time, and then every man is immediately to repair to the Cape Town. The French at Mauritius are supply'd with large Quantities of Provisions from the Cape, viz., Salted Beef, Biscuit, Flour, and wine. While we lay in the Bay 2 Store Ships belonging to the King, of the Burthen of 50 or 60 Gun Ships, and a Snow, sail'd for that Island Loaded with Provisions, besides a large (King's) Frigate we left in the Bay taking in her Cargo. The Provisions contracted for this Year by the French were Salt Beef, 500,000 pounds, Flour, 400,000 pounds, Biscuit, 400,000 pounds, and Wine, 1,200 Leaguers.

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## ESSAY X

### OF SUPERSTITION AND ENTHUSIASM

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That \_the corruption of the best of things produces the worst\_, is grown into a maxim, and is commonly proved, among other instances, by the pernicious effects of \_superstition\_ and \_enthusiasm\_, the corruptions of true religion.

These two species of false religion, though both pernicious, are yet of a very different, and even of a contrary nature. The mind of man is subject to certain unaccountable terrors and apprehensions, proceeding either from the unhappy situation of private or public affairs, from ill health, from a gloomy and melancholy disposition, or from the concurrence of all these circumstances. In such a state of mind, infinite unknown evils are dreaded from unknown agents, and where real objects of terror are wanting, the soul, active to its own prejudice, and fostering its predominant inclination, finds imaginary ones, to whose power and malevolence it sets no limits. As these enemies are entirely invisible and unknown, the methods taken to appease them are equally unaccountable, and consist in ceremonies, observances, mortifications, sacrifices, presents, or in any practice, however absurd or frivolous, which either folly or knavery recommends to a blind and terrified credulity. Weakness, fear, melancholy, together with ignorance, are, therefore, the true sources of Superstition.

But the mind of man is also subject to an unaccountable elevation and presumption, arising from prosperous success, from luxuriant health, from strong spirits, or from a bold and confident disposition. In such a state of mind, the imagination swells with great, but confused conceptions, to which no sublunary beauties or enjoyments can correspond. Every thing mortal and perishable vanishes as unworthy of attention, and a full range is given to the fancy in the invisible regions, or world of Spirits, where the soul is at liberty to indulge itself in every imagination, which may best suit its present taste and disposition. Hence arise raptures, transports, and surprising flights of fancy; and, confidence and presumption still increasing, these raptures, being altogether unaccountable, and seeming quite beyond the reach of our ordinary faculties, are attributed to the immediate inspiration of that Divine Being who is the object of devotion. In a little time, the inspired person comes to regard himself as a distinguished favourite of the Divinity, and when this phrensy once takes place, which is the summit of enthusiasm, every whimsey is consecrated: human reason, and even morality, are rejected as fallacious guides, and the fanatic madman delivers himself over, blindly and without reserve, to the supposed illapses of the Spirit, and to inspiration from above. Hope, pride, presumption, a warm imagination, together with ignorance, are therefore the true sources of Enthusiasm.

These two species of false religion might afford occasion to many speculations, but I shall confine myself, at present, to a few reflections concerning their different influence on government and society.

My \_first\_ reflection is, \_that superstition is favourable to priestly

power, and enthusiasm not less, or rather more contrary to it, than sound reason and philosophy. As superstition is founded on fear, sorrow, and a depression of spirits, it represents the man to himself in such despicable colours, that he appears unworthy, in his own eyes, of approaching the Divine presence, and naturally has recourse to any other person, whose sanctity of life, or perhaps impudence and cunning, have made him be supposed more favoured by the Divinity. To him the superstitious intrust their devotions to his care they recommend their prayers, petitions, and sacrifices: and by his means, they hope to render their addresses acceptable to their incensed Deity. Hence the origin of Priests, who may justly be regarded as an invention of a timorous and abject superstition, which, ever diffident of itself, dares not offer up its own devotions, but ignorantly thinks to recommend itself to the Divinity, by the mediation of his supposed friends and servants. As superstition is a considerable ingredient in almost all religions, even the most fanatical, there being nothing but philosophy able entirely to conquer these unaccountable terrors, hence it proceeds, that in almost every sect of religion there are priests to be found: but the stronger mixture there is of superstition, the higher is the authority of the priesthood.

On the other hand, it may be observed, that all enthusiasts have been free from the yoke of ecclesiastics, and have expressed great independence in their devotion, with a contempt of forms, ceremonies, and traditions. The Quakers are the most egregious, though, at the same time, the most innocent enthusiasts that have yet been known, and are perhaps the only sect that have never admitted priests among them. The Independents, of all the English sectaries, approach nearest to the Quakers in fanaticism, and in their freedom from priestly bondage. The Presbyterians follow after, at an equal distance, in both particulars. In short, this observation is founded in experience, and will also appear to be founded in reason, if we consider, that, as enthusiasm arises from a presumptuous pride and confidence, it thinks itself sufficiently qualified to approach the Divinity, without any human mediator. Its rapturous devotions are so fervent, that it even imagines itself actually to approach him by the way of contemplation and inward converse, which makes it neglect all those outward ceremonies and observances, to which the assistance of the priests appears so requisite in the eyes of their superstitious votaries. The fanatic consecrates himself, and bestows on his own person a sacred character, much superior to what forms and ceremonious institutions can confer on any other.

My second reflection with regard to these species of false religion is, that religions which partake of enthusiasm, are, on their first rise, more furious and violent than those which partake of superstition, but in a little time become more gentle and moderate. The violence of this species of religion, when excited by novelty, and animated by opposition, appears from numberless instances, of the Anabaptists in Germany, the Camisars in France, the Levellers, and other fanatics in England, and the Covenanters in Scotland. Enthusiasm being founded on strong spirits, and a presumptuous boldness of character, it naturally begets the most extreme resolutions, especially after it rises to that height as to inspire the deluded fanatic with the opinion of Divine illuminations, and with a contempt for the common rules of reason, morality, and prudence.

It is thus enthusiasm produces the most cruel disorders in human society, but its fury is like that of thunder and tempest, which exhaust themselves in a little time, and leave the air more calm and serene than before. When the first fire of enthusiasm is spent, men naturally, in

all fanatical sects, sink into the greatest remissness and coolness in sacred matters; there being no body of men among them endowed with sufficient authority, whose interest is concerned to support the religious spirit, no rites, no ceremonies, no holy observances, which may enter into the common train of life, and preserve the sacred principles from oblivion. Superstition, on the contrary, steals in gradually and insensibly; renders men tame and submissive, is acceptable to the magistrate, and seems inoffensive to the people: till at last the priest, having firmly established his authority, becomes the tyrant and disturber of human society, by his endless contentions, persecutions, and religious wars. How smoothly did the Romish church advance in her acquisition of power! But into what dismal convulsions did she throw all Europe, in order to maintain it! On the other hand, our sectaries, who were formerly such dangerous bigots, are now become very free reasoners; and the Quakers seem to approach nearly the only regular body of Deists in the universe, the literati or the disciples of Confucius in China.[1]

My third observation on this head is, that superstition is an enemy to civil liberty, and enthusiasm a friend to it. As superstition groans under the dominion of priests, and enthusiasm is destructive of all ecclesiastical power, this sufficiently accounts for the present observation. Not to mention that enthusiasm, being the infirmity of bold and ambitious tempers, is naturally accompanied with a spirit of liberty, as superstition, on the contrary, renders men tame and abject, and fits them for slavery. We learn from English history, that, during the civil wars, the Independents and Deists, though the most opposite in their religious principles, yet were united in their political ones, and were alike passionate for a commonwealth. And since the origin of Whig and Tory, the leaders of the Whigs have either been Deists or professed Latitudinarians in their principles, that is, friends to toleration, and indifferent to any particular sect of Christians; while the sectaries, who have all a strong tincture of enthusiasm, have always, without exception, concurred with that party in defence of civil liberty. The resemblance in their superstitions long united the High-Church Tories and the Roman Catholics, in support of prerogative and kingly power, though experience of the tolerating spirit of the Whigs seems of late to have reconciled the Catholics to that party.

The Molinists and Jansenists in France have a thousand unintelligible disputes, which are not worthy the reflection of a man of sense: but what principally distinguishes these two sects, and alone merits attention, is the different spirit of their religion. The Molinists, conducted by the Jesuits, are great friends to superstition, rigid observers of external forms and ceremonies, and devoted to the authority of the priests, and to tradition. The Jansenists are enthusiasts, and zealous promoters of the passionate devotion, and of the inward life, little influenced by authority, and, in a word, but half Catholics. The consequences are exactly conformable to the foregoing reasoning. The Jesuits are the tyrants of the people, and the slaves of the court, and the Jansenists preserve alive the small sparks of the love of liberty which are to be found in the French nation.

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[1] The Chinese literati have no priests or ecclesiastical establishment.

# X

## A NOVEL FORGERY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Final Proof*, by R. Ottolengui

Mr. Barnes was wondering whether he would soon have a case which would require special mental effort in its solution. "Something that will make me think," was the way he phrased it to himself. The same idea had occupied him for some time. Not that he had been idle, but his "cases" had all been of such a nature that with a little supervision it had been safe to intrust them entirely to his subordinates. Nothing had occurred to compel his personal investigation. On this morning, however, fate had something peculiarly attractive for him. His office-boy announced a visitor, who, when shown into the detective's sanctum, introduced himself thus:

"I am Stephen West, cashier of the Fulton National Bank. Is this Mr. Barnes?"

"Yes, sir," replied the detective. "Is your business important?"

"It is very important to me," said Mr. West. "I am interested to the extent of forty thousand dollars."

"Forty thousand dollars! Forgery?" Receiving an assenting nod, Mr. Barnes arose and closed the door of the office after instructing the boy to prevent his being disturbed. Returning to his seat, he said: "Now then, Mr. West, tell me the story. All of it, as far as you know it. Omit no detail, however unimportant it may seem to you."

"Very good. My bank has been swindled out of forty thousand dollars in the most mysterious manner. We have received four checks, each for ten thousand dollars. These were signed with the name John Wood, one of our best customers. In making up his monthly balance these checks were sent to his house in the usual order of business. To-day Mr. Wood came to the bank, and declared them to be forgeries."

"Were these checks paid by you personally?"

"Oh, no. We received them through the Clearing-House. They had been deposited at the Harlem National Bank, and reached us in the routine way. They were taken on four different days."

"Who was the depositor at the Harlem Bank?"

"There is a mystery there. His name is Carl Grasse. Inquiry at the Harlem Bank shows that he has been a depositor for about a year. He had a seemingly flourishing business, a beer-garden and concert place. Recently he sold out and returned to his home in Germany. Before doing so he drew out his deposits and closed his account."

"How is it that you did not yourself detect the forgeries? I supposed you bank people were so expert nowadays that the cashing of a worthless check would be impossible."

"Here are the forged checks, and here is one cashed by us since the accounting, which is genuine. Compare them, and perhaps you will admit that anyone might have been deceived."



Mr. Barnes examined the checks very closely, using a lens to assist his eyes. Presently he laid them down without comment, and said:

"What do you wish me to do, Mr. West?"

"To me it seems like a hopeless task, but at least I should like to have the forger arrested. I will gladly pay five hundred dollars as a reward."

Mr. Barnes took up the checks again, examined them most carefully with the lens, and once more laid them down. He strummed on his desk a moment and then said suddenly:

"Mr. West, suppose that I not only arrest the guilty man, but recover the forty thousand dollars?"

"You don't mean to say----" began Mr. West, rather astonished.

"I said 'suppose,'" interrupted Mr. Barnes.

"Why, in that case," said Mr. West, "I would gladly give a thousand more."

"The terms suit me," said the detective. "I'll do my best. Leave these checks with me, and I'll report to you as promptly as possible. One moment," as Mr. West was about to depart, "I will make a memorandum of something you must do yourself." He wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper and handed it to Mr. West, saying, "Let me have those to-day, if possible."

One week later Mr. West received the following note:

"STEPHEN WEST, Esq.--

"Dear Sir--I have completed my investigation of your case. Please call at my office at four o'clock. If convenient, you may as well bring with you a check for fifteen hundred dollars, made payable to

"JOHN BARNES."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated the cashier upon reading the above, "he tells me to bring fifteen hundred dollars. That means he has recovered the money. Thank God!" He dropped into his chair, overcome at the sudden release from the suspense of the previous week, and a few tears trickled down his cheek as he thought of his wife and little one who would not now be obliged to give up their pretty little home to make good his loss.

Promptly at four he was ushered into the presence of Mr. Barnes. Impatient to have his hopes confirmed, he exclaimed at once:

"Am I right? You have succeeded?"

"Most thoroughly," said the detective. "I have discovered the thief, and have him in prison. I also have his written confession."

"But the forty thousand dollars?"

"All safe and sound. Your bank does not lose a dollar--except the

reward." Mr. Barnes added the last after a pause and with a twinkle of his eye.

"Oh, Mr. Barnes, that is a trifle compared to what I expected. But tell me, how was this trick played on us? Who did it?"

"Suppose I give you a detailed account of my work in solving the riddle? I am just in the humor for telling it, and besides you will be more appreciative."

"That is just what I should most desire."

"Very well," began Mr. Barnes. "We will go back to the moment when, after scrutinizing the checks, I asked what you would give for the recovery of the money. I asked that because a suspicion had entered my mind, and I knew that if it should prove to be correct, the arrest of the criminal and the recovery of the money would be simultaneous. I will not explain now why that should be a necessary sequence, as you will see that I was right. But I will tell you what made me entertain the suspicion. In the first place, as you know, of course, John Wood uses a private special check. The forgeries were upon blanks which had been stolen from his check-book. Thus the thief seemingly had access to it. Next, as is commonly done nowadays, the amount of the check was not only written, but also punched out, with the additional precaution of punching a dollar mark before and after the figures. It would seem therefore almost impossible that any alterations had been made after the check was originally drawn. Such things have been done, the holes being filled up with paper pulp, and new ones punched afterwards. But in this case nothing of the sort had been attempted, nor indeed was any such procedure necessary, for the checks were not raised from genuine ones, but had been declared by Wood to be forgeries outright. That is, he denied the signatures."

"Certainly. They were declared to be spurious."

"Exactly. Now that was all that I knew when you were here last except that the signatures seemed to be very similar. It was possible that they were tracings. The plain deduction from this was that the forger was some one in John Wood's establishment, some one who could have access to the checkbook, to the punch, and also have a chance to copy the signature, if it was copied."

"All that is quite clear, but how to proceed?"

"I instructed you to send me a list of all the checks which had been paid out on John Wood's account, giving their dates, numbers, and amounts. I also asked you to procure for me from the Harlem National Bank a similar list of checks paid on order of Carl Grasse. These two lists you sent to me, and they have been very useful. As soon as you left me, and whilst awaiting your lists, I tried some experiments with the forged checks. First I argued that if the signatures were traced, having been made, as it were, from a model, it would follow necessarily that they would exactly coincide if superimposed the one upon the other. Now whilst a man from habit will write his name very similarly a thousand times, I doubt if in a million times he would, or could, exactly reproduce his signature. The test of placing one over the other and examining with transmitted light satisfied me that they were not tracings. I compared each check with each of the others, and with the genuine one which you also left with me. No two were exact counterparts of one another. Still this did not completely prove that they were not tracings, for an artistic criminal might have gone so far as to trace

each check from a different model, thus avoiding identity whilst preserving similarity."

"Mr. Barnes," said Mr. West, admiringly, "you delight me with your care in reasoning out your point."

"Mr. West, in speculating upon circumstantial evidence the most thorough care must be used, if one would avoid arresting the innocent. Nothing, to my mind, is stronger proof against a criminal than a complete chain of circumstantial evidence, but again, nothing is so misleading if at any stage a mistake, an omission, or a misconstruction be allowed to occur. In this case, then, as I was starting out to prove what was merely a suspicion, I determined to be most careful, for indeed I dislike following up suspicion at any time. A suspicion is a prejudgment, and may prove a hindrance to correct reasoning. Not entirely satisfied, therefore, I took the next step. A tracing can be made in either of two ways: with a lead-pencil, or with a stylus of glass or agate. The former leaves a deposit of the lead, whilst the latter makes an indentation upon the paper. In the first case the forger will attempt to remove the lead with an erasing rubber, but will not succeed thoroughly, because some of it will be covered by the ink, and because of the danger of injuring the surface of the paper. In the latter instance, if he be a very thoughtful man, he might undertake to remove the indentation by rubbing the opposite side with the end of his knife or with an ivory paper-cutter. In either case a careful scrutiny with a strong glass would show the burnishing upon the reverse side. I could find nothing of the sort. Taking one of the checks I applied a solution to remove the ink. A thorough examination disclosed that there was no sign either of the graphite, or of the indentation from the stylus. In fact, I became satisfied that the signatures had not been traced."

"But what did that prove? They might have been imitations made by a clever penman."

"They might have been, but I doubted it, and since you ask, I will give my reasons. In the first place, the signatures were accepted at your bank not once, but four times. It would be a remarkably clever man to deceive experts so well. However, I did not abandon this possibility until further developments showed conclusively to my mind that it would be a waste of time to follow up that line of research. Had it been necessary to do so, I should have discovered who in the place had the opportunity to do the work, and by examining their past I should have received a hint as to which of these was most likely to be my man. For any man who could have the ability to commit such a clever forgery must have acquired it as a sequence of special skill and aptitude with his pen of which his friends would be cognizant. Once I looked up such a man, and found that as a boy he had forged his parents' names to excuses for absences from school. Later he turned to higher things. In this instance I was satisfied that the only person having the access to materials, the knowledge of the financial condition of the concern, and the ability to write the checks, was Mr. John Wood himself."

"John Wood!" exclaimed the cashier. "Impossible! Why, that would mean that-----"

"Nothing is impossible, Mr. West. I know what you would say. That it involved his having an accomplice in this Carl Grasse? Well, that is what I suspected, and that is why I asked for an additional reward for the recovery of the funds. If I could prove that John Wood made the checks himself, they ceased to be forgeries in one sense, and the bank

could rightfully charge the amounts against his account. But let me tell you why I abandoned your theory that an expert penman was at work. Observe that though you would have honored a check for forty thousand dollars drawn by John Wood, yet the forgeries were four in number. That showed that the man was not afraid of arousing your suspicion. The only man who could feel absolutely sure upon that point was John Wood. But there is another pretty point. These checks being spurious, and yet being numbered, could arouse your suspicion in two ways. If the numbers upon them greatly varied from those upon genuine checks coming in at the same time, the fraud would have been detected quickly. On the other hand, he could not give you correct numbers without being either in collusion with his bookkeeper or else duplicating the numbering of other checks. That the latter course was pursued, exempted the bookkeeper. All the numbers on the forged checks were duplicates of those on genuine ones."

"But, Mr. Barnes, that did not arouse our suspicion, because----"

"Just so," interrupted Mr. Barnes, "but let me tell you why, as the why is a very significant link in our chain. Your list of this man's checks helped me there. About a year ago Carl Grasse appeared upon the scene in Harlem, buying out a beer-garden, and starting an account in the Harlem National Bank. Now observe that prior to that time, from the first check sent to you by Wood, the strictest regularity as to numbering obtained. There is not a break or a skip anywhere. But in February, the month after Carl Grasse moved to Harlem, there is a duplication in Wood's checks. Two have the same numbering, but both are for trifling amounts, sixteen dollars in one instance and forty in the other. You possibly passed it over. Next month, I find two duplications, and from then on this apparent mistake happens no less than ten times."

"Mr. Barnes, the bookkeepers did notice this, and we spoke to Mr. Wood, but he said it was simply a clerical error of his own due to haste in business hours."

"Exactly, but he was paving the way for his big coup. He was disarming you of suspicion. This one fact satisfied me that I was on the right track, but your list gave me even better corroboration. On February 1st I find that Wood cashed a check payable to himself for ten thousand and fifty-nine dollars. On February 2d, Carl Grasse opened an account with the Harlem Bank, depositing ten thousand dollars, paying in the amount, in cash. This might seem but a coincidence, but by looking over the books of the beer-garden, which is still in existence, Grasse having sold it out, I find that on February 2d, Grasse paid his employees just fifty-nine dollars. The difference, you see, between Wood's draft and Grasse's deposit."

"It certainly seems to connect the two, when we remember that the final forgeries were checks signed by Wood in favor of Grasse."

"Precisely, but follow this a little further. For several months there is nothing to connect the two so far as their banking goes, but note that during this lapse Grasse does not draw a single check in favor of himself, nor does he deposit any checks from others. His transactions with his customers are strictly cash, and his checks are all to dealers, who supply him with his stock. None of these are for large amounts, and his balance does not exceed twelve thousand dollars at any time. On October 1st he deposited five thousand dollars in cash. On the day before that, Wood drew that amount out of your bank. On the 12th, this is repeated by both, and on the 14th, Grasse cashes a check for twelve thousand dollars, taking cash. This goes through successfully, and the

Harlem Bank is made to see that Grasse commands large amounts and uses large amounts. This is repeated in varying amounts in November, and again in December, the bank by this time being quite ready to pay out money to Grasse. On January 2d, Wood has his check account balanced. On the 3d, Grasse deposits Wood's check for ten thousand dollars. This goes through the Clearing-House, and is accepted by your bank. The Harlem Bank is therefore satisfied of its authenticity. On the 5th, Grasse deposits check number two, and at the same time cashes a check for ten thousand dollars. The second spurious check goes through all right, and on the 10th and 15th, the transactions are repeated. On the 20th, Grasse explains to the Harlem Bank that he has sold his business, and is going home to Germany. He closes his account, taking out his money, and disappears from the scene. You are forty thousand dollars out by a clever swindle, with nothing to prove your suspicions save a few coincidences in the banking records of the two men."

"But assuredly, Mr. Barnes, enough evidence upon which to arrest Mr. Wood?"

"To arrest him, yes. But to convict him? That is another affair. Without conviction you do not recover your money. No, my work was by no means finished. I first sought to follow Grasse. I did not have far to go. At the Hamburg-American line I found him booked, but investigation showed that he never sailed. The ticket which he bought has never been taken up."

"Then the accomplice is still in this country?"

"No, the accomplice is not in this country," said Mr. Barnes, dryly. "Don't get ahead of the story. At this stage of the game I made some singular discoveries. I found, for example, that Carl Grasse slept over his saloon, but that he frequently would be absent all night. I also learned that when he did sleep there, he would leave about nine o'clock in the morning for that mysterious realm, 'down-town.' When he slept elsewhere, he usually reached the saloon at eight, and still went 'down-town' at nine. It was his general custom to get back about five in the afternoon. Extending my researches in the direction of John Wood, I learned that he was customarily at his office at ten o'clock, seldom leaving before four. Moreover, at his apartment the janitor told me that he frequently slept elsewhere, and that when he passed the night at that place, he would leave about seven in the morning. Do you follow me?"

"Do you mean that John Wood and Carl Grasse are one and the same person?"

"That idea entered my mind about this time. Up at the saloon I found some other small evidences that this was a probability. You see, a man may disguise his personal appearance, but it is difficult for him to change his habits with his clothing. For example, I found that Mr. Wood always uses Carter's writing fluid, and Mr. Grasse had the same predilection, as the empty bottles attest. Moreover, the bottles are of the same size in both places. Next I observe that both men used the same make of stub pens. Again note that though Carl Grasse is a German name and the man was keeping a beer saloon, he was never seen to drink beer himself. John Wood has the same antipathy to malt. But most singular is the fact that this man, who so carefully laid his plans, should have actually bought a check-punching stamp of the same make and style of figures as that used in the Wood establishment."

"Perhaps he did that so that he could make the spurious checks up-town instead of down-town, where he might be discovered."

"More than likely, but he should have taken it away with him. There is always some little detail of this kind that even the most skilful overlooks. He probably thought that the similarity of the instruments would never be detected, or made to count against him. It is nothing in itself, but as a link in a chain it mends a break. There was one fact, however, at wide variance with the theory of the identity of the two men. Wood is of ordinary build, with black hair and smooth-shaven face. Grasse is described as very stout, with red hair and whiskers. Of course, following the theory of impersonation, if Wood transformed himself into a stout man, totally different clothing would be needed for the two parts which he played. I found that Wood always dressed in the finest broadcloth, whilst Grasse wore conspicuous plaids. Supposing that he wore a red wig and false whiskers, I determined to find the man from whom he had procured them. I guessed that he would avoid any well-known place, and I began my hunt in the costumers' shops on Third Avenue. I went to several without obtaining any clue, when at last fortune favored me. I found a place where, upon their books, in last January was a record of 'red wig and whiskers' for the same customer. Moreover, they had furnished this person with a 'make-up' for a fat German, giving him the necessary 'pads,' as they are called, a suit of underwear wadded so as to increase the proportion of the body. Can you guess what I did next?"

"I think not."

"It was an inspiration. I ordered a similar outfit for myself, including the plaid suit. This morning they were delivered to me, and, dressed in them, I induced the costumer to go with me to Wood's place. As soon as I was shown into his presence, I began to talk in a most excited, angry tone. I said 'Mr. Wood, I come for satisfaction. I am Carl Grasse, the man you have been personating up-town. I am the man whose name you forged to the back of your own checks. And this is the costumer who sold you the disguise. Am I not right?' This last speech I addressed to the costumer, who, to my intense satisfaction, said, 'Yes, that is the gentleman, but I did not know he was going to impersonate anybody.'"

"What happened then?" asked the cashier.

"Well," said Mr. Barnes, "I had better luck than I had expected, though, in line with my hopes. You see, my sudden appearance before him, my words, and my rapid speech, all tended to confuse him. He suddenly heard himself accused of forging the name of 'Carl Grasse,' and for the moment thought only of defending himself from that charge. He was utterly taken back, and stammered out, 'I did not forge anybody's name. The checks had my own signature, and the endorsement--that was "Carl Grasse." There is no such person.' Then suddenly seeing that he was making a mistake and incriminating himself, he exclaimed, 'Who the devil are you?'"

"'I am a detective,' I answered, quickly seizing his arms and putting on a pair of manacles, 'and I arrest you for swindling the Fulton Bank, whether your offense be forgery or not.' That settled him. He wilted and began to cry for mercy. He even offered me money to let him escape. I delivered him to the Central Office officials, and since then the Inspector has obtained a voluntary confession from him. Are you satisfied, Mr. West?"

"I am more than satisfied. I am amazed. Mr. Barnes, you are a genius."

"Not at all, Mr. West, I am a detective."

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## NIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Excursions*, by Henry D. Thoreau

Chancing to take a memorable walk by moonlight some years ago, I resolved to take more such walks, and make acquaintance with another side of nature. I have done so.

According to Pliny, there is a stone in Arabia called Selenites, "wherein is a white, which increases and decreases with the moon." My journal for the last year or two, has been selenitic in this sense.

Is not the midnight like Central Africa to most of us? Are we not tempted to explore it,—to penetrate to the shores of its lake Tchad, and discover the source of its Nile, perchance the Mountains of the Moon? Who knows what fertility and beauty, moral and natural, are there to be found? In the Mountains of the Moon, in the Central Africa of the night, there is where all Niles have their hidden heads. The expeditions up the Nile as yet extend but to the Cataracts, or perchance to the mouth of the White Nile, but it is the Black Nile that concerns us.

I shall be a benefactor if I conquer some realms from the night, if I report to the gazettes anything transpiring about us at that season worthy of their attention,—if I can show men that there is some beauty awake while they are asleep,—if I add to the domains of poetry.

Night is certainly more novel and less profane than day. I soon discovered that I was acquainted only with its complexion, and as for the moon, I had seen her only as it were through a crevice in a shutter, occasionally. Why not walk a little way in her light?

Suppose you attend to the suggestions which the moon makes for one month, commonly in vain, will it not be very different from anything in literature or religion? But why not study this Sanscrit? What if one moon has come and gone with its world of poetry, its weird teachings, its oracular suggestions,—so divine a creature freighted with hints for me, and I have not used her? One moon gone by unnoticed?

I think it was Dr. Chalmers who said, criticising Coleridge, that for his part he wanted ideas which he could see all round, and not such as he must look at away up in the heavens. Such a man, one would say, would never look at the moon, because she never turns her other side to us. The light which comes from ideas which have their orbit as distant from the earth, and which is no less cheering and enlightening to the benighted traveller than that of the moon and stars, is naturally reproached or nicknamed as moonshine by such. They are moonshine, are they? Well, then do your night-travelling when there is no moon to light you, but I will be thankful for the light that reaches me from the star of least magnitude. Stars are lesser or greater only as they appear to us so. I will be thankful that I see so much as one side of a celestial idea,—one side of the rainbow,—and the sunset sky.

Men talk glibly enough about moonshine, as if they knew its qualities very well, and despised them; as owls might talk of sunshine. None of your sunshine,—but this word commonly means merely something which they do not understand,—which they are abed and asleep to, however much it may be worth their while to be up and awake to it.

It must be allowed that the light of the moon, sufficient though it is for the pensive walker, and not disproportionate to the inner light we have, is very inferior in quality and intensity to that of the sun. But the moon is not to be judged alone by the quantity of light she sends to us, but also by her influence on the earth and its inhabitants. "The moon gravitates toward the earth, and the earth reciprocally toward the moon." The poet who walks by moonlight is conscious of a tide in his thought which is to be referred to lunar influence. I will endeavor to separate the tide in my thoughts from the current distractions of the day. I would warn my hearers that they must not try my thoughts by a daylight standard, but endeavor to realize that I speak out of the night. All depends on your point of view. In Drake's "Collection of Voyages," Wafer says of some Albinoes among the Indians of Darien, "They are quite white, but their whiteness is like that of a horse, quite different from the fair or pale European, as they have not the least tincture of a blush or sanguine complexion. \* \* \* Their eyebrows are milk-white, as is likewise the hair of their heads, which is very fine. \* \* \* They seldom go abroad in the daytime, the sun being disagreeable to them, and causing their eyes, which are weak and poring, to water, especially if it shines towards them, yet they see very well by moonlight, from which we call them moon-eyed."

Neither in our thoughts in these moonlight walks, methinks, is there "the least tincture of a blush or sanguine complexion," but we are intellectually and morally Albinoes,—children of Endymion,—such is the effect of conversing much with the moon.

I complain of Arctic voyagers that, they do not enough remind us of the constant peculiar dreariness of the scenery, and the perpetual twilight of the Arctic night. So he whose theme is moonlight, though he may find it difficult, must, as it were, illustrate it with the light of the moon alone.

Many men walk by day, few walk by night. It is a very different season. Take a July night, for instance. About ten o'clock,—when man is asleep, and day fairly forgotten,—the beauty of moonlight is seen over lonely pastures where cattle are silently feeding. On all sides novelties present themselves. Instead of the sun there are the moon and stars, instead of the wood-thrush there is the whip-poor-will,—instead of butterflies in the meadows, fire-flies, winged sparks of fire! who would have believed it? What kind of cool deliberate life dwells in those dewy abodes associated with a spark of fire? So man has fire in his eyes, or blood, or brain. Instead of singing birds, the half-throttled note of a cuckoo flying over, the croaking of frogs, and the intenser dream of crickets. But above all, the wonderful trump of the bull-frog, ringing from Maine to Georgia. The potato-vines stand upright, the corn grows apace, the bushes loom, the grain-fields are boundless. On our open river terraces once cultivated by the Indian, they appear to occupy the ground like an army,—their heads nodding in the breeze.

Small trees and shrubs are seen in the midst, overwhelmed as by an inundation. The shadows of rocks and trees, and shrubs and hills, are more conspicuous than the objects themselves. The slightest irregularities in the ground are revealed by the shadows, and what the feet find comparatively smooth, appears rough and diversified in consequence. For the same reason the whole landscape is more variegated and picturesque than by day. The smallest recesses in the rocks are dim and cavernous, the ferns in the wood appear of tropical size. The sweet fern and indigo in overgrown wood-paths wet you with dew up to your middle. The leaves of the shrub-oak are shining as if a liquid were flowing over them. The pools seen through the trees are as full of light as the sky. "The light of the



day takes refuge in their bosoms," as the Purana says of the ocean. All white objects are more remarkable than by day. A distant cliff looks like a phosphorescent space on a hillside. The woods are heavy and dark. Nature slumbers. You see the moonlight reflected from particular stumps in the recesses of the forest, as if she selected what to shine on. These small fractions of her light remind one of the plant called moon-seed,—as if the moon were sowing it in such places.

In the night the eyes are partly closed or retire into the head. Other senses take the lead. The walker is guided as well by the sense of smell. Every plant and field and forest emits its odor now, swamp-pink in the meadow and tansy in the road, and there is the peculiar dry scent of corn which has begun to show its tassels. The senses both of hearing and smelling are more alert. We hear the tinkling of rills which we never detected before. From time to time, high up on the sides of hills, you pass through a stratum of warm air. A blast which has come up from the sultry plains of noon. It tells of the day, of sunny noon-tide hours and banks, of the laborer wiping his brow and the bee humming amid flowers. It is an air in which work has been done,—which men have breathed. It circulates about from wood-side to hill-side like a dog that has lost its master, now that the sun is gone. The rocks retain all night the warmth of the sun which they have absorbed. And so does the sand. If you dig a few inches into it you find a warm bed. You lie on your back on a rock in a pasture on the top of some bare hill at midnight, and speculate on the height of the starry canopy. The stars are the jewels of the night, and perchance surpass anything which day has to show. A companion with whom I was sailing one very windy but bright moonlight night, when the stars were few and faint, thought that a man could get along with them,—though he was considerably reduced in his circumstances,—that they were a kind of bread and cheese that never failed.

No wonder that there have been astrologers, that some have conceived that they were personally related to particular stars. Dubartas, as translated by Sylvester, says he'll

"not believe that the great architect  
With all these fires the heavenly arches decked  
Only for show, and with these glistering shields,  
T' awake poor shepherds, watching in the fields."  
He'll "not believe that the least flower which pranks  
Our garden borders, or our common banks,  
And the least stone, that in her warming lap  
Our mother earth doth covetously wrap,  
Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,  
And that the glorious stars of heav'n have none."

And Sir Walter Raleigh well says, "the stars are instruments of far greater use, than to give an obscure light, and for men to gaze on after sunset," and he quotes Plotinus as affirming that they "are significant, but not efficient," and also Augustine as saying, " Deus regit inferiora corpora per superiora ." God rules the bodies below by those above. But best of all is this which another writer has expressed. " Sapiens adjuvabit opus astrorum quemadmodum agricola terrae naturam ." a wise man assisteth the work of the stars as the husbandman helpeth the nature of the soil.

It does not concern men who are asleep in their beds, but it is very important to the traveller, whether the moon shines brightly or is obscured. It is not easy to realize the serene joy of all the earth, when she commences to shine unobstructedly, unless you have often been abroad alone in moonlight nights. She seems to be waging continual war with the

clouds in your behalf. Yet we fancy the clouds to be her foes also. She comes on magnifying her dangers by her light, revealing, displaying them in all their hugeness and blackness, then suddenly casts them behind into the light concealed, and goes her way triumphant through a small space of clear sky.

In short, the moon traversing, or appearing to traverse, the small clouds which lie in her way, now obscured by them, now easily dissipating and shining through them, makes the drama of the moonlight night to all watchers and night-travellers. Sailors speak of it as the moon eating up the clouds. The traveller all alone, the moon all alone, except for his sympathy, overcoming with incessant victory whole squadrons of clouds above the forests and lakes and hills. When she is obscured he so sympathizes with her that he could whip a dog for her relief, as Indians do. When she enters on a clear field of great extent in the heavens, and shines unobstructedly, he is glad. And when she has fought her way through all the squadron of her foes, and rides majestic in a clear sky unscathed, and there are no more any obstructions in her path, he cheerfully and confidently pursues his way, and rejoices in his heart, and the cricket also seems to express joy in its song.

How insupportable would be the days, if the night with its dews and darkness did not come to restore the drooping world. As the shades begin to gather around us, our primeval instincts are aroused, and we steal forth from our lairs, like the inhabitants of the jungle, in search of those silent and brooding thoughts which are the natural prey of the intellect.

Richter says that "The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened, viz. that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as light and flames, even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire."

There are nights in this climate of such serene and majestic beauty, so medicinal and fertilizing to the spirit, that methinks a sensitive nature would not devote them to oblivion, and perhaps there is no man but would be better and wiser for spending them out of doors, though he should sleep all the next day to pay for it, should sleep an Endymion sleep, as the ancients expressed it,—nights which warrant the Grecian epithet ambrosial, when, as in the land of Beulah, the atmosphere is charged with dewy fragrance, and with music, and we take our repose and have our dreams awake,—when the moon, not secondary to the sun,

"gives us his blaze again,  
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime."

Diana still hunts in the New England sky.

"In Heaven queen she is among the spheres.  
She, mistress-like, makes all things to be pure.  
Eternity in her oft change she bears,  
She Beauty is, by her the fair endure.

Time wears her not, she doth his chariot guide,  
Mortality below her orb is placed,  
By her lie virtues of the stars down slide,

By her is Virtue's perfect image cast."

The Hindoos compare the moon to a saintly being who has reached the last stage of bodily existence.

Great restorer of antiquity, great enchanter. In a mild night, when the harvest or hunter's moon shines unobstructedly, the houses in our village, whatever architect they may have had by day, acknowledge only a master. The village street is then as wild as the forest. New and old things are confounded. I know not whether I am sitting on the ruins of a wall, or on the material which is to compose a new one. Nature is an instructed and impartial teacher, spreading no crude opinions, and flattering none; she will be neither radical nor conservative. Consider the moonlight, so civil, yet so savage!

The light is more proportionate to our knowledge than that of day. It is no more dusky in ordinary nights, than our mind's habitual atmosphere, and the moonlight is as bright as our most illuminated moments are.

"In such a night let me abroad remain  
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again."

Of what significance the light of day, if it is not the reflection of an inward dawn?--to what purpose is the veil of night withdrawn, if the morning reveals nothing to the soul? It is merely garish and glaring.

When Ossian in his address to the sun exclaims,

"Where has darkness its dwelling?  
Where is the cavernous home of the stars,  
When thou quickly followest their steps,  
Pursuing them like a hunter in the sky,--  
Thou climbing the lofty hills,  
They descending on barren mountains?"

who does not in his thought accompany the stars to their "cavernous home," "descending" with them "on barren mountains?"

Nevertheless, even by night the sky is blue and not black, for we see through the shadow of the earth into the distant atmosphere of day, where the sunbeams are revelling.

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## COMMERCIALIZING THE SEX INSTINCT

BY ROBERT HERRICK

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Literature in the Making*, by Various

"Realism," said Robert Herrick, "is not the celebration of sexuality." I had not recalled to earth that merry divine whose lyric invitation to go a-Maying still echoes in the heart of every lover of poetry. The Robert Herrick with whom I was talking is a poet and a discriminating critic of poetry, but the world knows him chiefly for his novels-- *The Common Lot*, *Together*, *Clark's Field*, and other intimate studies of American life and character. He is a realist, and not many years ago there were critics who thought that his manner of dealing with sexual themes was dangerously frank. Therefore, the statement that he had just made seemed to me particularly significant.

"It seems to have become the fashion," he said, "to apply the term Realist to every writer who is obsessed with sex. I think I know the reason for this. Our Anglo-Saxon prudery kept all mention of sex relations out of our fiction for many years. Among comparatively modern novelists the realists were the first to break the shackles of this convention, and write frankly of sex. And from this it has come, most unfortunately, that realism and pornography are often confused by novelists and critics as well as by the public.

"This confusion of ideas was apparent in some of the criticisms of my novel Together. In an early chapter of the book there was an incident which was intended to show that the man and woman who were the chief figures in the book were spiritually incompatible, that their relations as husband and wife would be wrong. This was, in fact, the theme of the book, and this incident in the first chapter was intended to foreshadow the later events of their married life. Well, the critics who disliked this chapter said that what they objected to was its 'gross realism.'

"Now, as a matter of fact, that part of the book was not realistic at all. I was describing something unusual, abnormal, while realism has to do with the normal. The critic had, of course, a perfect right to believe that the subject ought not to be treated at all, but 'gross realism' was the most inappropriate description possible.

"Undoubtedly there are many writers who believe that they are realists because they write about nothing but sex. Undoubtedly, too, there are many writers who are conscious of the commercial value of sex in literature. Of course a writer ought to be conscious of the sex impulse in life, but he ought not to display it constantly. I wish our writers would pay less attention to the direct manifestations of sex and more to its indirect influence, to the ways in which it affects all phases of activity."

"Who are some of the writers who seem to you to be especially ready to avail themselves of the commercial value of sex?" I asked.

Mr. Herrick smiled. "I think you know the writers I mean without my mentioning their names," he said. "They write for widely circulated magazines, and make a great deal of money, and their success is due almost entirely to their industrious celebration of sexual affairs. You know the sort of magazine for which they write--it always has on the cover a highly colored picture of a pretty woman, never anything else. That, too, is an example, and a rather wearying example, of the commercializing of the sex appeal.

"I think that Zola, although he was a great artist, was often conscious of the business value of the sex theme. He knew that that sort of thing had a tremendous appeal, and, for me, much of his best work is marred by his deliberate introduction of sex, with the purpose--which, of course, he realized--of making a sensation and selling large editions of his books. This sort of commercialism was not found in the great Russian realists, the true realist--Dostoevski, for example. But it is found in the work of some of the modern Russian writers who are incorrectly termed realists."

"Mr. Herrick," I asked, "just what is a realist?"

Mr. Herrick's youthful face, which contrasts strangely with his white hair, took on a thoughtful expression.

"The distinction between realism and romanticism," he said, "is one of spirit rather than of method. The realist has before him an aim which is entirely different from that of the romanticist.

"The realist writes a novel with one purpose in view. And that purpose is to render into written words the normal aspect of things.

"The aim of the romanticist is entirely different. He is concerned only with things which are exciting, astonishing--in a word, abnormal.

"I do not like literary labels, and I think that the names 'realist' and 'romanticist' have been so much misused that they are now almost meaningless. The significance of the term changes from year to year; the realists of one generation are the romanticists of the next.

"Bulwer Lytton was considered a realist in his day. But we think of him only as a sentimental and melodramatic romanticist whose work has no connection with real life.

"Charles Dickens was considered a realist by the critics of his own generation, and it is probable that he considered himself a realist. But his strongest instinct was toward the melodramatic. He wrote chiefly about simple people, it is true, and chiefly about his own land and time. But the fact that a writer used his contemporaries as subjects does not make him a realist. Dickens's people were unusual; they were better or worse than most people, and they had extraordinary adventures; they did not lead the sort of life which most people lead. Therefore, Dickens cannot accurately be called a realist."

"You called Dostoevski a realist," I said. "What writers who use the English language seem to you to deserve best the name of realist?"

"I think," said Mr. Herrick, "that the most thoroughgoing realist who ever wrote in England was Anthony Trollope. Barchester Towers and Framley Parsonage are masterpieces of realism; they give a faithful and convincing picture of the every-day life of a section of English society with which their author was thoroughly familiar. Trollope reflected life as he saw it--normal life. He was a great realist.

"In the United States there has been only one writer who has as great a right to the name realist as had Anthony Trollope. That man is William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells has always been interested in the normal aspect of things. He has taken for his subject a sort of life which he knows intimately; he has not sought for extraordinary adventures for his theme, nor has he depicted characters remote from our experience. His novels are distinguished by such fidelity to life that he has an indisputable claim to be called a realist.

"But, as I said, it is dangerous and unprofitable to attempt to label literary artists. Thackeray was a realist. Yet Henry Esmond is classed as a romantic novel. In that book Thackeray used the realistic method; he spent a long time in studying the manners and customs of the time about which he was writing; and all the details of the sort of life which he describes are, I believe, historically accurate. And yet Henry Esmond is a romance from beginning to end; it is a romantic novel written by a realist, and written according to what is called the realistic method.

"On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott was a romanticist. No one will deny that. Yet in many of his early books he dealt with what may be called realistic material; he described with close fidelity to detail a sort of

life and a sort of people with which he was well acquainted.

"Whether a writer is a realist or a romanticist is, after all, I think, partly a matter of accident or culture. I happen to be a realist because I was brought up on the great Russian realists like Gogol and the great English realists from George Elliot down to Thomas Hardy. If I had been brought up on romantic writers I suppose that I might now be writing an entirely different sort of novel from that with which I am associated.

"There is a sounder distinction," said Mr. Herrick, "than that which people try to draw between the realistic novel and the romantic novel. This is the distinction between the novel of character and the novel of events. Personally, I never have been able to see how the development of character can be separated from the plot of a novel. A book in which the characters exhibit exactly the same characteristics, moral and intellectual, in the last chapter as in the first, seems to me to be utterly worthless.

"I will, however, make one exception--that is, the novel of the Jules Verne type. In this sort of book, and in romances of the Monte Cristo kind, action is the only thing with which the author and the reader are concerned, and any attempt to develop character would clog the wheels of the story.

"But every other kind of novel depends on character. Even in the best work of Dumas, in *The Three Musketeers*, for example, the characters of the principal figures develop as the story progresses.

"The highest interest of a novel depends upon the development of its characters. If the characters are static, then the book is feeble. I have never been able to see how the plot and the development of the characters can be separated.

"Of course, the novel of character is full of adventure. The adventures of Henry James's characters are of absorbing interest, but they are psychological adventures, internal adventures. If some kind person wanted to give one of Henry James's novels what is commonly called 'a bully plot' the novel would fail."

As to the probable effect on literature of the war, Mr. Herrick has a theory different from that of any other writer with whom I have discussed the subject.

"I think," he said, "that after the war we shall return to fatuous romanticism and weak sentimentality in literature. The tendency will be to read novels in order to forget life, instead of reading them to realize life. There will be a revival of a deeper religious sense, perhaps, but there will also be a revival of mere empty formalism in religion. It has been so in the past after great convulsions. Men need time to recover their spiritual pride, their interest in ideas."

But Mr. Herrick's own reaction to the war does not seem to justify his pessimistic prophecy. Certainly the personal experience which he next narrated to me does not indicate that Mr. Herrick is growing sentimental and romantic.

"When I was in Rome recently," he said, "I was much impressed by D'Annunzio. I was interested in him as a problem, as a picturesque literary personality, as a decadent raffine type regenerated by the war. I have not read any of his books for many years.

"I took some of D'Annunzio's books to read on my voyage home. I read Il Piacere. I realized its charm, I realized the highly æsthetic quality of its author, a scholarly and exact æstheticism as well as an emotional æstheticism. But, nevertheless, I had to force myself to read the book. It was simply a description of a young man's amorous adventures. And I could not see any reason for the existence of this carefully written record of passionnal experiences.

"It seemed to me that the war had swept this sort of thing aside, or had swept aside my interest in this sort of thing. The book seemed to me as dull and trivial and as remote as a second-rate eighteenth-century novel. And I wondered if we would ever again return to the time when such a record of a young man's emotional and sensual experiences would be worth while.

"I came to the conclusion that D'Annunzio himself would not now write such a novel. I think that it would seem to him to be too trivial a report on life. I think that the war has so forced the essential things of life upon the attention of young men."

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## X. THE NOVEL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Prejudices, Third Series*, by H. L. Mencken

An unmistakable flavor of effeminacy hangs about the novel, however heroic its content. Even in the gaudy tales of a Rex Beach, with their bold projections of the Freudian dreams of go-getters, ice-wagon drivers, Ku Kluxers, Rotary Club presidents and other such carnivora, there is a subtle something that suggests water-color painting, lip-sticks and bon-bons. Well, why not? When the novel, in the form that we know to-day, arose in Spain toward the end of the sixteenth century, it was aimed very frankly at the emerging women of the Castilian seraglios--women who were gradually emancipating themselves from the Küche-Kinder-Kirche darkness of the later Middle Ages, but had not yet come to anything even remotely approaching the worldly experience and intellectual curiosity of men. They could now read and they liked to practice the art, but the grand literature of the time was too profound for them, and too somber. So literary confectioners undertook stuff that would be more to their taste, and the modern novel was born. A single plot served most of these confectioners; it became and remains one of the conventions of the form. Man and maid meet, love, and proceed to kiss--but the rest must wait. The buss remains chaste through long and harrowing chapters, not until the very last scene do fate and Holy Church license anything more. This plot, as I say, still serves, and Arnold Bennett is authority for the doctrine that it is the safest known. Its appeal is patently to the feminine fancy, not to the masculine. Women like to be wooed endlessly before they loose their girdles and are wooed no more. But a man, when he finds a damsel to his taste, is eager to get through the preliminary hocus-pocus as soon as possible.

That women are still the chief readers of novels is known to every book clerk. Joseph Hergesheimer, a little while back, was bemoaning the fact as a curse to his craft. What is less often noted is that women themselves, as they have gradually become fully literate, have forced their way to the front as makers of the stuff they feed on, and that they show signs of ousting the men, soon or late, from the business.

Save in the department of lyrical verse, which demands no organization of ideas but only fluency of feeling, they have nowhere else done serious work in literature. There is no epic poem of any solid value by a woman, dead or alive, and no drama, whether comedy or tragedy, and no work of metaphysical speculation, and no history, and no basic document in any other realm of thought. In criticism, whether of works of art or of the ideas underlying them, few women have ever got beyond the *Schwärmerei* of Madame de Staël's "L'Allemagne." In the essay, the most competent woman barely surpasses the average Fleet Street *causerie* hack or Harvard professor. But in the novel the ladies have stood on a level with even the most accomplished men since the day of Jane Austen, and not only in Anglo-Saxondom, but also everywhere else--save perhaps in Russia. To-day it would be difficult to think of a contemporary German novelist of sounder dignity than Clara Viebig, Helene Böhlau or Ricarda Huch, or a Scandinavian novelist clearly above Selma Lagerlöf, or an Italian above Mathilda Serao, or, for that matter, more than two or three living Englishmen above May Sinclair, or more than two Americans equal to Willa Cather. Not only are women writing novels quite as good as those written by men--setting aside, of course, a few miraculous pieces by such fellows as Joseph Conrad: most of them not really novels at all, but metaphysical sonatas disguised as romances--; they are actually surpassing men in their experimental development of the novel form. I do not believe that either Evelyn Scott's "The Narrow House" or May Sinclair's "Life and Death of Harriet Frean" has the depth and beam of, say, Dreiser's "Jennie Gerhardt" or Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," but it is certainly to be argued plausibly that both books show a far greater venturesomeness and a far finer virtuosity in the novel form--that both seek to free that form from artificialities which Dreiser and Bennett seem to be almost unaware of. When men exhibit any discontent with those artificialities it usually takes the shape of a vain and uncouth revolt against the whole inner spirit of the novel--that is, against the characteristics which make it what it is. Their lush imagination tempts them to try to convert it into something that it isn't--for example, an epic, a political document, or a philosophical work. This fact explains, in one direction, such dialectical parables as Dreiser's "The 'Genius,'" H. G. Wells' "Joan and Peter" and Upton Sinclair's "King Coal," and, in a quite different direction, such rhapsodies as Cabell's "Jurgen," Meredith's "The Shaving of Shagpat" and Jacob Wassermann's "The World's Illusion." These things are novels only in the very limited sense that Beethoven's "Vittoria" and Goldmarck's "Ländliche Hochzeit" are symphonies. Their chief purpose is not that of prose fiction; it is either that of argumentation or that of poetry. The women novelists, with very few exceptions, are far more careful to remain within the legitimate bounds of the form; they do not often abandon representation to exhort or exult. Miss Cather's "My Antonia" shows a great deal of originality in its method; the story it tells is certainly not a conventional one, nor is it told in a conventional way. But it remains a novel none the less, and as clearly so, in fact, as "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" or "Robinson Crusoe."

Much exertion of the laryngeal and respiratory muscles is wasted upon a discussion of the differences between realistic novels and romantic novels. As a matter of fact, every authentic novel is realistic in its method, however fantastic it may be in its fable. The primary aim of the novel, at all times and everywhere, is the representation of human beings at their follies and villainies, and no other art form clings to that aim so faithfully. It sets forth, not what might be true, or what ought to be true, but what actually is true. This is obviously not the case with poetry. Poetry is the product of an effort to invent a world appreciably better than the one we live in; its



essence is not the representation of the facts, but the deliberate concealment and denial of the facts. As for the drama, it vacillates, and if it touches the novel on one side it also touches the epic on the other. But the novel is concerned solely with human nature as it is practically revealed and with human experience as men actually know it. If it departs from that representational fidelity ever so slightly, it becomes to that extent a bad novel; if it departs violently it ceases to be a novel at all. Cabell, who shows all the critical deficiencies of a sound artist, is one who has spent a good deal of time questioning the uses of realism. Yet it is a plain fact that his own stature as an artist depends almost wholly upon his capacity for accurate observation and realistic representation. The stories in "The Line of Love," though they may appear superficially to be excessively romantic, really owe all of their charm to their pungent realism. The pleasure they give is the pleasure of recognition; one somehow delights in seeing a mediæval baron acting precisely like a New York stockbroker. As for "Jurgen," it is as realistic in manner as Zola's "La Terre," despite its grotesque fable and its burden of political, theological and epistemological ideas. No one not an idiot would mistake the dialogue between Jurgen and Queen Guinevere's father for romantic, in the sense that Kipling's "Mandalay" is romantic; it is actually as mordantly realistic as the dialogue between Nora and Helmer in the last act of "A Doll's House."

It is my contention that women succeed in the novel--and that they will succeed even more strikingly as they gradually throw off the inhibitions that have hitherto cobwebbed their minds--simply because they are better fitted for this realistic representation than men--because they see the facts of life more sharply, and are less distracted by mooney dreams. Women seldom have the pathological faculty vaguely called imagination. One doesn't often hear of them groaning over colossal bones in their sleep, as dogs do, or constructing heavenly hierarchies or political Utopias, as men do. Their concern is always with things of more objective substance--roofs, meals, rent, clothes, the birth and upbringing of children. They are, I believe, generally happier than men, if only because the demands they make of life are more moderate and less romantic. The chief pain that a man normally suffers in his progress through this vale is that of disillusionment; the chief pain that a woman suffers is that of parturition. There is enormous significance in the difference. The first is artificial and self-inflicted; the second is natural and unescapable. The psychological history of the differentiation I need not go into here: its springs lie obviously in the greater physical strength of man and his freedom from child-bearing, and in the larger mobility and capacity for adventure that go therewith. A man dreams of Utopias simply because he feels himself free to construct them; a woman must keep house. In late years, to be sure, she has toyed with the idea of escaping that necessity, but I shall not bore you with arguments showing that she never will. So long as children are brought into the world and made ready for the trenches, the sweat-shops and the gallows by the laborious method ordained of God she will never be quite as free to roam and dream as man is. It is only a small minority of her sex who cherish a contrary expectation, and this minority, though anatomically female, is spiritually male. Show me a woman who has visions comparable, say, to those of Swedenborg, Woodrow Wilson, Strindberg or Dr. Ghandi, and I'll show you a woman who is a very powerful anaphrodisiac.

Thus women, by their enforced preoccupation with the harsh facts of life, are extremely well fitted to write novels, which must deal with the facts or nothing. What they need for the practical business, in addition, falls under two heads. First, they need enough sense of

social security to make them free to set down what they see. Secondly, they need the modest technical skill, the formal mastery of words and ideas, necessary to do it. The latter, I believe, they have had ever since they learned to read and write, say three hundred years ago; it comes to them more readily than to men, and is exercised with greater ease. The former they are fast acquiring. In the days of Aphra Behn and Ann Radcliffe it was almost as scandalous for a woman to put her observations and notions into print as it was for her to show her legs; even in the days of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë the thing was regarded as decidedly unladylike. But now, within certain limits, she is free to print whatever she pleases, and before long even those surviving limits will be obliterated. If I live to the year 1950 I expect to see a novel by a woman that will describe a typical marriage under Christianity, from the woman's standpoint, as realistically as it is treated from the man's standpoint in Upton Sinclair's "Love's Pilgrimage." That novel, I venture to predict, will be a cuckoo. At one stroke it will demolish superstitions that have prevailed in the Western World since the fall of the Roman Empire. It will seem harsh, but it will be true. And, being true, it will be a good novel. There can be no good one that is not true.

What ailed the women novelists, until very recently, was a lingering ladyism--a childish prudery inherited from their mothers. I believe that it is being rapidly thrown off; indeed, one often sees a concrete woman novelist shedding it. I give you two obvious examples: Zona Gale and Willa Cather. Miss Gale started out by trying to put into novels the conventional prettiness that is esteemed along the Main Streets of her native Wisconsin. She had skill and did it well, and so she won a good deal of popular success. But her work was intrinsically as worthless as a treatise on international politics by the Hon. Warren Gamaliel Harding or a tract on the duties of a soldier and a gentleman by a state president of the American Legion. Then, of a sudden, for some reason quite unknown to the deponent, she threw off all that flabby artificiality, and began describing the people about her as they really were. The result was a second success even more pronounced than her first, and on a palpably higher level. The career of Miss Cather has covered less ground, for she began far above Main Street. What she tried to do at the start was to imitate the superficial sophistication of Edith Wharton and Henry James--a deceptive thing, apparently realistic in essence, but actually as conventional as table manners or the professional buffooneries of a fashionable rector. Miss Cather had extraordinary skill as a writer, and so her imitation was scarcely to be distinguished from the original, but in the course of time she began to be aware of its hollowness. Then she turned to first-hand representation--to pictures of the people she actually knew. There ensued a series of novels that rose step by step to the very distinguished quality of "My Antonia." That fine piece is a great deal more than simply a good novel. It is a document in the history of American literature. It proves, once and for all time, that accurate representation is not, as the campus critics of Dreiser seem to think, inimical to beauty. It proves, on the contrary, that the most careful and penetrating representation is itself the source of a rare and wonderful beauty. No romantic novel ever written in America, by man or woman, is one-half so beautiful as "My Antonia."

As I have said, the novel, in the United States as elsewhere, still radiates an aroma of effeminacy, in the conventional sense. Specifically, it deals too monotonously with the varieties of human transactions which chiefly interest the unintelligent women who are its chief patrons and the scarcely less intelligent women who, until recently, were among its chief commercial manufacturers, to wit, the

transactions that revolve around the ensnarement of men by women--the puerile tricks and conflicts of what is absurdly called romantic love. But I believe that the women novelists, as they emerge into the fullness of skill, will throw overboard all that old baggage, and leave its toting to such male artisans as Chambers, Beach, Coningsby Dawson and Emerson Hough, as they have already left the whole flag-waving and "red-blooded" buncombe. True enough, the snaring of men will remain the principal business of women in this world for many generations, but it would be absurd to say that intelligent women, even to-day, view it romantically--that is, as it is viewed by bad novelists. They see it realistically, and they see it, not as an end in itself, but as a means to other ends. It is, speaking generally, after she has got her man that a woman begins to live. The novel of the future, I believe, will show her thus living. It will depict the intricate complex of forces that conditions her life and generates her ideas, and it will show, against a background of actuality, her conduct in the eternal struggle between her aspiration and her destiny. Women, as I have argued, are not normally harassed by the grandiose and otiose visions that inflame the gizzards of men, but they too discover inevitably that life is a conflict, and that it is the harsh fate of *Homo sapiens* to get the worst of it. I should like to read a "Main Street" by an articulate Carol Kennicott, or a "Titan" by one of Cowperwood's mistresses, or a "Cytherea" by a Fanny Randon--or a Savina Grove! It would be sweet stuff, indeed.... And it will come.

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## CHAPTER X.

### DETAILS OF MOLLY'S MANAGEMENT--RECIPES.

the Project Gutenberg EBook of *Ten Dollars Enough*, by Catherine Owen

MOLLY had not entered so fully into matters with Harry as she would have done had he been a woman, but as this story is to tell, not only what Molly did, but how she did it, I must be a little more explicit.

She found herself on Wednesday with a breast of lamb, eight chops, half a box of boned chicken, and a small piece of steak. The chops were good for two breakfasts, the chicken, prepared as for croquettes, would make either eight of those, or three croquettes, three rissoles, and some fritters. Now, as eight croquettes for two people would be waste, since they were only an *entrée*, the main dinner being something else, she had no idea of that, but rissoles, fritters and croquettes being all prepared alike, and keeping better in that way, she made the mixture, and used enough for the three croquettes, leaving the rest in the ice-box for use another day. Part of the chops she would not want to use till the end of the week, and keeping them quite sweet she made all the fat that had come from the lamb (dripping and trimmings, etc.) boiling hot, then laid the chops in it--seethed them, as it were--for one minute, then put them away with the coat of fat on them, to be scraped off when they were to be cooked.

For the clam soup a pint and a half was all that was needed, and the liquor, with half the clams, was all that she used, the rest she scalloped for breakfast.

It was in making no more of each dish than they could eat (but allowing

plenty for kitchen as well as dining-room) that Molly was able to have what seemed a surprising table,—that and one other thing, allowing nothing whatever to be wasted. The piece of steak left from Tuesday's dinner was fag end, it was put away, and when the hash was made for Friday morning from the remains of à la mode beef, the steak was just the thing to add to it.

For lunch there had always been enough in the house from dinner the night before. As it was her plan to put Marta more on her own responsibility the following week, she had prepared for that purpose the recipes of the principal things, and as Marta's mistakes and difficulties might occur to others, the working of them out in her hands will be more instructive than recounting Molly's certain success.

The recipes were as follows:—

HASHED LAMB.—The remains of ragout of lamb, freed from bone, chopped with the vegetables, the gravy, and a tea-spoonful of butter and one of Worcestershire sauce added, the whole made boiling hot, and served on fried bread.

SOUFFLÉ BREAD.—Two eggs, two table-spoonfuls of flour, in which half a tea-spoonful of baking-powder is sifted, beat yolks and a table-spoonful of butter, melted, together, then add flour and just milk enough to make a very thick batter, add a pinch of salt and a tea-spoonful of sugar, whip whites of eggs to a firm froth, and stir gently in. Have ready a small iron spider (or earthen pan is still better), made hot, with a dessert-spoonful of butter also hot, but not so hot as for frying, pour the mixture, which should be like sponge-cake batter, into the pan, cover with a lid or tin plate, and set it back of the stove if the fire is good—if slow, it may be quite forward. When well risen, almost like omelet soufflé, set it in the oven five minutes to brown the top, if the oven is cool, you may very carefully turn it, so as not to deaden it, serve when done, under side uppermost. It should be a fine golden brown.

Soufflé bread may be baked in a thick tin, with rather more butter than enough to grease it, but the oven must be very hot indeed, and it should be covered till thoroughly puffed up, then allowed to brown.

TOMATO CREAM SOUP.—Put six ripe tomatoes on to stew, when done, boil one pint of milk in a double boiler, mix two tea-spoonfuls (large) of flour with very little milk till smooth, then stir it into the boiling milk, cook ten minutes. To the tomato put a salt-spoonful, scant, of soda, stir well, then rub through a strainer fine enough to keep back seeds, add a dessert-spoonful of butter to the milk, stirring well, then the tomato, and serve immediately.

BREAST OF LAMB ROASTED.—Take out the bones with a small, sharp knife, put them on to boil with a piece of carrot and a slice of onion, a pint of water and a bay leaf, boil for two hours till reduced to less than half. Roll the breast (it may be seasoned with pepper, salt and chopped parsley before rolling) and skewer it, then brush it over with egg and roll in cracker crumbs, bake in a good oven an hour and a half, basting often. It should be very well browned, but not burnt. When done take it up, put a dessert-spoonful of butter in the pan, which set on the stove, then add a scant one of flour, let them brown together, stirring the while, strain to it the gravy from the bones, stirring quickly to prevent lumps, season to taste, add a tea-spoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and pour round the meat.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Half a box of boned chicken, or half a chicken, chop it fine, flavor with a few mushrooms, or a little oyster liquor, or oysters chopped, or a very little ham, or simply a piece of onion as large as a hazel-nut, scalded and chopped very fine, and a tea-spoonful of finely chopped parsley. In flavoring this (and other dishes) take advantage of what may be in the house suitable. Put a table-spoonful of butter in a small saucepan with a table-spoonful of flour, stir till they bubble, then put into a half-pint measure a gill of strong stock made from bones (Molly had bruised up the bones from the shoulder of lamb and boiled them down) and, if you have it, a gill of cream or milk (unless you have oyster or mushroom liquor, when half a gill of cream), and fill up with either of them (the liquid, of whatever kind, must be just half a pint to this quantity); pour this on the butter and flour, and stir till it forms a thick, smooth sauce; boil five minutes, season highly, and then mix the chicken with it, stir together, and pour it out on a plate, and put it to get quite cold and firm. If no stock is used, an egg must be stirred into the sauce, moving it a few seconds from the fire before adding it, or it will curdle. When it is cold and stiff, put plenty of cracker meal on a board, beat an egg with a table-spoonful of water, cut the chicken mixture into strips, roll it between the hands into shapes like wine corks, no larger, put each one into the egg, then into the cracker meal, taking care the egg has covered every part and the meal coats it thoroughly. As each is done, lay it on a plate of cracker meal. They may be prepared an hour or two before they are needed. To fry them, the fat must be so hot that bread dropped into it will color well in thirty seconds; arrange a few at a time in a frying basket, set it in the hot fat, two minutes will make them golden brown; if left longer, or made too large, they will burst.

RISSOLES.—Take a little fine paste,—any trimmings will do,—roll it as thin as paper, cut it into squares three inches by four, lay on each a strip as thick as your finger of the chicken mixture, and roll up, wetting the edges of the paste and pressing together, so that there will be no oozing out; egg and crumb the same as croquettes, and fry four minutes.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Make some good batter thus: a cup of flour sifted, melt a table-spoonful of butter in a scant cup of warm water, which pour by degrees to the flour, making a batter thick enough to mask the back of a spoon dipped in it, salt to taste, add, the last thing, the white of an egg well beaten. Make the chicken mixture into balls the size of small walnuts, flatten a little, dip into the batter, and drop from the spoon into very hot fat, the same as croquettes.

PEACH PUDDING.—A cup of flour, one tea-spoonful of baking-powder sifted in it, make into a very thick batter with three parts of a cup of milk, beat two eggs very light with a quarter cup of sugar, add a pinch of salt, mix, and then stir in as many cut-up peaches as you can; butter a bowl thoroughly, nearly fill with the mixture, tie a cloth over it, and plunge into fast boiling water; boil one hour, taking care that ebullition never ceases while the pudding is in the saucepan, or it will be soggy. Serve with cream, or soft custard, or hard sauce.

PEACH FRITTERS are made by the same recipe, but dropped by the spoonful in boiling lard.

FRIED SMELTS.—Cleanse and dry them, then dip them in milk, then in flour, shake off superfluous flour, and then egg and crumb them the same as chops, laying each fish when done on a bed of cracker meal.

Make the lard as hot as for croquettes, and drop them in five or six at a time. If the lard is hot enough they will brown in two minutes.

**BEEF À LA MODE.**—Three pounds of the vein or any coarse part of beef that is solid meat, and half a pound of fat pork. Pierce the meat in several places with a knife, and into each hole thus made put a strip of pork; lay the beef in an earthen pan, with a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, four sprigs of parsley, two onions, medium size, with a clove stuck in each, half a blade of mace, half a carrot and turnip, a wine-glass of cooking-sherry, and a gallon of water, with half a salt-spoonful of pepper. The pan should not be much larger than the meat. Cover closely, using a common flour and water paste round the edges to prevent the steam escaping, and set in a good oven three hours. The wine may be omitted, and a wine-glass more water added, with a table-spoonful of Worcestershire sauce and half one of vinegar. When done, take up the meat carefully, strain the gravy, skim and season, and pour it over the meat. Don't add the salt till the gravy is done, as pork varies so much that you may get it too salt with very little added; you must go by taste.

**CONES OF CARROTS AND TURNIPS.**—Boil them separately in quarters, using white turnips, chop each fine in a chopping-bowl, put a dessert-spoonful of butter with them, season with white pepper and salt, then press them into a cone shape—a wine-glass will answer—and stand them in alternate cones of the yellow carrot and white turnips round the beef \_à la mode\_ or corned beef.

**CHEESE FRITTERS.**—Grate two ounces of cheese with two dessert-spoonfuls of bread crumbs, a half tea-spoonful of dry mustard, a dessert-spoonful of butter, a speck of cayenne, and the yolk of an egg; pound with a potato-masher till smooth and well mixed, then proceed as for chicken fritters.

**AMBER PUDDING.**—Two eggs, their weight in sugar, butter, flour, and the juice and grated peel of one lemon. Beat the yolks, with the sugar, lemon juice, and butter softened, till very light, sift in the flour and grated peel, butter a small bowl or mould, pour the mixture in and boil two hours.

**BISQUE OF CLAMS.**—For one pint and a half of soup take a dozen large clams, stew them fifteen minutes in their own liquor, to which water is added to make three gills. Boil three gills of milk, stir one dessert-spoonful of butter and one of flour in a small saucepan till they bubble, then pour the boiling milk quickly on them, stirring all the while; stand it aside. Squeeze each clam with a lemon-squeezer, and you will find little but an empty skin remains, strain the clams and liquor to the thick white sauce already made, pressing as much juice out as possible; then stir well, bring all to a boil, and remove from the fire while you beat the yolk of an egg with two table-spoonfuls of the soup; stir it to the rest and season to taste. Take care the soup is boiling hot, yet does not boil after the egg is added, or it will curdle.

**SCALLOPED CLAMS.**—Take a small cup of the bisque of clams, before the egg is added, and save it for the scallop. Scald ten or a dozen clams, cut out the hard part, chop the rest fine. Butter tin scallop shells or little saucers thickly, strew them with bread crumbs, put a layer of clams with pepper, a layer of crumbs, and enough of the soup to moisten them, then more clams, more pepper, and crumbs over the top, and then a thin covering of the soup, and bake a rich brown. Serve a cut lemon with them. Be careful not to get too much soup on them,—they

should be moist, not wet, and be served very hot. Add a little salt if the clams are not salt enough, but it is seldom necessary.

**CAULIFLOWER OMELET.**—Two eggs, a half cup of cold cauliflower with the sauce; mash the cauliflower and sauce, beat the yolks of eggs with it, then beat the whites till they will not slip from the dish, and stir them gently in; add pepper and salt, and fry as any other omelet.

As Molly had given minute directions to Marta for frying omelet already, she did not repeat them in her recipes. When Molly had made the brown hash for breakfast, she had laid aside some of the nicest slices of the cold à la mode beef and the gravy for

**BEEF AU GRATIN.**—Put a layer of bread crumbs in a small dish, then a layer of fat pork cut thin as a wafer, then a layer of beef, on which strew a very little chopped onion and parsley, pepper and salt, then another layer of the shaved pork, more beef, and cover the top with bread crumbs; over all pour gravy enough to moisten it well, and bake slowly one hour.

**CUSTARD PIE.**—Line the dish with light paste (Molly used what was left after making the lemon pie,—puff paste will keep a week in the ice-box), beat one egg, mix with a small cup of milk and one table-spoonful of sugar, pour it into the pie, grate nutmeg over, and bake in an oven that is very hot on the bottom.

**CLEAR SOUP.**—Three pounds of soup-meat, or a soup-bone weighing that, gash the meat well and put to it three quarts of cold water and three tea-spoonfuls of salt, half one of pepper, one small carrot, one turnip, one large onion—each must weigh three ounces after peeling; stick one clove in the onion, cut the vegetables, and when the meat has slowly boiled two hours, add the vegetables and cook three hours more. By slow boiling is meant just an occasional bubble in the centre of the pot. Skim just as the meat comes to the boil, then throw in half a cup of cold water, take off the scum that will now rise rapidly, adding a little cold water again when it begins to boil. Skim again after the vegetables are in, and when done, strain. When cold, take off the fat, don't shake the soup, but pour through a clean cloth, all but the sediment, which keep to make gravy. It must never boil fast, or it will be cloudy and taste poor. There will be two quarts and a pint of fine, clear soup, if the boiling has been so slow as to waste very little.

**CHICKEN PIE.**—Put the neck, gizzard, and feet, scalded, of a chicken in nearly a pint of water with a small spoonful of salt and a slice of onion and a piece of carrot as big as your thumb. Let them stew slowly till there is not more than a gill of liquid, which strain and put aside, when cold it will be hard jelly. Lay in the bottom of a deep oval dish that holds rather more than three quarts, about half a pound of veal cutlet (or beefsteak if you prefer) finely chopped across, yet not made into sausage-meat; sprinkle on it a scant salt-spoonful of salt and a little pepper, shave nice sweet salt pork and put a thin layer of that, then put in the chicken, neatly divided into small joints, sprinkling each with a little salt and pepper, and always pile toward the centre; when full add forcemeat balls made thus: Chop very finely a heaped tea-spoonful of parsley, rub a scant salt-spoonful of thyme leaves to fine powder (this is easily done if they are put to stand in a hot place a few minutes before rubbing, taking care they do not burn), add to them a tea-cup of fine bread crumbs and just one grate of nutmeg, the nutmeg drawn sharply once up and down the grater; chop into this a good tea-spoonful of butter, and wet all with the yolk of an egg; now add a little salt and pepper, tasting to see

when there is enough, make into little round balls and drop into the pie wherever there is a chink, and pour over all half a cup of water. Now roll out some rough puff paste (made as for lemon pie), cut strips half an inch thick and two broad, wet the edges of the dish and lay this round lightly. If the chicken is packed in the shape of a dome it will slope from the sides, and the paste can be pressed round the inside edge to make it adhere to the dish; wet it slightly, then roll the paste for a cover half an inch thick; lay it on, press, with your forefinger laid flat to form a groove between the chicken and the dish, so that the inner edge of the under paste adheres to the upper one, don't press the outer edge at all, trim round with a sharp knife, make a good-sized hole in the centre and ornament with twisted paste, or as you choose; brush all over with white of egg (not the edges, or they will not rise) and bake an hour and a quarter in a good steady oven. Before it is cold, pour the gravy made from giblets through the hole in the top, using a funnel for the purpose. This pie is excellent cold, but if made the day before using, when made hot it will take quite half an hour to heat through. Lay a paper over to protect the crust.

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## **chapter x.**

### **secondary sexual characters of insects.**

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Diversified structures possessed by the males for seizing the females--  
Differences between the sexes, of which the meaning is not understood--  
Difference in size between the sexes--Thysanura--Diptera--Hemiptera--  
Homoptera, musical powers possessed by the males alone--Orthoptera, musical  
instruments of the males, much diversified in structure, pugnacity,  
colours--Neuroptera, sexual differences in colour--Hymenoptera, pugnacity  
and odours--Coleoptera, colours, furnished with great horns, apparently as  
an ornament, battles, stridulating organs generally common to both sexes.

In the immense class of insects the sexes sometimes differ in their locomotive-organs, and often in their sense-organs, as in the pectinated and beautifully plumose antennae of the males of many species. In *Chloeon*, one of the *Ephemerae*, the male has great pillared eyes, of which the female is entirely destitute. (1. Sir J. Lubbock, 'Transact. Linnean Soc.' vol. xxv, 1866, p. 484. With respect to the *Mutillidae* see Westwood, 'Modern Class. of Insects,' vol. ii. p. 213.) The ocelli are absent in the females of certain insects, as in the *Mutillidae*; and here the females are likewise wingless. But we are chiefly concerned with structures by which one male is enabled to conquer another, either in battle or courtship, through his strength, pugnacity, ornaments, or music. The innumerable contrivances, therefore, by which the male is able to seize the female, may be briefly passed over. Besides the complex structures at the apex of the abdomen, which ought perhaps to be ranked as primary organs (2. These organs in the male often differ in closely-allied species, and afford excellent specific characters. But their importance, from a functional point of view, as Mr. R. MacLachlan has remarked to me, has probably been overrated. It has been suggested, that slight differences in these organs would suffice to prevent the intercrossing of well-marked varieties or incipient species, and would thus aid in their development. That this can hardly be the case, we may infer from the many recorded cases (see, for instance, Bronn, 'Geschichte der Natur,' B. ii. 1843, s. 164, and Westwood, 'Transact. Ent. Soc.' vol. iii. 1842, p. 195) of distinct species having been observed in union. Mr.



MacLachlan informs me (vide 'Stett. Ent. Zeitung,' 1867, s. 155) that when several species of Phryganidae, which present strongly-pronounced differences of this kind, were confined together by Dr. Aug. Meyer, THEY COUPLED, and one pair produced fertile ova.), "it is astonishing," as Mr. B.D. Walsh (3. 'The Practical Entomologist,' Philadelphia, vol. ii. May 1867, p. 88.) has remarked, "how many different organs are worked in by nature for the seemingly insignificant object of enabling the male to grasp the female firmly." The mandibles or jaws are sometimes used for this purpose; thus the male *Corydalis cornutus* (a neuropterous insect in some degree allied to the Dragon flies, etc.) has immense curved jaws, many times longer than those of the female; and they are smooth instead of being toothed, so that he is thus enabled to seize her without injury. (4. Mr. Walsh, *ibid.* p. 107.) One of the stag-beetles of North America (*Lucanus elaphus*) uses his jaws, which are much larger than those of the female, for the same purpose, but probably likewise for fighting. In one of the sand-wasps (*Ammophila*) the jaws in the two sexes are closely alike, but are used for widely different purposes. the males, as Professor Westwood observes, "are exceedingly ardent, seizing their partners round the neck with their sickle-shaped jaws" (5. 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. ii. 1840, pp. 205, 206. Mr. Walsh, who called my attention to the double use of the jaws, says that he has repeatedly observed this fact.); whilst the females use these organs for burrowing in sand-banks and making their nests.

[Fig. 9. *Crabro cribrarius*. Upper figure, male; lower figure, female.]

The tarsi of the front-legs are dilated in many male beetles, or are furnished with broad cushions of hairs; and in many genera of water-beetles they are armed with a round flat sucker, so that the male may adhere to the slippery body of the female. It is a much more unusual circumstance that the females of some water-beetles (*Dytiscus*) have their elytra deeply grooved, and in *Acilius sulcatus* thickly set with hairs, as an aid to the male. The females of some other water-beetles (*Hydroporus*) have their elytra punctured for the same purpose. (6. We have here a curious and inexplicable case of dimorphism, for some of the females of four European species of *Dytiscus*, and of certain species of *Hydroporus*, have their elytra smooth, and no intermediate gradations between the sulcated or punctured, and the quite smooth elytra have been observed. See Dr. H. Schaum, as quoted in the 'Zoologist,' vols. v.-vi. 1847-48, p. 1896. Also Kirby and Spence, 'Introduction to Entomology,' vol. iii. 1826, p. 305.) In the male of *Crabro cribrarius* (Fig. 9), it is the tibia which is dilated into a broad horny plate, with minute membraneous dots, giving to it a singular appearance like that of a riddle. (7. Westwood, 'Modern Class.' vol. ii. p. 193. The following statement about *Penthe*, and others in inverted commas, are taken from Mr. Walsh, 'Practical Entomologist,' Philadelphia, vol. iii. p. 88.) In the male of *Penthe* (a genus of beetles) a few of the middle joints of the antennae are dilated and furnished on the inferior surface with cushions of hair, exactly like those on the tarsi of the Carabidae, "and obviously for the same end." In male dragon-flies, "the appendages at the tip of the tail are modified in an almost infinite variety of curious patterns to enable them to embrace the neck of the female." Lastly, in the males of many insects, the legs are furnished with peculiar spines, knobs or spurs, or the whole leg is bowed or thickened, but this is by no means invariably a sexual character, or one pair, or all three pairs are elongated, sometimes to an extravagant length. (8. Kirby and Spence, 'Introduct.' etc., vol. iii. pp. 332-336.)

[Fig. 10. *Taphroderes distortus* (much enlarged). Upper figure, male; lower figure, female.]

The sexes of many species in all the orders present differences, of which the meaning is not understood. One curious case is that of a beetle (Fig.

10), the male of which has left mandible much enlarged, so that the mouth is greatly distorted. In another Carabidous beetle, *Eurygnathus* (9. 'Insecta Maderensia,' 1854, page 20.), we have the case, unique as far as known to Mr. Wollaston, of the head of the female being much broader and larger, though in a variable degree, than that of the male. Any number of such cases could be given. They abound in the Lepidoptera: one of the most extraordinary is that certain male butterflies have their fore-legs more or less atrophied, with the tibiae and tarsi reduced to mere rudimentary knobs. The wings, also, in the two sexes often differ in venuration (10. E. Doubleday, 'Annals and Mag. of Nat. Hist.' vol. i. 1848, p. 379. I may add that the wings in certain Hymenoptera (see Shuckard, 'Fossorial Hymenoptera,' 1837, pp. 39-43) differ in venuration according to sex.), and sometimes considerably in outline, as in the *Aricoris epitus*, which was shewn to me in the British Museum by Mr. A. Butler. The males of certain South American butterflies have tufts of hair on the margins of the wings, and horny excrescences on the discs of the posterior pair. (11. H.W. Bates, in 'Journal of Proc. Linn. Soc.' vol. vi. 1862, p. 74. Mr. Wonfor's observations are quoted in 'Popular Science Review,' 1868, p. 343.) In several British butterflies, as shewn by Mr. Wonfor, the males alone are in parts clothed with peculiar scales.

The use of the bright light of the female glow-worm has been subject to much discussion. The male is feebly luminous, as are the larvae and even the eggs. It has been supposed by some authors that the light serves to frighten away enemies, and by others to guide the male to the female. At last, Mr. Belt (12. 'The Naturalist in Nicaragua,' 1874, pp. 316-320. On the phosphorescence of the eggs, see 'Annals and Magazine of Natural History,' Nov. 1871, p. 372.) appears to have solved the difficulty: he finds that all the Lampyridae which he has tried are highly distasteful to insectivorous mammals and birds. Hence it is in accordance with Mr. Bates' view, hereafter to be explained, that many insects mimic the Lampyridae closely, in order to be mistaken for them, and thus to escape destruction. He further believes that the luminous species profit by being at once recognised as unpalatable. It is probable that the same explanation may be extended to the Elaters, both sexes of which are highly luminous. It is not known why the wings of the female glow-worm have not been developed, but in her present state she closely resembles a larva, and as larvae are so largely preyed on by many animals, we can understand why she has been rendered so much more luminous and conspicuous than the male, and why the larvae themselves are likewise luminous.

#### DIFFERENCE IN SIZE BETWEEN THE SEXES.

With insects of all kinds the males are commonly smaller than the females, and this difference can often be detected even in the larval state. So considerable is the difference between the male and female cocoons of the silk-moth (*Bombyx mori*), that in France they are separated by a particular mode of weighing. (13. Robinet, 'Vers a Soie,' 1848, p. 207.) In the lower classes of the animal kingdom, the greater size of the females seems generally to depend on their developing an enormous number of ova, and this may to a certain extent hold good with insects. But Dr. Wallace has suggested a much more probable explanation. He finds, after carefully attending to the development of the caterpillars of *Bombyx cynthia* and *yamamai*, and especially to that of some dwarfed caterpillars reared from a second brood on unnatural food, "that in proportion as the individual moth is finer, so is the time required for its metamorphosis longer; and for this reason the female, which is the larger and heavier insect, from having to carry her numerous eggs, will be preceded by the male, which is smaller and has less to mature." (14. 'Transact. Ent. Soc.' 3rd series, vol. v. p. 486.) Now as most insects are short-lived, and as they are exposed to many dangers, it would manifestly be advantageous to the female to be

impregnated as soon as possible. This end would be gained by the males being first matured in large numbers ready for the advent of the females; and this again would naturally follow, as Mr. A.R. Wallace has remarked (15. 'Journal of Proc. Ent. Soc.' Feb. 4, 1867, p. lxxi.), through natural selection; for the smaller males would be first matured, and thus would procreate a large number of offspring which would inherit the reduced size of their male parents, whilst the larger males from being matured later would leave fewer offspring.

There are, however, exceptions to the rule of male insects being smaller than the females; and some of these exceptions are intelligible. Size and strength would be an advantage to the males, which fight for the possession of the females; and in these cases, as with the stag-beetle (*Lucanus*), the males are larger than the females. There are, however, other beetles which are not known to fight together, of which the males exceed the females in size; and the meaning of this fact is not known, but in some of these cases, as with the huge *Dynastes* and *Megasoma*, we can at least see that there would be no necessity for the males to be smaller than the females, in order to be matured before them, for these beetles are not short-lived, and there would be ample time for the pairing of the sexes. So again, male dragon-flies (*Libellulidae*) are sometimes sensibly larger, and never smaller, than the females (16. For this and other statements on the size of the sexes, see Kirby and Spence, *ibid.* vol. iii. p. 300; on the duration of life in insects, see p. 344.); and as Mr. MacLachlan believes, they do not generally pair with the females until a week or fortnight has elapsed, and until they have assumed their proper masculine colours. But the most curious case, shewing on what complex and easily-overlooked relations, so trifling a character as difference in size between the sexes may depend, is that of the aculeate Hymenoptera; for Mr. F. Smith informs me that throughout nearly the whole of this large group, the males, in accordance with the general rule, are smaller than the females, and emerge about a week before them; but amongst the Bees, the males of *Apis mellifica*, *Anthidium manicatum*, and *Anthophora acervorum*, and amongst the Fossores, the males of the *Methoca ichneumonides*, are larger than the females. The explanation of this anomaly is that a marriage flight is absolutely necessary with these species, and the male requires great strength and size in order to carry the female through the air. Increased size has here been acquired in opposition to the usual relation between size and the period of development, for the males, though larger, emerge before the smaller females.

We will now review the several Orders, selecting such facts as more particularly concern us. The Lepidoptera (Butterflies and Moths) will be retained for a separate chapter.

## ORDER, THYSANURA.

The members of this lowly organised order are wingless, dull-coloured, minute insects, with ugly, almost misshapen heads and bodies. Their sexes do not differ, but they are interesting as shewing us that the males pay sedulous court to the females even low down in the animal scale. Sir J. Lubbock (17. 'Transact. Linnean Soc.' vol. xxvi. 1868, p. 296.) says: "it is very amusing to see these little creatures (*Sminthurus luteus*) coquetting together. The male, which is much smaller than the female, runs round her, and they butt one another, standing face to face and moving backward and forward like two playful lambs. Then the female pretends to run away and the male runs after her with a queer appearance of anger, gets in front and stands facing her again; then she turns coyly round, but he, quicker and more active, scuttles round too, and seems to whip her with his antennae; then for a bit they stand face to face, play with their antennae, and seem to be all in all to one another."

## ORDER, DIPTERA (FLIES).

The sexes differ little in colour. The greatest difference, known to Mr. F. Walker, is in the genus *Bibio*, in which the males are blackish or quite black, and the females obscure brownish-orange. The genus *Elaphomyia*, discovered by Mr. Wallace (18. 'The Malay Archipelago,' vol. ii. 1869, p. 313.) in New Guinea, is highly remarkable, as the males are furnished with horns, of which the females are quite destitute. The horns spring from beneath the eyes, and curiously resemble those of a stag, being either branched or palmated. In one of the species, they equal the whole body in length. They might be thought to be adapted for fighting, but as in one species they are of a beautiful pink colour, edged with black, with a pale central stripe, and as these insects have altogether a very elegant appearance, it is perhaps more probable that they serve as ornaments. That the males of some Diptera fight together is certain, Prof. Westwood (19. 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. ii. 1840, p. 526.) has several times seen this with the *Tipulae*. The males of other Diptera apparently try to win the females by their music. H. Muller (20. 'Anwendung,' etc., 'Verh. d. n. V. Jahrg.' xxix. p. 80. Mayer, in 'American Naturalist,' 1874, p. 236.) watched for some time two males of an *Eristalis* courting a female; they hovered above her, and flew from side to side, making a high humming noise at the same time. Gnats and mosquitoes (*Culicidae*) also seem to attract each other by humming; and Prof. Mayer has recently ascertained that the hairs on the antennae of the male vibrate in unison with the notes of a tuning-fork, within the range of the sounds emitted by the female. The longer hairs vibrate sympathetically with the graver notes, and the shorter hairs with the higher ones. Landois also asserts that he has repeatedly drawn down a whole swarm of gnats by uttering a particular note. It may be added that the mental faculties of the Diptera are probably higher than in most other insects, in accordance with their highly-developed nervous system. (21. See Mr. B.T. Lowne's interesting work, 'On the Anatomy of the Blow-fly, *Musca vomitoria*,' 1870, p. 14. He remarks (p. 33) that, "the captured flies utter a peculiar plaintive note, and that this sound causes other flies to disappear.")

## ORDER, HEMIPTERA (FIELD-BUGS).

Mr. J.W. Douglas, who has particularly attended to the British species, has kindly given me an account of their sexual differences. The males of some species are furnished with wings, whilst the females are wingless, the sexes differ in the form of their bodies, elytra, antennae and tarsi, but as the signification of these differences are unknown, they may be here passed over. The females are generally larger and more robust than the males. With British, and, as far as Mr. Douglas knows, with exotic species, the sexes do not commonly differ much in colour, but in about six British species the male is considerably darker than the female, and in about four other species the female is darker than the male. Both sexes of some species are beautifully coloured, and as these insects emit an extremely nauseous odour, their conspicuous colours may serve as a signal that they are unpalatable to insectivorous animals. In some few cases their colours appear to be directly protective: thus Prof. Hoffmann informs me that he could hardly distinguish a small pink and green species from the buds on the trunks of lime-trees, which this insect frequents.

Some species of *Reduviidae* make a stridulating noise, and, in the case of *Pirates stridulus*, this is said (22. Westwood, 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. ii. p. 473.) to be effected by the movement of the neck within the pro-thoracic cavity. According to Westring, *Reduvius personatus* also stridulates. But I have no reason to suppose that this is a sexual character, excepting that with non-social insects there seems to be no use

for sound-producing organs, unless it be as a sexual call.

#### ORDER: HOMOPTERA.

Every one who has wandered in a tropical forest must have been astonished at the din made by the male Cicadae. The females are mute, as the Grecian poet Xenarchus says, "Happy the Cicadas live, since they all have voiceless wives." The noise thus made could be plainly heard on board the "Beagle," when anchored at a quarter of a mile from the shore of Brazil; and Captain Hancock says it can be heard at the distance of a mile. The Greeks formerly kept, and the Chinese now keep these insects in cages for the sake of their song, so that it must be pleasing to the ears of some men. (23. These particulars are taken from Westwood's 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. ii. 1840, p. 422. See, also, on the Fulgoridae, Kirby and Spence, 'Introduct.' vol. ii. p. 401.) The Cicadidae usually sing during the day, whilst the Fulgoridae appear to be night-songsters. The sound, according to Landois (24. 'Zeitschrift fur wissenschaft Zoolog.' B. xvii. 1867, ss. 152-158.), is produced by the vibration of the lips of the spiracles, which are set into motion by a current of air emitted from the tracheae; but this view has lately been disputed. Dr. Powell appears to have proved (25. 'Transactions of the New Zealand Institute,' vol. v. 1873, p. 286.) that it is produced by the vibration of a membrane, set into action by a special muscle. In the living insect, whilst stridulating, this membrane can be seen to vibrate; and in the dead insect the proper sound is heard, if the muscle, when a little dried and hardened, is pulled with the point of a pin. In the female the whole complex musical apparatus is present, but is much less developed than in the male, and is never used for producing sound.

With respect to the object of the music, Dr. Hartman, in speaking of the Cicada septemdecim of the United States, says (26. I am indebted to Mr. Walsh for having sent me this extract from 'A Journal of the Doings of Cicada septemdecim,' by Dr. Hartman.), "the drums are now (June 6th and 7th, 1851) heard in all directions. This I believe to be the marital summons from the males. Standing in thick chestnut sprouts about as high as my head, where hundreds were around me, I observed the females coming around the drumming males." He adds, "this season (Aug. 1868) a dwarf pear-tree in my garden produced about fifty larvae of *Cic. pruinosa*, and I several times noticed the females to alight near a male while he was uttering his clanging notes." Fritz Muller writes to me from S. Brazil that he has often listened to a musical contest between two or three males of a species with a particularly loud voice, seated at a considerable distance from each other: as soon as one had finished his song, another immediately began, and then another. As there is so much rivalry between the males, it is probable that the females not only find them by their sounds, but that, like female birds, they are excited or allured by the male with the most attractive voice.

I have not heard of any well-marked cases of ornamental differences between the sexes of the Homoptera. Mr. Douglas informs me that there are three British species, in which the male is black or marked with black bands, whilst the females are pale-coloured or obscure.

#### ORDER, ORTHOPTERA (CRICKETS AND GRASSHOPPERS).

The males in the three saltatorial families in this Order are remarkable for their musical powers, namely the Achetidae or crickets, the Locustidae for which there is no equivalent English name, and the Acridiidae or grasshoppers. The stridulation produced by some of the Locustidae is so loud that it can be heard during the night at the distance of a mile (27. L. Guilding, 'Transactions of the Linnean Society,' vol. xv. p. 154.); and

that made by certain species is not unmusical even to the human ear, so that the Indians on the Amazons keep them in wicker cages. All observers agree that the sounds serve either to call or excite the mute females. With respect to the migratory locusts of Russia, Korte has given (28. I state this on the authority of Koppen, 'Über die Heuschrecken in Sudrussland,' 1866, p. 32, for I have in vain endeavoured to procure Korte's work.) an interesting case of selection by the female of a male. The males of this species (*Pachytylus migratorius*) whilst coupled with the female stridulate from anger or jealousy, if approached by other males. The house-cricket when surprised at night uses its voice to warn its fellows. (29. Gilbert White, 'Natural History of Selborne,' vol. ii. 1825, p. 262.) In North America the Katy-did (*Platyphyllum concavum*, one of the Locustidae) is described (30. Harris, 'Insects of New England,' 1842, p. 128.) as mounting on the upper branches of a tree, and in the evening beginning "his noisy babble, while rival notes issue from the neighbouring trees, and the groves resound with the call of Katy-did-she-did the live-long night." Mr. Bates, in speaking of the European field-cricket (one of the Achetidae), says "the male has been observed to place himself in the evening at the entrance of his burrow, and stridulate until a female approaches, when the louder notes are succeeded by a more subdued tone, whilst the successful musician caresses with his antennae the mate he has won." (31. 'The Naturalist on the Amazons,' vol. i. 1863, p. 252. Mr. Bates gives a very interesting discussion on the gradations in the musical apparatus of the three families. See also Westwood, 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. ii. pp. 445 and 453.) Dr. Scudder was able to excite one of these insects to answer him, by rubbing on a file with a quill. (32. 'Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History,' vol. xi. April 1868.) In both sexes a remarkable auditory apparatus has been discovered by Von Siebold, situated in the front legs. (33. 'Nouveau Manuel d'Anat. Comp.' (French transl.), tom. 1, 1850, p. 567.)

[Fig.11. *Gryllus campestris* (from Landois).

Right-hand figure, under side of part of a wing-nervure, much magnified, showing the teeth, st.

Left-hand figure, upper surface of wing-cover, with the projecting, smooth nervure, r, across which the teeth (st) are scraped.

Fig.12. Teeth of Nervure of *Gryllus domesticus* (from Landois).]

In the three Families the sounds are differently produced. In the males of the Achetidae both wing-covers have the same apparatus, and this in the field-cricket (see *Gryllus campestris*, Fig. 11) consists, as described by Landois (34. 'Zeitschrift für wissenschaft. Zoolog.' B. xvii. 1867, s. 117.), of from 131 to 138 sharp, transverse ridges or teeth (st) on the under side of one of the nervures of the wing-cover. This toothed nervure is rapidly scraped across a projecting, smooth, hard nervure (r) on the upper surface of the opposite wing. First one wing is rubbed over the other, and then the movement is reversed. Both wings are raised a little at the same time, so as to increase the resonance. In some species the wing-covers of the males are furnished at the base with a talc-like plate. (35. Westwood, 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. i. p. 440.) I here give a drawing (Fig. 12) of the teeth on the under side of the nervure of another species of *Gryllus*, viz., *G. domesticus*. With respect to the formation of these teeth, Dr. Gruber has shewn (36. 'Ueber der Tonapparat der Locustiden, ein Beitrag zum Darwinismus,' 'Zeitschrift für wissenschaft. Zoolog.' B. xxii. 1872, p. 100.) that they have been developed by the aid of selection, from the minute scales and hairs with which the wings and body are covered, and I came to the same conclusion with respect to those of the Coleoptera. But Dr. Gruber further shews that their development is in part directly due to the stimulus from the friction of one wing over the other.

[Fig.13. *Chlorocoelus Tanana* (from Bates).  
a,b. Lobes of opposite wing-covers.]

In the Locustidae the opposite wing-covers differ from each other in structure (Fig. 13), and the action cannot, as in the last family, be reversed. The left wing, which acts as the bow, lies over the right wing which serves as the fiddle. One of the nervures (a) on the under surface of the former is finely serrated, and is scraped across the prominent nervures on the upper surface of the opposite or right wing. In our British *Phasgonura viridissima* it appeared to me that the serrated nervure is rubbed against the rounded hind-corner of the opposite wing, the edge of which is thickened, coloured brown, and very sharp. In the right wing, but not in the left, there is a little plate, as transparent as talc, surrounded by nervures, and called the speculum. In *Ephippiger vitium*, a member of this same family, we have a curious subordinate modification, for the wing-covers are greatly reduced in size, but "the posterior part of the pro-thorax is elevated into a kind of dome over the wing-covers, and which has probably the effect of increasing the sound." (37. Westwood 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. i. p. 453.)

We thus see that the musical apparatus is more differentiated or specialised in the Locustidae (which include, I believe, the most powerful performers in the Order), than in the Achetidae, in which both wing-covers have the same structure and the same function. (38. Landois, 'Zeitschrift für wissenschaft Zoolog.' B. xvii. 1867, ss. 121, 122.) Landois, however, detected in one of the Locustidae, namely in *Decticus*, a short and narrow row of small teeth, mere rudiments, on the inferior surface of the right wing-cover, which underlies the other and is never used as the bow. I observed the same rudimentary structure on the under side of the right wing-cover in *Phasgonura viridissima*. Hence we may infer with confidence that the Locustidae are descended from a form, in which, as in the existing Achetidae, both wing-covers had serrated nervures on the under surface, and could be indifferently used as the bow, but that in the Locustidae the two wing-covers gradually became differentiated and perfected, on the principle of the division of labour, the one to act exclusively as the bow, and the other as the fiddle. Dr. Gruber takes the same view, and has shewn that rudimentary teeth are commonly found on the inferior surface of the right wing. By what steps the more simple apparatus in the Achetidae originated, we do not know, but it is probable that the basal portions of the wing-covers originally overlapped each other as they do at present, and that the friction of the nervures produced a grating sound, as is now the case with the wing-covers of the females. (39. Mr. Walsh also informs me that he has noticed that the female of the *Platyphyllum concavum*, "when captured makes a feeble grating noise by shuffling her wing-covers together.") A grating sound thus occasionally and accidentally made by the males, if it served them ever so little as a love-call to the females, might readily have been intensified through sexual selection, by variations in the roughness of the nervures having been continually preserved.

[Fig.14. Hind-leg of *Stenobothrus pratorum*.  
r, the stridulating ridge,  
lower figure, the teeth forming the ridge, much magnified (from Landois).]

Fig.15. *Pneumora* (from specimens in the British Museum).  
Upper figure, male;  
lower figure, female.]

In the last and third family, namely the Acridiidae or grasshoppers, the stridulation is produced in a very different manner, and according to Dr. Scudder, is not so shrill as in the preceding Families. The inner surface

of the femur (Fig. 14, r) is furnished with a longitudinal row of minute, elegant, lancet-shaped, elastic teeth, from 85 to 93 in number (40. Landois, *ibid.* s. 113.); and these are scraped across the sharp, projecting nervures on the wing-covers, which are thus made to vibrate and resound. Harris (41. 'Insects of New England,' 1842, p. 133.) says that when one of the males begins to play, he first "bends the shank of the hind-leg beneath the thigh, where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down. He does not play both fiddles together, but alternately, first upon one and then on the other." In many species, the base of the abdomen is hollowed out into a great cavity which is believed to act as a resounding board. In *Pneumora* (Fig. 15), a S. African genus belonging to the same family, we meet with a new and remarkable modification; in the males a small notched ridge projects obliquely from each side of the abdomen, against which the hind femora are rubbed. (42. Westwood, 'Modern Classification,' vol i. p. 462.) As the male is furnished with wings (the female being wingless), it is remarkable that the thighs are not rubbed in the usual manner against the wing-covers, but this may perhaps be accounted for by the unusually small size of the hind-legs. I have not been able to examine the inner surface of the thighs, which, judging from analogy, would be finely serrated. The species of *Pneumora* have been more profoundly modified for the sake of stridulation than any other orthopterous insect, for in the male the whole body has been converted into a musical instrument, being distended with air, like a great pellucid bladder, so as to increase the resonance. Mr. Trimen informs me that at the Cape of Good Hope these insects make a wonderful noise during the night.

In the three foregoing families, the females are almost always destitute of an efficient musical apparatus. But there are a few exceptions to this rule, for Dr. Gruber has shewn that both sexes of *Ephippiger vitium* are thus provided, though the organs differ in the male and female to a certain extent. Hence we cannot suppose that they have been transferred from the male to the female, as appears to have been the case with the secondary sexual characters of many other animals. They must have been independently developed in the two sexes, which no doubt mutually call to each other during the season of love. In most other *Locustidae* (but not according to Landois in *Decticus*) the females have rudiments of the stridulatory organs proper to the male; from whom it is probable that these have been transferred. Landois also found such rudiments on the under surface of the wing-covers of the female *Achetidae*, and on the femora of the female *Acridiidae*. In the *Homoptera*, also, the females have the proper musical apparatus in a functionless state, and we shall hereafter meet in other divisions of the animal kingdom with many instances of structures proper to the male being present in a rudimentary condition of the female.

Landois has observed another important fact, namely, that in the females of the *Acridiidae*, the stridulating teeth on the femora remain throughout life in the same condition in which they first appear during the larval state in both sexes. In the males, on the other hand, they become further developed, and acquire their perfect structure at the last moult, when the insect is mature and ready to breed.

From the facts now given, we see that the means by which the males of the *Orthoptera* produce their sounds are extremely diversified, and are altogether different from those employed by the *Homoptera*. (43. Landois has recently found in certain *Orthoptera* rudimentary structures closely similar to the sound-producing organs in the *Homoptera*, and this is a surprising fact. See 'Zeitschrift für wissenschaft Zoolog.' B. xxii. Heft 3, 1871, p. 348.) But throughout the animal kingdom we often find the same object gained by the most diversified means; this seems due to the whole organisation having undergone multifarious changes in the course of ages,



and as part after part varied different variations were taken advantage of for the same general purpose. The diversity of means for producing sound in the three families of the Orthoptera and in the Homoptera, impresses the mind with the high importance of these structures to the males, for the sake of calling or alluring the females. We need feel no surprise at the amount of modification which the Orthoptera have undergone in this respect, as we now know, from Dr. Scudder's remarkable discovery (44. 'Transactions, Entomological Society,' 3rd series, vol. ii. ('Journal of Proceedings,' p. 117).), that there has been more than ample time. This naturalist has lately found a fossil insect in the Devonian formation of New Brunswick, which is furnished with "the well-known tympanum or stridulating apparatus of the male Locustidae." The insect, though in most respects related to the Neuroptera, appears, as is so often the case with very ancient forms, to connect the two related Orders of the Neuroptera and Orthoptera.

I have but little more to say on the Orthoptera. Some of the species are very pugnacious: when two male field-cricket (*Gryllus campestris*) are confined together, they fight till one kills the other; and the species of Mantis are described as manoeuvring with their sword-like front-limbs, like hussars with their sabres. The Chinese keep these insects in little bamboo cages, and match them like game-cocks. (45. Westwood, 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. i. p. 427; for crickets, p. 445.) With respect to colour, some exotic locusts are beautifully ornamented; the posterior wings being marked with red, blue, and black; but as throughout the Order the sexes rarely differ much in colour, it is not probable that they owe their bright tints to sexual selection. Conspicuous colours may be of use to these insects, by giving notice that they are unpalatable. Thus it has been observed (46. Mr. Ch. Horne, in 'Proceedings of the Entomological Society,' May 3, 1869, p. xii.) that a bright-coloured Indian locust was invariably rejected when offered to birds and lizards. Some cases, however, are known of sexual differences in colour in this Order. The male of an American cricket (47. *Oecanthus nivalis*, Harris, 'Insects of New England,' 1842, p. 124. The two sexes of *OE. pellucidus* of Europe differ, as I hear from Victor Carus, in nearly the same manner.) is described as being as white as ivory, whilst the female varies from almost white to greenish-yellow or dusky. Mr. Walsh informs me that the adult male of *Spectrum femoratum* (one of the Phasmidae) "is of a shining brownish-yellow colour, the adult female being of a dull, opaque, cinereous brown, the young of both sexes being green." Lastly, I may mention that the male of one curious kind of cricket (48. *Platyblemnus*, Westwood, 'Modern Classification,' vol. i. p. 447.) is furnished with "a long membranous appendage, which falls over the face like a veil," but what its use may be, is not known.

## ORDER, NEUROPTERA.

Little need here be said, except as to colour. In the Ephemeridae the sexes often differ slightly in their obscure tints (49. B.D. Walsh, the 'Pseudo-neuroptera of Illinois,' in 'Proceedings of the Entomological Society of Philadelphia,' 1862, p. 361.); but it is not probable that the males are thus rendered attractive to the females. The Libellulidae, or dragon-flies, are ornamented with splendid green, blue, yellow, and vermilion metallic tints; and the sexes often differ. Thus, as Prof. Westwood remarks (50. 'Modern Classification,' vol. ii. p. 37.), the males of some of the Agrionidae, "are of a rich blue with black wings, whilst the females are fine green with colourless wings." But in *Agrion Ramburii* these colours are exactly reversed in the two sexes. (51. Walsh, *ibid.* p. 381. I am indebted to this naturalist for the following facts on *Hetaerina*, *Anax*, and *Gomphus*.) In the extensive N. American genus of *Hetaerina*, the males alone have a beautiful carmine spot at the base of

each wing. In *Anax junius* the basal part of the abdomen in the male is a vivid ultramarine blue, and in the female grass-green. In the allied genus *Gomphus*, on the other hand, and in some other genera, the sexes differ but little in colour. In closely-allied forms throughout the animal kingdom, similar cases of the sexes differing greatly, or very little, or not at all, are of frequent occurrence. Although there is so wide a difference in colour between the sexes of many Libellulidae, it is often difficult to say which is the more brilliant; and the ordinary coloration of the two sexes is reversed, as we have just seen, in one species of *Agrion*. It is not probable that their colours in any case have been gained as a protection. Mr. MacLachlan, who has closely attended to this family, writes to me that dragon-flies--the tyrants of the insect-world--are the least liable of any insect to be attacked by birds or other enemies, and he believes that their bright colours serve as a sexual attraction. Certain dragon-flies apparently are attracted by particular colours. Mr. Patterson observed (52. 'Transactions, Ent. Soc.' vol. i. 1836, p. lxxxi.) that the Agrionidae, of which the males are blue, settled in numbers on the blue float of a fishing line; whilst two other species were attracted by shining white colours.

It is an interesting fact, first noticed by Schelver, that, in several genera belonging to two sub-families, the males on first emergence from the pupal state, are coloured exactly like the females, but that their bodies in a short time assume a conspicuous milky-blue tint, owing to the exudation of a kind of oil, soluble in ether and alcohol. Mr. MacLachlan believes that in the male of *Libellula depressa* this change of colour does not occur until nearly a fortnight after the metamorphosis, when the sexes are ready to pair.

Certain species of *Neurothemis* present, according to Brauer (53. See abstract in the 'Zoological Record' for 1867, p. 450.), a curious case of dimorphism, some of the females having ordinary wings, whilst others have them "very richly netted, as in the males of the same species." Brauer "explains the phenomenon on Darwinian principles by the supposition that the close netting of the veins is a secondary sexual character in the males, which has been abruptly transferred to some of the females, instead of, as generally occurs, to all of them." Mr. MacLachlan informs me of another instance of dimorphism in several species of *Agrion*, in which some individuals are of an orange colour, and these are invariably females. This is probably a case of reversion, for in the true Libellulæ, when the sexes differ in colour, the females are orange or yellow; so that supposing *Agrion* to be descended from some primordial form which resembled the typical Libellulæ in its sexual characters, it would not be surprising that a tendency to vary in this manner should occur in the females alone.

Although many dragon-flies are large, powerful, and fierce insects, the males have not been observed by Mr. MacLachlan to fight together, excepting, as he believes, in some of the smaller species of *Agrion*. In another group in this Order, namely, the Termites or white ants, both sexes at the time of swarming may be seen running about, "the male after the female, sometimes two chasing one female, and contending with great eagerness who shall win the prize." (54. Kirby and Spence, 'Introduction to Entomology,' vol. ii. 1818, p. 35.) The *Atropos pulsatorius* is said to make a noise with its jaws, which is answered by other individuals. (55. Houzeau, 'Les Facultes Mentales,' etc. Tom. i. p. 104.)

## ORDER, HYMENOPTERA.

That inimitable observer, M. Fabre (56. See an interesting article, 'The Writings of Fabre,' in 'Nat. Hist. Review,' April 1862, p. 122.), in describing the habits of *Cerceris*, a wasp-like insect, remarks that "fights

frequently ensue between the males for the possession of some particular female, who sits an apparently unconcerned beholder of the struggle for supremacy, and when the victory is decided, quietly flies away in company with the conqueror." Westwood (57. 'Journal of Proceedings of Entomological Society,' Sept. 7, 1863, p. 169.) says that the males of one of the saw-flies (Tenthredinae) "have been found fighting together, with their mandibles locked." As M. Fabre speaks of the males of *Cerceris* striving to obtain a particular female, it may be well to bear in mind that insects belonging to this Order have the power of recognising each other after long intervals of time, and are deeply attached. For instance, Pierre Huber, whose accuracy no one doubts, separated some ants, and when, after an interval of four months, they met others which had formerly belonged to the same community, they recognised and caressed one another with their antennae. Had they been strangers they would have fought together. Again, when two communities engage in a battle, the ants on the same side sometimes attack each other in the general confusion, but they soon perceive their mistake, and the one ant soothes the other. (58. P. Huber, 'Recherches sur les Moeurs des Fourmis,' 1810, pp. 150, 165.)

In this Order slight differences in colour, according to sex, are common, but conspicuous differences are rare except in the family of Bees; yet both sexes of certain groups are so brilliantly coloured--for instance in *Chrysis*, in which vermilion and metallic greens prevail--that we are tempted to attribute the result to sexual selection. In the *Ichneumonidae*, according to Mr. Walsh (59. 'Proceedings of the Entomological Society of Philadelphia,' 1866, pp. 238, 239.), the males are almost universally lighter-coloured than the females. On the other hand, in the *Tenthredinidae* the males are generally darker than the females. In the *Siricidae* the sexes frequently differ, thus the male of *Sirex juvencus* is banded with orange, whilst the female is dark purple, but it is difficult to say which sex is the more ornamented. In *Tremex columbae* the female is much brighter coloured than the male. I am informed by Mr. F. Smith, that the male ants of several species are black, the females being testaceous.

In the family of Bees, especially in the solitary species, as I hear from the same entomologist, the sexes often differ in colour. The males are generally the brighter, and in *Bombus* as well as in *Apathus*, much more variable in colour than the females. In *Anthophora retusa* the male is of a rich fulvous-brown, whilst the female is quite black: so are the females of several species of *Xylocopa*, the males being bright yellow. On the other hand the females of some species, as of *Andraena fulva*, are much brighter coloured than the males. Such differences in colour can hardly be accounted for by the males being defenceless and thus requiring protection, whilst the females are well defended by their stings. H. Muller (60. 'Anwendung der Darwinschen Lehre auf Bienen,' Verh. d. n. V. Jahrg. xxix.), who has particularly attended to the habits of bees, attributes these differences in colour in chief part to sexual selection. That bees have a keen perception of colour is certain. He says that the males search eagerly and fight for the possession of the females, and he accounts through such contests for the mandibles of the males being in certain species larger than those of the females. In some cases the males are far more numerous than the females, either early in the season, or at all times and places, or locally; whereas the females in other cases are apparently in excess. In some species the more beautiful males appear to have been selected by the females, and in others the more beautiful females by the males. Consequently in certain genera (Muller, p. 42), the males of the several species differ much in appearance, whilst the females are almost indistinguishable; in other genera the reverse occurs. H. Muller believes (p. 82) that the colours gained by one sex through sexual selection have often been transferred in a variable degree to the other sex, just as the pollen-collecting apparatus of the female has often been transferred to the

male, to whom it is absolutely useless. (61. M. Perrier in his article 'la Selection sexuelle d'apres Darwin' ('Revue Scientifique,' Feb. 1873, p. 868), without apparently having reflected much on the subject, objects that as the males of social bees are known to be produced from unfertilised ova, they could not transmit new characters to their male offspring. This is an extraordinary objection. A female bee fertilised by a male, which presented some character facilitating the union of the sexes, or rendering him more attractive to the female, would lay eggs which would produce only females; but these young females would next year produce males; and will it be pretended that such males would not inherit the characters of their male grandfathers? To take a case with ordinary animals as nearly parallel as possible: if a female of any white quadruped or bird were crossed by a male of a black breed, and the male and female offspring were paired together, will it be pretended that the grandchildren would not inherit a tendency to blackness from their male grandfather? The acquirement of new characters by the sterile worker-bees is a much more difficult case, but I have endeavoured to shew in my 'Origin of Species,' how these sterile beings are subjected to the power of natural selection.)

Mutilla Europaea makes a stridulating noise; and according to Goureau (62. Quoted by Westwood, 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. ii. p. 214.) both sexes have this power. He attributes the sound to the friction of the third and preceding abdominal segments, and I find that these surfaces are marked with very fine concentric ridges; but so is the projecting thoracic collar into which the head articulates, and this collar, when scratched with the point of a needle, emits the proper sound. It is rather surprising that both sexes should have the power of stridulating, as the male is winged and the female wingless. It is notorious that Bees express certain emotions, as of anger, by the tone of their humming; and according to H. Muller (p. 80), the males of some species make a peculiar singing noise whilst pursuing the females.

#### ORDER, COLEOPTERA (BEETLES).

Many beetles are coloured so as to resemble the surfaces which they habitually frequent, and they thus escape detection by their enemies. Other species, for instance diamond-beetles, are ornamented with splendid colours, which are often arranged in stripes, spots, crosses, and other elegant patterns. Such colours can hardly serve directly as a protection, except in the case of certain flower-feeding species; but they may serve as a warning or means of recognition, on the same principle as the phosphorescence of the glow-worm. As with beetles the colours of the two sexes are generally alike, we have no evidence that they have been gained through sexual selection; but this is at least possible, for they have been developed in one sex and then transferred to the other; and this view is even in some degree probable in those groups which possess other well-marked secondary sexual characters. Blind beetles, which cannot of course behold each other's beauty, never, as I hear from Mr. Waterhouse, jun., exhibit bright colours, though they often have polished coats; but the explanation of their obscurity may be that they generally inhabit caves and other obscure stations.

Some Longicorns, especially certain Prionidae, offer an exception to the rule that the sexes of beetles do not differ in colour. Most of these insects are large and splendidly coloured. The males in the genus *Pyrodes* (63. *Pyrodes pulcherrimus*, in which the sexes differ conspicuously, has been described by Mr. Bates in 'Transact. Ent. Soc.' 1869, p. 50. I will specify the few other cases in which I have heard of a difference in colour between the sexes of beetles. Kirby and Spence ('Introduct. to Entomology,' vol. iii. p. 301) mention a *Cantharis*, *Meloe*, *Rhagium*, and the *Leptura testacea*, the male of the latter being testaceous, with a black

thorax, and the female of a dull red all over. These two latter beetles belong to the family of Longicorns. Messrs. R. Trimen and Waterhouse, jun., inform me of two Lamellicorns, viz., a *Peritrichia* and *Trichius*, the male of the latter being more obscurely coloured than the female. In *Tillus elongatus* the male is black, and the female always, as it is believed, of a dark blue colour, with a red thorax. The male, also, of *Orsodacna atra*, as I hear from Mr. Walsh, is black, the female (the so-called *O. ruficollis*) having a rufous thorax., which I saw in Mr. Bates's collection, are generally redder but rather duller than the females, the latter being coloured of a more or less splendid golden-green. On the other hand, in one species the male is golden-green, the female being richly tinted with red and purple. In the genus *Esmeralda* the sexes differ so greatly in colour that they have been ranked as distinct species; in one species both are of a beautiful shining green, but the male has a red thorax. On the whole, as far as I could judge, the females of those *Prionidae*, in which the sexes differ, are coloured more richly than the males, and this does not accord with the common rule in regard to colour, when acquired through sexual selection.

[Fig. 16. *Chalcosoma atlas*.  
Upper figure, male (reduced);  
lower figure, female (nat. size).

Fig. 17. *Copris isidis*.

Fig. 18. *Phanaeus faunus*.

Fig. 19. *Dipelicus cantori*.

Fig. 20. *Onthophagus rangifer*, enlarged.  
(In Figs. 17 to 20 the left-hand figures are males.)]

A most remarkable distinction between the sexes of many beetles is presented by the great horns which rise from the head, thorax, and clypeus of the males, and in some few cases from the under surface of the body. These horns, in the great family of the Lamellicorns, resemble those of various quadrupeds, such as stags, rhinoceroses, etc., and are wonderful both from their size and diversified shapes. Instead of describing them, I have given figures of the males and females of some of the more remarkable forms. (Figs. 16 to 20.) The females generally exhibit rudiments of the horns in the form of small knobs or ridges, but some are destitute of even the slightest rudiment. On the other hand, the horns are nearly as well developed in the female as in the male *Phanaeus lancifer*, and only a little less well developed in the females of some other species of this genus and of *Copris*. I am informed by Mr. Bates that the horns do not differ in any manner corresponding with the more important characteristic differences between the several subdivisions of the family: thus within the same section of the genus *Onthophagus*, there are species which have a single horn, and others which have two.

In almost all cases, the horns are remarkable from their excessive variability, so that a graduated series can be formed, from the most highly developed males to others so degenerate that they can barely be distinguished from the females. Mr. Walsh (64. 'Proceedings of the Entomological Society of Philadelphia,' 1864, p. 228.) found that in *Phanaeus carnifex* the horns were thrice as long in some males as in others. Mr. Bates, after examining above a hundred males of *Onthophagus rangifer* (Fig. 20), thought that he had at last discovered a species in which the horns did not vary, but further research proved the contrary.

The extraordinary size of the horns, and their widely different structure

in closely-allied forms, indicate that they have been formed for some purpose, but their excessive variability in the males of the same species leads to the inference that this purpose cannot be of a definite nature. The horns do not shew marks of friction, as if used for any ordinary work. Some authors suppose (65. Kirby and Spence, 'Introduction to Entomology,' vol. iii. P. 300.) that as the males wander about much more than the females, they require horns as a defence against their enemies; but as the horns are often blunt, they do not seem well adapted for defence. The most obvious conjecture is that they are used by the males for fighting together; but the males have never been observed to fight, nor could Mr. Bates, after a careful examination of numerous species, find any sufficient evidence, in their mutilated or broken condition, of their having been thus used. If the males had been habitual fighters, the size of their bodies would probably have been increased through sexual selection, so as to have exceeded that of the females; but Mr. Bates, after comparing the two sexes in above a hundred species of the Copridae, did not find any marked difference in this respect amongst well-developed individuals. In *Lethrus*, moreover, a beetle belonging to the same great division of the Lamellicorns, the males are known to fight, but are not provided with horns, though their mandibles are much larger than those of the female.

The conclusion that the horns have been acquired as ornaments is that which best agrees with the fact of their having been so immensely, yet not fixedly, developed,—as shewn by their extreme variability in the same species, and by their extreme diversity in closely-allied species. This view will at first appear extremely improbable; but we shall hereafter find with many animals standing much higher in the scale, namely fishes, amphibians, reptiles and birds, that various kinds of crests, knobs, horns and combs have been developed apparently for this sole purpose.

[Fig.21. *Onitis furcifer*, male viewed from beneath.

Fig.22. *Onitis furcifer*.

Left-hand figure, male, viewed laterally.

Right-hand figure, female.

a. Rudiment of cephalic horn.

b. Trace of thoracic horn or crest.]

The males of *Onitis furcifer* (Fig. 21), and of some other species of the genus, are furnished with singular projections on their anterior femora, and with a great fork or pair of horns on the lower surface of the thorax. Judging from other insects, these may aid the male in clinging to the female. Although the males have not even a trace of a horn on the upper surface of the body, yet the females plainly exhibit a rudiment of a single horn on the head (Fig. 22, a), and of a crest (b) on the thorax. That the slight thoracic crest in the female is a rudiment of a projection proper to the male, though entirely absent in the male of this particular species, is clear: for the female of *Bubas bison* (a genus which comes next to *Onitis*) has a similar slight crest on the thorax, and the male bears a great projection in the same situation. So, again, there can hardly be a doubt that the little point (a) on the head of the female *Onitis furcifer*, as well as on the head of the females of two or three allied species, is a rudimentary representative of the cephalic horn, which is common to the males of so many Lamellicorn beetles, as in *Phanaeus* (Fig. 18).

The old belief that rudiments have been created to complete the scheme of nature is here so far from holding good, that we have a complete inversion of the ordinary state of things in the family. We may reasonably suspect that the males originally bore horns and transferred them to the females in a rudimentary condition, as in so many other Lamellicorns. Why the males subsequently lost their horns, we know not, but this may have been caused

through the principle of compensation, owing to the development of the large horns and projections on the lower surface; and as these are confined to the males, the rudiments of the upper horns on the females would not have been thus obliterated.

[Fig. 23. *Bledius taurus*, magnified.  
Left-hand figure, male;  
right-hand figure, female.]

The cases hitherto given refer to the Lamellicorns, but the males of some few other beetles, belonging to two widely distinct groups, namely, the Curculionidae and Staphylinidae, are furnished with horns—in the former on the lower surface of the body (66. Kirby and Spence, 'Introduction to Entomology,' vol. iii. p. 329.), in the latter on the upper surface of the head and thorax. In the Staphylinidae, the horns of the males are extraordinarily variable in the same species, just as we have seen with the Lamellicorns. In *Siagonium* we have a case of dimorphism, for the males can be divided into two sets, differing greatly in the size of their bodies and in the development of their horns, without intermediate gradations. In a species of *Bledius* (Fig. 23), also belonging to the Staphylinidae, Professor Westwood states that, "male specimens can be found in the same locality in which the central horn of the thorax is very large, but the horns of the head quite rudimental, and others, in which the thoracic horn is much shorter, whilst the protuberances on the head are long." (67. 'Modern Classification of Insects,' vol. i. p. 172. *Siagonium*, p. 172. In the British Museum I noticed one male specimen of *Siagonium* in an intermediate condition, so that the dimorphism is not strict.) Here we apparently have a case of compensation, which throws light on that just given, of the supposed loss of the upper horns by the males of *Onitis*.

## LAW OF BATTLE.

Some male beetles, which seem ill-fitted for fighting, nevertheless engage in conflicts for the possession of the females. Mr. Wallace (68. 'The Malay Archipelago,' vol. ii. 1869, p. 276. Riley, Sixth 'Report on Insects of Missouri,' 1874, p. 115.) saw two males of *Leptorhynchus angustatus*, a linear beetle with a much elongated rostrum, "fighting for a female, who stood close by busy at her boring. They pushed at each other with their rostra, and clawed and thumped, apparently in the greatest rage." The smaller male, however, "soon ran away, acknowledging himself vanquished." In some few cases male beetles are well adapted for fighting, by possessing great toothed mandibles, much larger than those of the females. This is the case with the common stag-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*), the males of which emerge from the pupal state about a week before the other sex, so that several may often be seen pursuing the same female. At this season they engage in fierce conflicts. When Mr. A.H. Davis (69. 'Entomological Magazine,' vol. i. 1833, p. 82. See also on the conflicts of this species, Kirby and Spence, *ibid.* vol. iii. p. 314; and Westwood, *ibid.* vol. i. p. 187.) enclosed two males with one female in a box, the larger male severely pinched the smaller one, until he resigned his pretensions. A friend informs me that when a boy he often put the males together to see them fight, and he noticed that they were much bolder and fiercer than the females, as with the higher animals. The males would seize hold of his finger, if held in front of them, but not so the females, although they have stronger jaws. The males of many of the *Lucanidae*, as well as of the above-mentioned *Leptorhynchus*, are larger and more powerful insects than the females. The two sexes of *Lethrus cephalotes* (one of the Lamellicorns) inhabit the same burrow, and the male has larger mandibles than the female. If, during the breeding-season, a strange male attempts to enter the burrow, he is attacked; the female does not remain passive, but closes the mouth of the burrow, and encourages her mate by continually pushing him on

from behind; and the battle lasts until the aggressor is killed or runs away. (70. Quoted from Fischer, in 'Dict. Class. d'Hist. Nat.' tom. x. p. 324.) The two sexes of another Lamellicorn beetle, the *Ateuchus cicatricosus*, live in pairs, and seem much attached to each other; the male excites the females to roll the balls of dung in which the ova are deposited; and if she is removed, he becomes much agitated. If the male is removed the female ceases all work, and as M. Brulerie believes, would remain on the same spot until she died. (71. 'Ann. Soc. Entomolog. France,' 1866, as quoted in 'Journal of Travel,' by A. Murray, 1868, p. 135.)

[Fig. 24. *Chiasognathus Grantii*, reduced.  
Upper figure, male;  
lower figure, female.]

The great mandibles of the male Lucanidae are extremely variable both in size and structure, and in this respect resemble the horns on the head and thorax of many male Lamellicorns and Staphylinidae. A perfect series can be formed from the best-provided to the worst-provided or degenerate males. Although the mandibles of the common stag-beetle, and probably of many other species, are used as efficient weapons for fighting, it is doubtful whether their great size can thus be accounted for. We have seen that they are used by the *Lucanus elaphus* of N. America for seizing the female. As they are so conspicuous and so elegantly branched, and as owing to their great length they are not well adapted for pinching, the suspicion has crossed my mind that they may in addition serve as an ornament, like the horns on the head and thorax of the various species above described. The male *Chiasognathus grantii* of S. Chile--a splendid beetle belonging to the same family--has enormously developed mandibles (Fig. 24); he is bold and pugnacious; when threatened he faces round, opens his great jaws, and at the same time stridulates loudly. But the mandibles were not strong enough to pinch my finger so as to cause actual pain.

Sexual selection, which implies the possession of considerable perceptive powers and of strong passions, seems to have been more effective with the Lamellicorns than with any other family of beetles. With some species the males are provided with weapons for fighting; some live in pairs and shew mutual affection; many have the power of stridulating when excited; many are furnished with the most extraordinary horns, apparently for the sake of ornament; and some, which are diurnal in their habits, are gorgeously coloured. Lastly, several of the largest beetles in the world belong to this family, which was placed by Linnaeus and Fabricius as the head of the Order. (72. Westwood, 'Modern Classification,' vol. i. p. 184.)

## STRIDULATING ORGANS.

Beetles belonging to many and widely distinct families possess these organs. The sound thus produced can sometimes be heard at the distance of several feet or even yards (73. Wollaston, 'On Certain Musical Curculionidae,' 'Annals and Mag. of Nat. Hist.' vol. vi. 1860, p. 14.), but it is not comparable with that made by the Orthoptera. The rasp generally consists of a narrow, slightly-raised surface, crossed by very fine, parallel ribs, sometimes so fine as to cause iridescent colours, and having a very elegant appearance under the microscope. In some cases, as with *Typhoeus*, minute, bristly or scale-like prominences, with which the whole surrounding surface is covered in approximately parallel lines, could be traced passing into the ribs of the rasp. The transition takes place by their becoming confluent and straight, and at the same time more prominent and smooth. A hard ridge on an adjoining part of the body serves as the scraper for the rasp, but this scraper in some cases has been specially modified for the purpose. It is rapidly moved across the rasp, or



conversely the rasp across the scraper.

[Fig.25. *Necrophorus* (from Landois).

r. The two rasps.

Left-hand figure, part of the rasp highly magnified.]

These organs are situated in widely different positions. In the carrion-beetles (*Necrophorus*) two parallel rasps (r, Fig. 25) stand on the dorsal surface of the fifth abdominal segment, each rasp (74. Landois, 'Zeitschrift fur wissenschaft Zoolog.' B. xvii. 1867, s. 127.) consisting of 126 to 140 fine ribs. These ribs are scraped against the posterior margins of the elytra, a small portion of which projects beyond the general outline. In many *Crioceridae*, and in *Clythra 4-punctata* (one of the *Chrysomelidae*), and in some *Tenebrionidae*, etc. (75. I am greatly indebted to Mr. G.R. Crotch for having sent me many prepared specimens of various beetles belonging to these three families and to others, as well as for valuable information. He believes that the power of stridulation in the *Clythra* has not been previously observed. I am also much indebted to Mr. E.W. Janson, for information and specimens. I may add that my son, Mr. F. Darwin, finds that *Dermestes murinus* stridulates, but he searched in vain for the apparatus. *Scolytus* has lately been described by Dr. Chapman as a stridulator, in the 'Entomologist's Monthly Magazine,' vol. vi. p. 130.), the rasp is seated on the dorsal apex of the abdomen, on the pygidium or pro-pygidium, and is scraped in the same manner by the elytra. In *Heterocerus*, which belongs to another family, the rasps are placed on the sides of the first abdominal segment, and are scraped by ridges on the femora. (76. Schiodte, translated, in 'Annals and Magazine of Natural History,' vol. xx. 1867, p. 37.) In certain *Curculionidae* and *Carabidae* (77. Westring has described (Kroyer, 'Naturhist. Tidskrift,' B. ii. 1848-49, p. 334) the stridulating organs in these two, as well as in other families. In the *Carabidae* I have examined *Elaphrus uliginosus* and *Blethisa multipunctata*, sent to me by Mr. Crotch. In *Blethisa* the transverse ridges on the furrowed border of the abdominal segment do not, as far as I could judge, come into play in scraping the rasps on the elytra.), the parts are completely reversed in position, for the rasps are seated on the inferior surface of the elytra, near their apices, or along their outer margins, and the edges of the abdominal segments serve as the scrapers. In *Pelobius Hermannii* (one of *Dytiscidae* or water-beetles) a strong ridge runs parallel and near to the sutural margin of the elytra, and is crossed by ribs, coarse in the middle part, but becoming gradually finer at both ends, especially at the upper end, when this insect is held under water or in the air, a stridulating noise is produced by the extreme horny margin of the abdomen being scraped against the rasps. In a great number of long-horned beetles (*Longicornia*) the organs are situated quite otherwise, the rasp being on the meso-thorax, which is rubbed against the pro-thorax; Landois counted 238 very fine ribs on the rasp of *Cerambyx heros*.

[Fig.26. Hind-leg of *Geotrupes stercorarius* (from Landois).

r. Rasp. c. Coxa. f. Femur. t. Tibia. tr. Tarsi.]

Many *Lamellicorn*s have the power of stridulating, and the organs differ greatly in position. Some species stridulate very loudly, so that when Mr. F. Smith caught a *Trox sabulosus*, a gamekeeper, who stood by, thought he had caught a mouse, but I failed to discover the proper organs in this beetle. In *Geotrupes* and *Typhoeus*, a narrow ridge runs obliquely across (r, Fig. 26) the coxa of each hind-leg (having in *G. stercorarius* 84 ribs), which is scraped by a specially projecting part of one of the abdominal segments. In the nearly allied *Copris lunaris*, an excessively narrow fine rasp runs along the sutural margin of the elytra, with another short rasp near the basal outer margin, but in some other *Coprini* the rasp is seated,

according to Leconte (78. I am indebted to Mr. Walsh, of Illinois, for having sent me extracts from Leconte's 'Introduction to Entomology,' pp. 101, 143.), on the dorsal surface of the abdomen. In *Oryctes* it is seated on the pro-pygidium; and, according to the same entomologist, in some other Dynastini, on the under surface of the elytra. Lastly, Westring states that in *Omaloplia brunnea* the rasp is placed on the pro-sternum, and the scraper on the meta-sternum, the parts thus occupying the under surface of the body, instead of the upper surface as in the Longicorns.

We thus see that in the different coleopterous families the stridulating organs are wonderfully diversified in position, but not much in structure. Within the same family some species are provided with these organs, and others are destitute of them. This diversity is intelligible, if we suppose that originally various beetles made a shuffling or hissing noise by the rubbing together of any hard and rough parts of their bodies, which happened to be in contact, and that from the noise thus produced being in some way useful, the rough surfaces were gradually developed into regular stridulating organs. Some beetles as they move, now produce, either intentionally or unintentionally, a shuffling noise, without possessing any proper organs for the purpose. Mr. Wallace informs me that the *Euchirus longimanus* (a Lamellicorn, with the anterior legs wonderfully elongated in the male) "makes, whilst moving, a low hissing sound by the protrusion and contraction of the abdomen; and when seized it produces a grating sound by rubbing its hind-legs against the edges of the elytra." The hissing sound is clearly due to a narrow rasp running along the sutural margin of each elytron; and I could likewise make the grating sound by rubbing the shagreened surface of the femur against the granulated margin of the corresponding elytron; but I could not here detect any proper rasp, nor is it likely that I could have overlooked it in so large an insect. After examining *Cychrus*, and reading what Westring has written about this beetle, it seems very doubtful whether it possesses any true rasp, though it has the power of emitting a sound.

From the analogy of the Orthoptera and Homoptera, I expected to find the stridulating organs in the Coleoptera differing according to sex; but Landois, who has carefully examined several species, observed no such difference; nor did Westring; nor did Mr. G.R. Crotch in preparing the many specimens which he had the kindness to send me. Any difference in these organs, if slight, would, however, be difficult to detect, on account of their great variability. Thus, in the first pair of specimens of *Necrophorus humator* and of *Pelobius* which I examined, the rasp was considerably larger in the male than in the female, but not so with succeeding specimens. In *Geotrupes stercorarius* the rasp appeared to me thicker, opaquer, and more prominent in three males than in the same number of females; in order, therefore, to discover whether the sexes differed in their power of stridulating, my son, Mr. F. Darwin, collected fifty-seven living specimens, which he separated into two lots, according as they made a greater or lesser noise, when held in the same manner. He then examined all these specimens, and found that the males were very nearly in the same proportion to the females in both the lots. Mr. F. Smith has kept alive numerous specimens of *Monoynechus pseudacori* (Curculionidae), and is convinced that both sexes stridulate, and apparently in an equal degree.

Nevertheless, the power of stridulating is certainly a sexual character in some few Coleoptera. Mr. Crotch discovered that the males alone of two species of *Heliopathes* (Tenebrionidae) possess stridulating organs. I examined five males of *H. gibbus*, and in all these there was a well-developed rasp, partially divided into two, on the dorsal surface of the terminal abdominal segment; whilst in the same number of females there was not even a rudiment of the rasp, the membrane of this segment being transparent, and much thinner than in the male. In *H. cribratostriatus* the

male has a similar rasp, excepting that it is not partially divided into two portions, and the female is completely destitute of this organ; the male in addition has on the apical margins of the elytra, on each side of the suture, three or four short longitudinal ridges, which are crossed by extremely fine ribs, parallel to and resembling those on the abdominal rasp; whether these ridges serve as an independent rasp, or as a scraper for the abdominal rasp, I could not decide. the female exhibits no trace of this latter structure.

Again, in three species of the Lamellicorn genus *Oryctes*, we have a nearly parallel case. In the females of *O. gryphus* and *nasicornis* the ribs on the rasp of the pro-pygidium are less continuous and less distinct than in the males; but the chief difference is that the whole upper surface of this segment, when held in the proper light, is seen to be clothed with hairs, which are absent or are represented by excessively fine down in the males. It should be noticed that in all Coleoptera the effective part of the rasp is destitute of hairs. In *O. senegalensis* the difference between the sexes is more strongly marked, and this is best seen when the proper abdominal segment is cleaned and viewed as a transparent object. In the female the whole surface is covered with little separate crests, bearing spines, whilst in the male these crests in proceeding towards the apex, become more and more confluent, regular, and naked, so that three-fourths of the segment is covered with extremely fine parallel ribs, which are quite absent in the female. In the females, however, of all three species of *Oryctes*, a slight grating or stridulating sound is produced, when the abdomen of a softened specimen is pushed backwards and forwards.

In the case of the *Heliopathes* and *Oryctes* there can hardly be a doubt that the males stridulate in order to call or to excite the females, but with most beetles the stridulation apparently serves both sexes as a mutual call. Beetles stridulate under various emotions, in the same manner as birds use their voices for many purposes besides singing to their mates. The great *Chiasognathus* stridulates in anger or defiance; many species do the same from distress or fear, if held so that they cannot escape, by striking the hollow stems of trees in the Canary Islands, Messrs. Wollaston and Crotch were able to discover the presence of beetles belonging to the genus *Acalles* by their stridulation. Lastly, the male *Ateuchus* stridulates to encourage the female in her work, and from distress when she is removed. (79. M. P. de la Brulerie, as quoted in 'Journal of Travel,' A. Murray, vol. i. 1868, p. 135.) Some naturalists believe that beetles make this noise to frighten away their enemies, but I cannot think that a quadruped or bird, able to devour a large beetle, would be frightened by so slight a sound. The belief that the stridulation serves as a sexual call is supported by the fact that death-ticks (*Anobium tessellatum*) are well known to answer each other's ticking, and, as I have myself observed, a tapping noise artificially made. Mr. Doubleday also informs me that he has sometimes observed a female ticking (80. According to Mr. Doubleday, "the noise is produced by the insect raising itself on its legs as high as it can, and then striking its thorax five or six times, in rapid succession, against the substance upon which it is sitting." For references on this subject see Landois, 'Zeitschrift für wissen. Zoolog.' B. xvii. s. 131. Olivier says (as quoted by Kirby and Spence, 'Introduction to Entomology,' vol. ii. p. 395) that the female of *Pimelia striata* produces a rather loud sound by striking her abdomen against any hard substance, "and that the male, obedient to this call, soon attends her, and they pair."), and in an hour or two afterwards has found her united with a male, and on one occasion surrounded by several males. Finally, it is probable that the two sexes of many kinds of beetles were at first enabled to find each other by the slight shuffling noise produced by the rubbing together of the adjoining hard parts of their bodies, and that as those males or females which made the greatest noise succeeded best in finding partners,

rugosities on various parts of their bodies were gradually developed by means of sexual selection into true stridulating organs.

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## THE CLOUDS

By Aristophanes  
the Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Clouds*, by Aristophanes

Trans. William James Hickie

\* All Greek from the original edition has been transliterated into Roman characters.

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Strepsiades  
Phidippides  
Servant of Strepsiades  
Disciples of Socrates  
Socrates  
Chorus of Clouds  
Just Cause  
Unjust Cause  
Pasias  
Amyndias  
Witness  
Chaerephon

Scene: The interior of a sleeping-apartment.  
Strepsiades, Phidippides, and two servants are in their beds; a small house is seen at a distance. Time: midnight.

Strepsiades (sitting up in his bed). Ah me! Ah me! O King Jupiter, of what a terrible length the nights are! Will it never be day? And yet long since I heard the cock. My domestics are snoring, but they would not have done so heretofore! May you perish then, O war! For many reasons, because I may not even punish my domestics. Neither does this excellent youth awake through the night, but takes his ease, wrapped up in five blankets. Well, if it is the fashion, let us snore wrapped up.

[Lies down, and then almost immediately starts up again.]

But I am not able, miserable man, to sleep, being tormented by my expenses, and my stud of horses, and my debts, through this son of mine. He with his long hair,

is riding horses and driving curricles, and dreaming of horses; while I am driven to distraction, as I see the moon bringing on the twentieths; for the interest is running on. Boy! Light a lamp, and bring forth my tablets, that I may take them and read to how many I am indebted, and calculate the interest.

[Enter boy with a light and tablets.]

Come, let me see, what do I owe? Twelve minae to Pasias. Why twelve minae to Pasias? Why did I borrow them? When I bought the blood-horse. Ah me, unhappy! Would that it had had its eye knocked out with a stone first!

Phidippides (talking in his sleep). You are acting unfairly, Philo! Drive on your own course.

Strep. This is the bane that has destroyed me, for even in his sleep he dreams about horsemanship.

Phid. How many courses will the war-chariots run?

Strep. Many courses do you drive me, your father. But what debt came upon me after Pasias? Three minae to Amynias for a little chariot and pair of wheels.

Phid. Lead the horse home, after having given him a good rolling.

Strep. O foolish youth, you have rolled me out of my possessions, since I have been cast in suits, and others say that they will have surety given them for the interest.

Phid. (awakening) Pray, father, why are you peevish, and toss about the whole night?

Strep. A bailiff out of the bedclothes is biting me.

Phid. Suffer me, good sir, to sleep a little.

Strep. Then, do you sleep on; but know that all these debts will turn on your head.

[Phidippides falls asleep again.]

Alas! Would that the match-maker had perished miserably, who induced me to marry your mother. For a country life used to be most agreeable to me, dirty, untrimmed, reclining at random, abounding in bees, and sheep, and oil-cake. Then I, a rustic, married a niece of Megacles, the son of Megacles, from the city, haughty, luxurious, and Coesyrafied. When I married her, I lay with her redolent of new wine, of the cheese-crate, and abundance of wool, but she, on the contrary, of ointment, saffron, wanton-kisses, extravagance, gluttony, and of Colias and Genetyllis. I will not indeed say that she was idle, but she wove. And I used to show her this cloak by way of a pretext and say "Wife, you weave at a great

rate."

Servant re-enters.

Servant. We have no oil in the lamp.

Strep. Ah me! Why did you light the thirsty lamp? Come hither that you may weep!

Ser. For what, pray, shall I weep?

Strep. Because you put in one of the thick wicks.

[Servant runs out]

After this, when this son was born to us, to me, forsooth, and to my excellent wife, we squabbled then about the name: for she was for adding hippos to the name, Xanthippus, or Charippus, or Callipides; but I was for giving him the name of his grandfather, Phidonides. For a time therefore we disputed; and then at length we agreed, and called him Phidippides. She used to take this son and fondle him, saying, "When you, being grown up, shall drive your chariot to the city, like Megacles, with a xystis." But I used to say, "Nay, rather, when dressed in a leathern jerkin, you shall drive goats from Phelleus, like your father." He paid no attention to my words, but poured a horse-fever over my property. Now, therefore, by meditating the whole night, I have discovered one path for my course extraordinarily excellent, to which if I persuade this youth I shall be saved. But first I wish to awake him. How then can I awake him in the most agreeable manner? How? Phidippides, my little Phidippides?

Phid. What, father?

Strep. Kiss me, and give me your right hand!

Phid. There. What's the matter?

Strep. Tell me, do you love me?

Phid. Yes, by this Equestrian Neptune.

Strep. Nay, do not by any means mention this Equestrian to me, for this god is the author of my misfortunes. But, if you really love me from your heart, my son, obey me.

Phid. In what then, pray, shall I obey you?

Strep. Reform your habits as quickly as possible, and go and learn what I advise.

Phid. Tell me now, what do you prescribe?

Strep. And will you obey me at all?

Phid. By Bacchus, I will obey you.

Strep. Look this way then! Do you see this little door and little house?

Phid. I see it. What then, pray, is this, father?

Strep. This is a thinking-shop of wise spirits. There dwell men who in speaking of the heavens persuade people that it is an oven, and that it encompasses us, and that we are the embers. These men teach, if one give them money, to conquer in speaking, right or wrong.

Phid. Who are they?

Strep. I do not know the name accurately. They are minute philosophers, noble and excellent.

Phid. Bah! They are rogues, I know them. You mean the quacks, the pale-faced wretches, the bare-footed fellows, of whose numbers are the miserable Socrates and Chaerephon.

Strep. Hold! Hold! Be silent! Do not say anything foolish. But, if you have any concern for your father's patrimony, become one of them, having given up your horsemanship.

Phid. I would not, by Bacchus, even if you were to give me the pheasants which Leogoras rears!

Strep. Go, I entreat you, dearest of men, go and be taught.

Phid. Why, what shall I learn?

Strep. They say that among them are both the two causes--the better cause, whichever that is, and the worse: they say that the one of these two causes, the worse, prevails, though it speaks on the unjust side. If, therefore you learn for me this unjust cause, I would not pay any one, not even an obolus of these debts, which I owe at present on your account.

Phid. I can not comply; for I should not dare to look upon the knights, having lost all my colour.

Strep. Then, by Ceres, you shall not eat any of my good! Neither you, nor your blood-horse, but I will drive you out of my house to the crows.

Phid. My uncle Megacles will not permit me to be without a horse. But I'll go in, and pay no heed to you.

[Exit Phidippides.]

Strep. Though fallen, still I will not lie prostrate: but having prayed to the gods, I will go myself to the thinking-shop and get taught. How, then, being an old man, shall I learn the subtleties of refined disquisitions? I must go. Why thus do I loiter and not knock at the door?

[Knocks at the door.]

Boy! Little boy!

Disciple (from within). Go to the devil! Who it is that knocked at the door?

Strep. Strepsiades, the son of Phidon, of Cicyнна.

Dis. You are a stupid fellow, by Jove! who have kicked against the door so very carelessly, and have caused the miscarriage of an idea which I had conceived.

Strep. Pardon me, for I dwell afar in the country. But tell me the thing which has been made to miscarry.

Dis. It is not lawful to mention it, except to disciples.

Strep. Tell it, then, to me without fear, for I here am come as a disciple to the thinking-shop.

Dis. I will tell you, but you must regard these as mysteries. Socrates lately asked Chaerephon about a flea, how many of its own feet it jumped, for after having bit the eyebrow of Chaerephon, it leaped away onto the head of Socrates.

Strep. How then did he measure this?

Dis. Most cleverly. He melted some wax, and then took the flea and dipped its feet in the wax, and then a pair of Persian slippers stuck to it when cooled. Having gently loosened these, he measured back the distance.

Strep. O King Jupiter! What subtlety of thought!

Dis. What then would you say if you heard another contrivance of Socrates?

Strep. Of what kind? Tell me, I beseech you!

Dis. Chaerephon the Sphettian asked him whether he thought gnats buzzed through the mouth or the breech.

Strep. What, then, did he say about the gnat?

Dis. He said the intestine of the gnat was narrow and that the wind went forcibly through it, being slender, straight to the breech, and then that the rump, being hollow where it is adjacent to the narrow part, resounded through the violence of the wind.

Strep. The rump of the gnats then is a trumpet! Oh, thrice happy he for his sharp-sightedness! Surely a defendant might easily get acquitted who understands the intestine of the gnat.

Dis. But he was lately deprived of a great idea by a lizard.



Strep. In what way? Tell me.

Dis. As he was investigating the courses of the moon and her revolutions, then as he was gazing upward a lizard in the darkness dropped upon him from the roof.

Strep. I am amused at a lizard's having dropped on Socrates.

Dis. Yesterday evening there was no supper for us.

Strep. Well. What then did he contrive for provisions?

Dis. He sprinkled fine ashes on the table, and bent a little spit, and then took it as a pair of compasses and filched a cloak from the Palaestra.

Strep. Why then do we admire Thales? Open open quickly the thinking-shop, and show to me Socrates as quickly as possible. For I desire to be a disciple. Come, open the door.

[The door of the thinking-shop opens and the pupils of Socrates are seen all with their heads fixed on the ground, while Socrates himself is seen suspended in the air in a basket.]

O Hercules, from what country are these wild beasts?

Dis. What do you wonder at? To what do they seem to you to be like?

Strep. To the Spartans who were taken at Pylos. But why in the world do these look upon the ground?

Dis. They are in search of the things below the earth.

Strep. Then they are searching for roots. Do not, then, trouble yourselves about this; for I know where there are large and fine ones. Why, what are these doing, who are bent down so much?

Dis. These are groping about in darkness under Tartarus.

Strep. Why then does their rump look toward heaven?

Dis. It is getting taught astronomy alone by itself.

[Turning to the pupils.]

But go in, lest he meet with us.

Strep. Not yet, not yet, but let them remain, that I may communicate to them a little matter of my own.

Dis. It is not permitted to them to remain without in the open air for a very long time.

[The pupils retire.]

Strep. (discovering a variety of mathematical

instruments) Why, what is this, in the name of heaven?  
Tell me.

Dis. This is Astronomy.

Strep. But what is this?

Dis. Geometry.

Strep. What then is the use of this?

Dis. To measure out the land.

Strep. What belongs to an allotment?

Dis. No, but the whole earth.

Strep. You tell me a clever notion, for the contrivance  
is democratic and useful.

Dis. (pointing to a map) See, here's a map of the whole  
earth. Do you see? This is Athens.

Strep. What say you? I don't believe you, for I do not  
see the Dicasts sitting.

Dis. Be assured that this is truly the Attic territory.

Strep. Why, where are my fellow-tribesmen of Cicynna?

Dis. Here they are. And Euboea here, as you see, is  
stretched out a long way by the side of it to a great  
distance.

Strep. I know that, for it was stretched by us and  
Pericles. But where is Lacedaemon?

Dis. Where is it? Here it is.

Strep. How near it is to us! Pay great attention to  
this, to remove it very far from us.

Dis. By Jupiter, it is not possible.

Strep. Then you will weep for it.

[Looking up and discovering Socrates.]

Come, who is this man who is in the basket?

Dis. Himself.

Strep. Who's "Himself"?

Dis. Socrates.

Strep. O Socrates! Come, you sir, call upon him loudly  
for me.

Dis. Nay, rather, call him yourself, for I have no  
leisure.

[Exit Disciple.]

Strep. Socrates! My little Socrates!

Socrates. Why callest thou me, thou creature of a day?

Strep. First tell me, I beseech you, what are you doing.

Soc. I am walking in the air, and speculating about the sun.

Strep. And so you look down upon the gods from your basket, and not from the earth?

Soc. For I should not have rightly discovered things celestial if I had not suspended the intellect, and mixed the thought in a subtle form with its kindred air. But if, being on the ground, I speculated from below on things above, I should never have discovered them. For the earth forcibly attracts to itself the meditative moisture. Water-cresses also suffer the very same thing.

Strep. What do you say? Does meditation attract the moisture to the water-cresses? Come then, my little Socrates, descend to me, that you may teach me those things, for the sake of which I have come.

[Socrates lowers himself and gets out of the basket.]

Soc. And for what did you come?

Strep. Wishing to learn to speak, for by reason of usury, and most ill-natured creditors, I am pillaged and plundered, and have my goods seized for debt.

Soc. How did you get in debt without observing it?

Strep. A horse-disease consumed me--terrible at eating. But teach me the other one of your two causes, that which pays nothing; and I will swear by the gods, I will pay down to you whatever reward you exact of me.

Soc. By what gods will you swear? For, in the first place, gods are not a current coin with us.

Strep. By what do you swear? By iron money, as in Byzantium?

Soc. Do you wish to know clearly celestial matters, what they rightly are?

Strep. Yes, by Jupiter, if it be possible!

Soc. And to hold converse with the Clouds, our divinities?

Strep. By all means.

Soc. (with great solemnity). Seat yourself, then, upon the sacred couch.

Strep. Well, I am seated!

Soc. Take, then, this chaplet.

Strep. For what purpose a chaplet? Ah me! Socrates, see that you do not sacrifice me like Athamas!

Strep. No, we do all these to those who get initiated.

Strep. Then what shall I gain, pray?

Soc. You shall become in oratory a tricky knave, a thorough rattle, a subtle speaker. But keep quiet.

Strep. By Jupiter! You will not deceive me, for if I am besprinkled, I shall become fine flour.

Soc. It becomes the old man to speak words of good omen, and to hearken to my prayer. O sovereign King, immeasurable Air, who keepest the earth suspended, and through bright Aether, and ye august goddesses, the Clouds, sending thunder and lightning, arise, appear in the air, O mistresses, to your deep thinker!

Strep. Not yet, not yet, till I wrap this around me lest I be wet through. To think of my having come from home without even a cap, unlucky man!

Soc. Come then, ye highly honoured Clouds, for a display to this man. Whether ye are sitting upon the sacred snow-covered summits of Olympus, or in the gardens of Father Ocean form a sacred dance with the Nymphs, or draw in golden pitchers the streams of the waters of the Nile, or inhabit the Maeotic lake, or the snowy rock of Mimas, hearken to our prayer, and receive the sacrifice, and be propitious to the sacred rites.

[The following song is heard at a distance, accompanied by loud claps of thunder.]

Chorus. Eternal Clouds! Let us arise to view with our dewy, clear-bright nature, from loud-sounding Father Ocean to the wood-crowned summits of the lofty mountains, in order that we may behold clearly the far-seen watch-towers, and the fruits, and the fostering, sacred earth, and the rushing sounds of the divine rivers, and the roaring, loud-sounding sea, for the unwearied eye of Aether sparkles with glittering rays. Come, let us shake off the watery cloud from our immortal forms and survey the earth with far-seeing eye.

Soc. O ye greatly venerable Clouds, ye have clearly heard me when I called.

[Turning to Strepsiades.]

Did you hear the voice, and the thunder which bellowed at the same time, feared as a god?

Strep. I too worship you, O ye highly honoured, and am

inclined to reply to the thundering, so much do I tremble at them and am alarmed. And whether it be lawful, or be not lawful, I have a desire just now to ease myself.

Soc. Don't scoff, nor do what these poor-devil-poets do, but use words of good omen, for a great swarm of goddesses is in motion with their songs.

Cho. Ye rain-bringing virgins, let us come to the fruitful land of Pallas, to view the much-loved country of Cecrops, abounding in brave men; where is reverence for sacred rites not to be divulged; where the house that receives the initiated is thrown open in holy mystic rites; and gifts to the celestial gods; and high-roofed temples, and statues; and most sacred processions in honour of the blessed gods; and well-crowned sacrifices to the gods, and feasts, at all seasons; and with the approach of spring the Bacchic festivity, and the rousings of melodious choruses, and the loud-sounding music of flutes.

Strep. Tell me, O Socrates, I beseech you, by Jupiter, who are these that have uttered this grand song? Are they some heroines?

Soc. By no means; but heavenly Clouds, great divinities to idle men, who supply us with thought and argument, and intelligence and humbug, and circumlocution, and ability to hoax, and comprehension.

Strep. On this account therefore my soul, having heard their voice, flutters, and already seeks to discourse subtly, and to quibble about smoke, and having pricked a maxim with a little notion, to refute the opposite argument. So that now I eagerly desire, if by any means it be possible, to see them palpably.

Soc. Look, then, hither, toward Mount Parnes; for now I behold them descending gently.

Strep. Pray where? Show me.

Soc. See! There they come in great numbers through the hollows and thickets; there, obliquely.

Strep. What's the matter? For I can't see them.

Soc. By the entrance.

[Enter Chorus]

Strep. Now at length with difficulty I just see them.

Soc. Now at length you assuredly see them, unless you have your eyes running pumpkins.

Strep. Yes, by Jupiter! O highly honoured Clouds, for now they cover all things.

Soc. Did you not, however, know, nor yet consider, these

to be goddesses?

Strep. No, by Jupiter! But I thought them to be mist, and dew, and smoke.

Soc. For you do not know, by Jupiter! that these feed very many sophists, Thurian soothsayers, practisers of medicine, lazy-long-haired-onyx-ring-wearers, song-twisters for the cyclic dances, and meteorological quacks. They feed idle people who do nothing, because such men celebrate them in verse.

Strep. For this reason, then, they introduced into their verses "the dreadful impetuosity of the moist, whirling-bright clouds", and the "curls of hundred-headed Typho", and the "hard-blowing tempests", and then "aerial, moist", "crooked-clawed birds, floating in air", and "the showers of rain from dewy Clouds". And then, in return for these, they swallow "slices of great, fine mullets, and bird's-flesh of thrushes."

Soc. Is it not just, however, that they should have their reward, on account of these?

Strep. Tell me, pray, if they are really clouds, what ails them, that they resemble mortal women? For they are not such.

Soc. Pray, of what nature are they?

Strep. I do not clearly know: at any rate they resemble spread-out fleeces, and not women, by Jupiter! Not a bit, for these have noses.

Soc. Answer, then, whatever I ask you.

Strep. Then say quickly what you wish.

Soc. Have you ever, when you, looked up, seen a cloud like to a centaur, or a panther, or a wolf, or a bull?

Strep. By Jupiter, have I! But what of that?

Soc. They become all things, whatever they please. And then if they see a person with long hair, a wild one of these hairy fellows, like the son of Xenophantes, in derision of his folly, they liken themselves to centaurs.

Strep. Why, what, if they should see Simon, a plunderer of the public property, what do they do?

Soc. They suddenly become wolves, showing up his disposition.

Strep. For this reason, then, for this reason, when they yesterday saw Cleonymus the recreant, on this account they became stags, because they saw this most cowardly fellow.

Soc. And now too, because they saw Clisthenes, you observe, on this account they became women.

Strep. Hail therefore, O mistresses! And now, if ever ye did to any other, to me also utter a voice reaching to heaven, O all-powerful queens.

Cho. Hail, O ancient veteran, hunter after learned speeches! And thou, O priest of most subtle trifles! Tell us what you require? For we would not hearken to any other of the recent meteorological sophists, except to Prodicus, to him, on account of his wisdom and intelligence, and to you, because you walk proudly in the streets, and cast your eyes askance, and endure many hardships with bare feet, and in reliance upon us lookest supercilious.

Strep. O Earth, what a voice! How holy and dignified and wondrous!

Soc. For, in fact, these alone are goddesses, and all the rest is nonsense.

Strep. But come, by the Earth, is not Jupiter, the Olympian, a god?

Soc. What Jupiter? Do not trifle. There is no Jupiter.

Strep. What do you say? Who rains then? For first of all explain this to me.

Soc. These to be sure. I will teach you it by powerful evidence. Come, where have you ever seen him raining at any time without Clouds? And yet he ought to rain in fine weather, and these be absent.

Strep. By Apollo, of a truth you have rightly confirmed this by your present argument. And yet, before this, I really thought that Jupiter caused the rain. But tell me who is it that thunders. This makes me tremble.

Soc. These, as they roll, thunder.

Strep. In what way? you all-daring man!

Soc. When they are full of much water, and are compelled to be borne along, being necessarily precipitated when full of rain, then they fall heavily upon each other and burst and clap.

Strep. Who is it that compels them to borne along? Is it not Jupiter?

Soc. By no means, but aethereal Vortex.

Strep. Vortex? It had escaped my notice that Jupiter did not exist, and that Vortex now reigned in his stead. But you have taught me nothing as yet concerning the clap and the thunder.

Soc. Have you not heard me, that I said that the Clouds,

when full of moisture, dash against each other and clap by reason of their density?

Strep. Come, how am I to believe this?

Soc. I'll teach you from your own case. Were you ever, after being stuffed with broth at the Panathenaic festival, then disturbed in your belly, and did a tumult suddenly rumble through it?

Strep. Yes, by Apollo! And immediately the little broth plays the mischief with me, and is disturbed and rumbles like thunder, and grumbles dreadfully: at first gently pappax, pappax; and then it adds papa-pappax; and finally, it thunders downright papapappax, as they do.

Soc. Consider, therefore, how you have trumpeted from a little belly so small, and how is it not probable that this air, being boundless, should thunder so loudly?

Strep. For this reason, therefore, the two names also Trump and Thunder, are similar to each other. But teach me this, whence comes the thunderbolt blazing with fire, and burns us to ashes when it smites us, and singes those who survive. For indeed Jupiter evidently hurls this at the perjured.

Soc. Why, how then, you foolish person, and savouring of the dark ages and antediluvian, if his manner is to smite the perjured, does he not blast Simon, and Cleonymus, and Theorus? And yet they are very perjured. But he smites his own temple, and Sunium the promontory of Athens, and the tall oaks. Wherefore, for indeed an oak does not commit perjury.

Strep. I do not know, but you seem to speak well. For what, pray, is the thunderbolt?

Soc. When a dry wind, having been raised aloft, is inclosed in these Clouds, it inflates them within, like a bladder; and then, of necessity, having burst them, it rushes out with vehemence by reason of its density, setting fire to itself through its rushing and impetuosity.

Strep. By Jupiter, of a truth I once experienced this exactly at the Diasian festival! I was roasting a haggis for my kinsfolk, and through neglect I did not cut it open, but it became inflated and then suddenly bursting, befouled my eyes and burned my face.

Cho. O mortal, who hast desired great wisdom from us! How happy will you become among the Athenians and among the Greeks, if you be possessed of a good memory, and be a deep thinker, and endurance of labour be implanted in your soul, and you be not wearied either by standing or walking, nor be exceedingly vexed at shivering with cold, nor long to break your fast, and you refrain from wine, and gymnastics, and the other follies, and consider this the highest excellence, as is proper a clever man should, to conquer by action and counsel, and



by battling with your tongue.

Strep. As far as regards a sturdy spirit, and care that makes one's bed uneasy, and a frugal spirit and hard-living and savory-eating belly, be of good courage and don't trouble yourself; I would offer myself to hammer on, for that matter.

Soc. Will you not, pray, now believe in no god, except what we believe in--this Chaos, and the Clouds, and the Tongue--these three?

Strep. Absolutely I would not even converse with the others, not even if I met them; nor would I sacrifice to them, nor make libations, nor offer frankincense.

Cho. Tell us then boldly, what we must do for you? For you shall not fail in getting it, if you honour and admire us, and seek to become clever.

Strep. O mistresses, I request of you then this very small favour, that I be the best of the Greeks in speaking by a hundred stadia.

Cho. Well, you shall have this from us, so that hence-forward from this time no one shall get more opinions passed in the public assemblies than you.

Strep. Grant me not to deliver important opinions, for I do not desire these, but only to pervert the right for my own advantage, and to evade my creditors.

Cho. Then you shall obtain what you desire, for you do not covet great things. But commit yourself without fear to our ministers.

Strep. I will do so in reliance upon you, for necessity oppresses me, on account of the blood-horses, and the marriage that ruined me. Now, therefore, let them use me as they please. I give up this body to them to be beaten, to be hungered, to be troubled with thirst, to be squalid, to shiver with cold, to flay into a leathern bottle, if I shall escape clear from my debts, and appear to men to be bold, glib of tongue, audacious, impudent, shameless, a fabricator of falsehoods, inventive of words, a practiced knave in lawsuits, a law-tablet, a thorough rattle, a fox, a sharper, a slippery knave, a dissembler, a slippery fellow, an impostor, a gallows-bird, a blackguard, a twister, a troublesome fellow, a licker-up of hashes. If they call me this, when they meet me, let them do to me absolutely what they please. And if they like, by Ceres, let them serve up a sausage out of me to the deep thinkers.

Cho. This man has a spirit not void of courage, but prompt. Know, that if you learn these matters from me, you will possess among mortals a glory as high as heaven.

Strep. What shall I experience?

Cho. You shall pass with me the most enviable of mortal lives the whole time.

Strep. Shall I then ever see this?

Cho. Yea, so that many be always seated at your gates, wishing to communicate with you and come to a conference with you, to consult with you as to actions and affidavits of many talents, as is worthy of your abilities.

[To Socrates.]

But attempt to teach the old man by degrees whatever you purpose, and scrutinize his intellect, and make trial of his mind.

Soc. Come now, tell me your own turn of mind, in order that, when I know of what sort it is, I may now, after this, apply to you new engines.

Strep. What? By the gods, do you purpose to besiege me?

Soc. No, I wish to briefly learn from you if you are possessed of a good memory.

Strep. In two ways, by Jove! If anything be owing to me, I have a very good memory; but if I owe unhappy man, I am very forgetful.

Soc. Is the power of speaking, pray, implanted in your nature?

Strep. Speaking is not in me, but cheating is.

Soc. How, then, will you be able to learn?

Strep. Excellently, of course.

Soc. Come, then, take care that, whenever I propound any clever dogma about abstruse matters, you catch it up immediately.

Strep. What then? Am I to feed upon wisdom like a dog?

Soc. This man is ignorant and brutish—I fear, old man, lest you will need blows. Come, let me see, what do you do if any one beat you?

Strep. I take the beating; and then, when I have waited a little while, I call witnesses to prove it; then again, after a short interval, I go to law.

Soc. Come, then, lay down your cloak.

Strep. Have I done any wrong?

Soc. No, but it is the rule to enter naked.

Strep. But I do not enter to search for stolen goods.

Soc. Lay it down. Why do you talk nonsense?

Strep. Now tell me this, pray. If I be diligent and learn zealously, to which of your disciples shall I become like?

Soc. You will no way differ from Chaerephon in intellect.

Strep. Ah me, unhappy! I shall become half-dead.

Soc. Don't chatter, but quickly follow me hither with smartness.

Strep. Then give me first into my hands a honeyed cake, for I am afraid of descending within, as if into the cave of Trophonius.

Soc. Proceed, why do you keep poking about the door?

[Exeunt Socrates and Strepsiades]

Cho. Well, go in peace, for the sake of this your valour. May prosperity attend the man, because, being advanced into the vale of years, he imbues his intellect with modern subjects, and cultivates wisdom!

[Turning to the audience.]

Spectators, I will freely declare to you the truth, by Bacchus, who nurtured me! So may I conquer, and be accounted skillful, as that, deeming you to be clever spectators, and this to be the cleverest of my comedies, I thought proper to let you first taste that comedy, which gave me the greatest labour. And then I retired from the contest defeated by vulgar fellows, though I did not deserve it. These things, therefore, I object to you, a learned audience, for whose sake I was expending this labour. But not even thus will I ever willingly desert the discerning portion of you. For since what time my Modest Man and my Rake were very highly praised here by an audience, with whom it is a pleasure even to hold converse, and I (for I was still a virgin, and it was not lawful for me as yet to have children) exposed my offspring, and another girl took it up, and owned it, and you generously reared and educated it, from this time I have had sure pledges of your good will toward me. Now, therefore, like that well-known Electra, has this comedy come seeking, if haply it meet with an audience so clever, for it will recognize, if it should see, the lock of its brother. But see how modest she is by nature, who, in the first place, has come, having stitched to her no leathern phallus hanging down, red at the top, and thick, to set the boys a laughing; nor yet jeered the bald-headed, nor danced the cordax; nor does the old man who speaks the verses beat the person near him with his staff, keeping out of sight wretched ribaldry; nor has she rushed in with torches, nor does she shout iou, iou; but has come relying on herself and her verses. And I, although so excellent a poet, do not give myself airs, nor do I seek to deceive you by twice

and thrice bringing forward the same pieces; but I am always clever at introducing new fashions, not at all resembling each other, and all of them clever; who struck Cleon in the belly when at the height of his power, and could not bear to attack him afterward when he was down. But these scribblers, when once Hyperbolus has given them a handle, keep ever trampling on this wretched man and his mother. Eupolis, indeed, first of all craftily introduced his Maricas, having basely, base fellow, spoiled by altering my play of the Knights, having added to it, for the sake of the cordax, a drunken old woman, whom Phrynichus long ago poetized, whom the whale was for devouring. Then again Hermippus made verses on Hyperbolus; and now all others press hard upon Hyperbolus, imitating my simile of the eels. Whoever, therefore, laughs at these, let him not take pleasure in my attempts, but if you are delighted with me and my inventions, in times to come you will seem to be wise.

I first invoke, to join our choral band, the mighty Jupiter, ruling on high, the monarch of gods; and the potent master of the trident, the fierce upheaver of earth and briny sea; and our father of great renown, most august Aether, life-supporter of all; and the horse-guider, who fills the plain of the earth with exceeding bright beams, a mighty deity among gods and mortals.

Most clever spectators, come, give us your attention, for having been injured, we blame you to your faces. For though we benefit the state most of all the gods, to us alone of the deities you do not offer sacrifice nor yet pour libations, who watch over you. For if there should be any expedition without prudence, then we either thunder or drizzle small rain. And then, when you were for choosing as your general the Paphlagonian tanner, hateful to the gods, we contracted our brows and were enraged, and thunder burst through the lightning; and the Moon forsook her usual paths; and the Sun immediately drew in his wick to himself, and declared he would not give you light, if Cleon should be your general. Nevertheless you chose him. For they say that ill counsel is in this city; that the gods, however, turn all these your mismanagements to a prosperous issue. And how this also shall be advantageous, we will easily teach you. If you should convict the cormorant Cleon of bribery and embezzlement, and then make fast his neck in the stocks, the affair will turn out for the state to the ancient form again, if you have mismanaged in any way, and to a prosperous issue.

Hear me again, King Phoebus, Delian Apollo, who inhabitest the high-peaked Cynthian rock! And thou, blessed goddess, who inhabitest the all-golden house of Ephesus, in which Lydian damsels greatly reverence

thee; and thou, our national goddess, swayer of the aegis, Minerva, guardian of the city! And thou, reveler Bacchus, who, inhabiting the Parnassian rock, sparklest with torches, conspicuous among the Delphic Bacchanals!

When we had got ready to set out hither, the Moon met us, and commanded us first to greet the Athenians and their allies; and then declared that she was angry, for that she had suffered dreadful things, though she benefits you all, not in words, but openly. In the first place, not less than a drachma every month for torches; so that also all, when they went out of an evening, were wont to say, "Boy, don't buy a torch, for the moonlight is beautiful." And she says she confers other benefits on you, but that you do not observe the days at all correctly, but confuse them up and down; so that she says the gods are constantly threatening her, when they are defrauded of their dinner, and depart home, not having met with the regular feast according to the number of the days. And then, when you ought to be sacrificing, you are inflicting tortures and litigating. And often, while we gods are observing a fast, when we mourn for Memnon or Sarpedon, you are pouring libations and laughing. For which reason Hyperbolus, having obtained the lot this year to be Hieromnemon, was afterward deprived by us gods of his crown; for thus he will know better that he ought to spend the days of his life according to the Moon.

[Enter Socrates]

Soc. By Respiration, and Chaos, and Air, I have not seen any man so boorish, nor so impracticable, nor so stupid, nor so forgetful, who, while learning some little petty quibbles, forgets them before he has learned them. Nevertheless I will certainly call him out here to the light. Where is Strepsiades? Come forth with your couch.

Strep. (from within). The bugs do not permit me to bring it forth.

Soc. Make haste and lay it down, and give me your attention.

[Enter Strepsiades]

Strep. Very well.

Soc. Come now, what do you now wish to learn first of those things in none of which you have ever been instructed? Tell me. About measures, or rhythms, or verses?

Strep. I should prefer to learn about measures, for it is but lately I was cheated out of two choenices by a meal-huckster.

Soc. I do not ask you this, but which you account the most beautiful measure, the trimetre or the tetrameter?

Strep. Make a wager then with me, if the semisextarius be not a tetrameter.

Soc. Go to the devil! How boorish you are and dull of learning. Perhaps you may be able to learn about rhythms.

Strep. But what good will rhythms do me for a living?

Soc. In the first place, to be clever at an entertainment, understanding what rhythm is for the war-dance, and what, again, according to the dactyle.

Strep. According to the dactyle? By Jove, but I know it!

Soc. Tell me, pray.

Strep. What else but this finger? Formerly, indeed, when I was yet a boy, this here!

Soc. You are boorish and stupid.

Strep. For I do not desire, you wretch, to learn any of these things.

Soc. What then?

Strep. That, that, the most unjust cause.

Soc. But you must learn other things before these, namely, what quadrupeds are properly masculine.

Strep. I know the males, if I am not mad-krios, tragos, tauros, kuon, alektryon.

Soc. Do you see what you are doing? You are calling both the female and the male alektryon in the same way.

Strep. How, pray? Come, tell me.

Soc. How? The one with you is alektryon, and the other is alektryon also.

Strep. Yea, by Neptune! How now ought I to call them?

Soc. The one alektryaina and the other alektor.

Strep. Alektryaina? Capital, by the Air! So that, in return for this lesson alone, I will fill your kardopos full of barley-meal on all sides.

Soc. See! See! There again is another blunder! You make kardopos, which is feminine, to be masculine.

Strep. In what way do I make kardopos masculine?

Soc. Most assuredly, just as if you were to say Cleonymos.

Strep. Good sir, Cleonymus had no kneading-trough, but kneaded his bread in a round mortar. How ought I to call

it henceforth?

Soc. How? Call it kardope, as you call Sostrate.

Strep. Kardope in the feminine?

Soc. For so you speak it rightly.

Strep. But that would make it kardope, Kleonyme.

Soc. You must learn one thing more about names, what are masculine and what of them are feminine.

Strep. I know what are female.

Soc. Tell me, pray.

Strep. Lysilla, Philinna, Clitagora, Demetria.

Soc. What names are masculine?

Strep. Thousands, Philoxenus, Melesias, Amynias.

Soc. But, you wretch! These are not masculine.

Strep. Are they not males with you?

Soc. By no means, for how would you call Amynias, if you met him?

Strep. How would I call? Thus: "Come hither, come hither Amynia!"

Soc. Do you see? You call Amynias a woman.

Strep. Is it not then with justice, who does not serve in the army? But why should I learn these things, that we all know?

Soc. It is no use, by Jupiter! Having reclined yourself down here--

Strep. What must I do?

Soc. Think out some of your own affairs.

Strep. Not here, pray, I beseech you, but, if I must, suffer me to excogitate these very things on the ground.

Soc. There is no other way.

[Exit Socrates.]

Strep. Unfortunate man that I am! What a penalty shall I this day pay to the bugs!

Cho. Now meditate and examine closely, and roll yourself about in every way, having wrapped yourself up, and quickly, when you fall into a difficulty, spring to another mental contrivance. But let delightful sleep be absent from your eyes.

Strep. Attatai! Attatai!

Cho. What ails you? Why are you distressed?

Strep. Wretched man, I am perishing! The Corinthians, coming out from the bed, are biting me, and devouring my sides, and drinking up my life-blood, and tearing away my flesh, and digging through my vitals, and will annihilate me.

Cho. Do not now be very grievously distressed.

Strep. Why, how, when my money is gone, my complexion gone, my life gone, and my slipper gone? And furthermore in addition to these evils, with singing the night-watches, I am almost gone myself.

[Re-enter Socrates]

Soc. Ho you! What are you about? Are you not meditating?

Strep. I? Yea, by Neptune!

Soc. And what, pray, have you thought?

Strep. Whether any bit of me will be left by the bugs.

Soc. You will perish most wretchedly.

Strep. But, my good friend, I have already perished.

Soc. You must not give in, but must wrap yourself up, for you have to discover a device for abstracting, and a means of cheating.

[Walks up and down while Strepsiades wraps himself up in the blankets.]

Strep. Ah me! Would, pray, some one would throw over me a swindling contrivance from the sheep-skins.

Soc. Come now, I will first see this fellow, what he is about. Ho you! Are you asleep?

Strep. No, by Apollo, I am not!

Soc. Have you got anything?

Strep. No, by Jupiter, certainly not!

Soc. Nothing at all?

Strep. Nothing, except what I have in my right hand.

Soc. Will you not quickly cover yourself up and think of something?

Strep. About what? For do you tell me this, O Socrates!

Soc. Do you, yourself, first find out and state what you



wish.

Strep. You have heard a thousand times what I wish.  
About the interest, so that I may pay no one.

Soc. Come then, wrap yourself up, and having given your  
mind play with subtilty, revolve your affairs by little  
and little, rightly distinguishing and examining.

Strep. Ah me, unhappy man!

Soc. Keep quiet, and if you be puzzled in any one of  
your conceptions, leave it and go, and then set your  
mind in motion again, and lock it up.

Strep. (in great glee). O dearest little Socrates!

Soc. What, old man?

Strep. I have got a device for cheating them of the  
interest.

Soc. Exhibit it.

Strep. Now tell me this, pray, if I were to purchase a  
Thessalian witch, and draw down the moon by night, and  
then shut it up, as if it were a mirror, in a round  
crest-case, and then carefully keep it--

Soc. What good, pray, would this do you?

Strep. What? If the moon were to rise no longer  
anywhere, I should not pay the interest.

Soc. Why so, pray?

Strep. Because the money is lent out by the month.

Soc. Capital! But I will again propose to you another  
clever question. If a suit of five talents should be  
entered against you, tell me how you would obliterate  
it.

Strep. How? How? I do not know but I must seek.

Soc. Do not then always revolve your thoughts about  
yourself, but slack away your mind into the air, like a  
cock-chaffer tied with a thread by the foot.

Strep. I have found a very clever method of getting rid  
of my suit, so that you yourself would acknowledge it.

Soc. Of what description?

Strep. Have you ever seen this stone in the chemist's  
shops, the beautiful and transparent one, from which  
they kindle fire?

Soc. Do you mean the burning-glass?

Strep. I do. Come what would you say, pray, if I were to

take this, when the clerk was entering the suit, and were to stand at a distance, in the direction of the sun, thus, and melt out the letters of my suit?

Soc. Cleverly done, by the Graces!

Strep. Oh! How I am delighted, that a suit of five talents has been cancelled!

Soc. Come now, quickly seize upon this.

Strep. What?

Soc. How, when engaged in a lawsuit, you could overturn the suit, when you were about to be cast, because you had no witnesses.

Strep. Most readily and easily.

Soc. Tell me, pray.

Strep. Well now, I'll tell you. If, while one suit was still pending, before mine was called on, I were to run away and hang myself.

Soc. You talk nonsense.

Strep. By the gods, would I! For no one will bring action against me when I am dead.

Soc. You talk nonsense. Begone, I can't teach you any longer.

Strep. Why so? Yea, by the gods, O Socrates!

Soc. You straightaway forget whatever you learn. For what now was the first thing you were taught? Tell me.

Strep. Come, let me see: nay, what was the first? What was the first? Nay, what was the thing in which we knead our flour? Ah me! What was it?

Soc. Will you not pack off to the devil, you most forgetful and most stupid old man?

Strep. Ah me, what then, pray will become of me, wretched man? For I shall be utterly undone, if I do not learn to ply the tongue. Come, O ye Clouds, give me some good advice.

Cho. We, old man, advise you, if you have a son grown up, to send him to learn in your stead.

Strep. Well, I have a fine, handsome son, but he is not willing to learn. What must I do?

Cho. But do you permit him?

Strep. Yes, for he is robust in body, and in good health, and is come of the high-plumed dames of Coesyra. I will go for him, and if he be not willing, I will

certainly drive him from my house.

[To Socrates.]

Go in and wait for me a short time.

[Exit]

Cho. Do you perceive that you are soon to obtain the greatest benefits through us alone of the gods? For this man is ready to do everything that you bid him. But you, while the man is astounded and evidently elated, having perceived it, will quickly fleece him to the best of your power.

[Exit Socrates]

For matters of this sort are somehow accustomed to turn the other way.

[Enter Strepsiades and Phidippides]

Strep. By Mist, you certainly shall not stay here any longer! But go and gnaw the columns of Megacles.

Phid. My good sir, what is the matter with you, O father? You are not in your senses, by Olympian Jupiter!

Strep. See, see, "Olympian Jupiter!" What folly! To think of your believing in Jupiter, as old as you are!

Phid. Why, pray, did you laugh at this?

Strep. Reflecting that you are a child, and have antiquated notions. Yet, however, approach, that you may know more, and I will tell you a thing, by learning which you will be a man. But see that you do not teach this to any one.

Phid. Well, what is it?

Strep. You swore now by Jupiter.

Phid. I did.

Strep. Seest thou, then, how good a thing is learning? There is no Jupiter, O Phidippides!

Phid. Who then?

Strep. Vortex reigns, having expelled Jupiter.

Phid. Bah! Why do you talk foolishly?

Strep. Be assured that it is so.

Phid. Who says this?

Strep. Socrates the Melian, and Chaerephon, who knows the footmarks of fleas.

Phid. Have you arrived at such a pitch of frenzy that you believe madmen?

Strep. Speak words of good omen, and say nothing bad of clever men and wise, of whom, through frugality, none ever shaved or anointed himself, or went to a bath to wash himself, while you squander my property in bathing, as if I were already dead. But go as quickly as possible and learn instead of me.

Phid. What good could any one learn from them?

Strep. What, really? Whatever wisdom there is among men. And you will know yourself, how ignorant and stupid you are. But wait for me here a short time.

[Runs off]

Phid. Ah me! What shall I do, my father being crazed? Shall I bring him into court and convict him of lunacy, or shall I give information of his madness to the coffin-makers?

[Re-enter Strepsiades with a cock under one arm and a hen under the other]

Strep. Come, let me see, what do you consider this to be? Tell me.

Phid. Alectryon.

Strep. Right. And what this?

Phid. Alectryon.

Strep. Both the same? You are very ridiculous. Do not do so, then, for the future, but call this alektryaina, and this one alektor.

Phid. Alektryaina! Did you learn these clever things by going in just now to the Titans?

Strep. And many others too, but whatever I learned on each occasion I used to forget immediately, through length of years.

Phid. Is it for this reason, pray, that you have also lost your cloak?

Strep. I have not lost it, but have studied it away.

Phid. What have you made of your slippers, you foolish man?

Strep. I have expended them, like Pericles, for needful purposes. Come, move, let us go. And then if you obey your father, go wrong if you like. I also know that I formerly obeyed you, a lisping child of six years old, and bought you a go-cart at the Diasia, with the first obolus I received from the Heliæa.

Phid. You will assuredly some time at length be grieved at this.

Strep. It is well done of you that you obeyed. Come hither, come hither O Socrates! Come forth, for I bring to you this son of mine, having persuaded him against his will.

[Enter Socrates]

Soc. For he is still childish, and not used to the baskets here.

Phid. You would yourself be used to them if you were hanged.

Strep. A mischief take you! Do you abuse your teacher?

Soc. "Were hanged" quoth 'a! How sillily he pronounced it, and with lips wide apart! How can this youth ever learn an acquittal from a trial or a legal summons, or persuasive refutation? And yet Hyperbolus learned this at the cost of a talent.

Strep. Never mind; teach him. He is clever by nature. Indeed, from his earliest years, when he was a little fellow only so big, he was wont to form houses and carve ships within-doors, and make little wagons of leather, and make frogs out of pomegranate-rinds, you can't think how cleverly. But see that he learns those two causes, the better, whatever it may be, and the worse, which, by maintaining what is unjust, overturns the better. If not both, at any rate the unjust one by all means.

Soc. He shall learn it himself from the two causes in person.

[Exit Socrates]

Strep. I will take my departure. Remember this now, that he is to be able to reply to all just arguments.

[Exit Strepsiades and enter Just Cause and Unjust Cause]

Just Cause. Come hither! Show yourself to the spectators, although being audacious.

Unjust Cause. Go whither you please, for I shall far rather do for you, if I speak before a crowd.

Just. You destroy me? Who are you?

Unj. A cause.

Just. Ay, the worse.

Unj. But I conquer you, who say that you are better than I.

Just. By doing what clever trick?

Unj. By discovering new contrivances.

Just. For these innovations flourish by the favour of these silly persons.

Unj. No; but wise persons.

Just I will destroy you miserably.

Unj. Tell me, by doing what?

Just By speaking what is just.

Unj. But I will overturn them by contradicting them; for I deny that justice even exists at all.

Just Do you deny that it exists?

Unj. For come, where is it?

Just With the gods.

Unj. How, then, if justice exists, has Jupiter not perished, who bound his own father?

Just Bah! This profanity now is spreading! Give me a basin.

Unj. You are a dotard and absurd.

Just You are debauched and shameless.

Unj. You have spoken roses of me.

Just And a dirty lickspittle.

Unj. You crown me with lilies.

Just And a parricide.

Unj. You don't know that you are sprinkling me with gold.

Just Certainly not so formerly, but with lead.

Unj. But now this is an ornament to me.

Just You are very impudent.

Unj. And you are antiquated.

Just And through you, no one of our youths is willing to go to school; and you will be found out some time or other by the Athenians, what sort of doctrines you teach the simple-minded.

Unj. You are shamefully squalid.

Just And you are prosperous. And yet formerly you were a beggar saying that you were the Mysian Telephus, and gnawing the maxims of Pandeletus out of your little

wallet.

Unj. Oh, the wisdom--

Just Oh, the madness--

Unj. Which you have mentioned.

Just And of your city, which supports you who ruin her youths.

Unj. You shan't teach this youth, you old dotard.

Just Yes, if he is to be saved, and not merely to practise loquacity.

Unj. (to Phidippides) Come hither, and leave him to rave.

Just You shall howl, if you lay your hand on him.

Cho. Cease from contention and railing. But show to us, you, what you used to teach the men of former times, and you, the new system of education, in order that, having heard you disputing, he may decide and go to the school of one or the other.

Just. I am willing to do so.

Unj. I also am willing.

Cho. Come now, which of the two shall speak first?

Unj. I will give him the precedence, and then, from these things which he adduces, I will shoot him dead with new words and thoughts. And at last, if he mutter, he shall be destroyed, being stung in his whole face and his two eyes by my maxims, as if by bees.

Cho. Now the two, relying on very dexterous arguments and thoughts, and sententious maxims, will show which of them shall appear superior in argument. For now the whole crisis of wisdom is here laid before them, about which my friends have a very great contest. But do you, who adorned our elders with many virtuous manners, utter the voice in which you rejoice, and declare your nature.

Just. I will, therefore, describe the ancient system of education, how it was ordered, when I flourished in the advocacy of justice, and temperance was the fashion. In the first place it was incumbent that no one should hear the voice of a boy uttering a syllable; and next, that those from the same quarter of the town should march in good order through the streets to the school of the harp-master, naked, and in a body, even if it were to snow as thick as meal. Then again, their master would teach them, not sitting cross-legged, to learn by rote a song, either "pallada persepolin deinan" or "teleporon ti boama" raising to a higher pitch the harmony which our fathers transmitted to us. But if any of them were to play the buffoon, or to turn any quavers, like these

difficult turns the present artists make after the manner of Phrynus, he used to be thrashed, being beaten with many blows, as banishing the Muses. And it behooved the boys, while sitting in the school of the Gymnastic-master, to cover the thigh, so that they might exhibit nothing indecent to those outside, then again, after rising from the ground, to sweep the sand together, and to take care not to leave an impression of the person for their lovers. And no boy used in those days to anoint himself below the navel, so that their bodies wore the appearance of blooming health. Nor used he to go to his lover, having made up his voice in an effeminate tone, prostituting himself with his eyes. Nor used it to be allowed when one was dining to take the head of the radish, or to snatch from their seniors dill or parsley, or to eat fish, or to giggle, or to keep the legs crossed.

Unj. Aye, antiquated and dipolia-like and full of grasshoppers, and of Cecydes, and of the Buphonian festival!

Just. Yet certainly these are those principles by which my system of education nurtured the men who fought at Marathon. But you teach the men of the present day, so that I am choked, when at the Panathenaia a fellow, holding his shield before his person, neglects Tritogenia, when they ought to dance. Wherefore, O youth, choose with confidence, me, the better cause, and you will learn to hate the Agora, and to refrain from baths, and to be ashamed of what is disgraceful, and to be enraged if any one jeer you, and to rise up from seats before your seniors when they approach, and not to behave ill toward your parents, and to do nothing else that is base, because you are to form in your mind an image of Modesty; and not to dart into the house of a dancing-woman, lest, while gaping after these things, being struck with an apple by a wanton, you should be damaged in your reputation; and not to contradict your father in anything; nor by calling him Iapetus, to reproach him with the ills of age, by which you were reared in your infancy.

Unj. If you shall believe him in this, O youth, by Bacchus, you will be like the sons of Hippocrates, and they will call you a booby.

Just. Yet certainly shall you spend your time in the gymnastic schools, sleek and blooming; not chattering in the market-place rude jests, like the youths of the present day; nor dragged into court for a petty suit, greedy, pettifogging, knavish; but you shall descend to the Academy and run races beneath the sacred olives along with some modest compeer, crowned with white reeds, redolent of yew, and careless ease, of leaf-shedding white poplar, rejoicing in the season of spring, when the plane-tree whispers to the elm. If you do these things which I say, and apply your mind to these, you will ever have a stout chest, a clear complexion, broad shoulders, a little tongue, large hips, little lewdness. But if you practise what the



youths of the present day do, you will have in the first place, a pallid complexion, small shoulders, a narrow chest, a large tongue, little hips, great lewdness, a long psephism, and this deceiver will persuade you to consider everything that is base to be honourable, and what is honourable to be base; and in addition to this, he will fill you with the lewdness of Antimachus.

Cho. O thou that practisest most renowned high-towering wisdom! How sweetly does a modest grace attend your words! Happy, therefore, were they who lived in those days, in the times of former men! In reply, then, to these, O thou that hast a dainty-seeming Muse, it behooveth thee to say something new, since the man has gained renown. And it appears you have need of powerful arguments against him, if you are to conquer the man and not incur laughter.

Unj. And yet I was choking in my heart, and was longing to confound all these with contrary maxims. For I have been called among the deep thinkers the "worse cause" on this very account, that I first contrived how to speak against both law and justice, and this art is worth more than ten thousand staters, that one should choose the worse cause, and nevertheless be victorious. But mark how I will confute the system of education on which he relies, who says, in the first place, that he will not permit you to be washed with warm water. And yet, on what principle do you blame the warm baths?

Just. Because it is most vile, and makes a man cowardly.

Unj. Stop! For immediately I seize and hold you by the waist without escape. Come, tell me, which of the sons of Jupiter do you deem to have been the bravest in soul, and to have undergone most labours?

Just. I consider no man superior to Hercules.

Unj. Where, pray, did you ever see cold Herculean baths? And yet, who was more valiant than he?

Just. These are the very things which make the bath full of youths always chattering all day long, but the palaestras empty.

Unj. You next find fault with their living in the market-place, but I commend it. For if it had been bad, Homer would never have been for representing Nestor as an orator, nor all the other wise men. I will return, then, from thence to the tongue, which this fellow says our youths ought not to exercise, while I maintain they should. And again, he says they ought to be modest: two very great evils. For tell me to whom you have ever seen any good accrue through modesty and confute me by your words.

Just. To many. Peleus, at any rate, received his sword on account of it.

Unj. A sword? Marry, he got a pretty piece of luck, the

poor wretch! While Hyperbolus, he of the lamps, got more than many talents by his villainy, but by Jupiter, no sword!

Just. And Peleus married Thetis, too, through his modesty.

Unj. And then she went off and left him, for he was not lustful, nor an agreeable bedfellow to spend the night with. Now a woman delights in being wantonly treated. But you are an old dotard. For (to Phidippides) consider, O youth, all that attaches to modesty, and of how many pleasures you are about to be deprived--of women, of games at cottabus, of dainties, of drinking-bouts, of giggling. And yet, what is life worth to you if you be deprived of these enjoyments? Well, I will pass from thence to the necessities of our nature. You have gone astray, you have fallen in love, you have been guilty of some adultery, and then have been caught. You are undone, for you are unable to speak. But if you associate with me, indulge your inclination, dance, laugh, and think nothing disgraceful. For if you should happen to be detected as an adulterer, you will make this reply to him, "that you have done him no injury": and then refer him to Jupiter, how even he is overcome by love and women. And yet, how could you, who are a mortal, have greater power than a god?

Just. But what if he should suffer the radish through obeying you, and be depillated with hot ashes? What argument will he be able to state, to prove that he is not a blackguard?

Unj. And if he be a blackguard, what harm will he suffer?

Just. Nay, what could he ever suffer still greater than this?

Unj. What then will you say if you be conquered by me in this?

Just. I will be silent: what else can I do?

Unj. Come, now, tell me, from what class do the advocates come?

Just. From the blackguards.

Unj. I believe you. What then? From what class do tragedians come?

Just. From the blackguards.

Unj. You say well. But from what class do the public orators come?

Just. From the blackguards.

Unj. Then have you perceived that you say nothing to the purpose? And look which class among the audience is the

more numerous.

Just. Well now, I'm looking.

Unj. What, then, do you see?

Just. By the gods, the blackguards to be far more numerous. This fellow, at any rate, I know; and him yonder; and this fellow with the long hair.

Unj. What, then, will you say?

Just. We are conquered. Ye blackguards, by the gods, receive my cloak, for I desert to you.

[Exeunt the Two Causes, and re-enter Socrates and Strepsiades.]

Soc. What then? whether do you wish to take and lead away this your son, or shall I teach him to speak?

Strep. Teach him, and chastise him; and remember that you train him properly; on the one side able for petty suits; but train his other jaw able for the more important causes.

Soc. Make yourself easy; you shall receive him back a clever sophist.

Strep. Nay, rather, pale and wretched.

[Exeunt Socrates, Strepsiades, and Phidippides.]

Cho. Go ye, then; but I think that you will repent of these proceedings. We wish to speak about the judges, what they will gain, if at all they justly assist this Chorus. For in the first place, if you wish to plough up your fields in spring, we will rain for you first; but for the others afterward. And then we will protect the fruits, and the vines, so that neither drought afflict them, nor excessive wet weather. But if any mortal dishonour us who are goddesses, let him consider what evils he will suffer at our hands, obtaining neither wine nor anything else from his farm. For when his olives and vines sprout, they shall be cut down; with such slings will we smite them. And if we see him making brick, we will rain; and we will smash the tiles of his roof with round hailstones. And if he himself, or any one of his kindred or friends, at any time marry, we will rain the whole night; so he will probably wish rather to have been even in Egypt than to have judged badly.

[Enter Strepsiades with a meal-sack on his shoulder.]

Strep. The fifth, the fourth, the third, after this the second; and then, of all the days I most fear, and dread, and abominate, immediately after this there is the Old and New. For every one to whom I happen to be indebted, swears, and says he will ruin and destroy me, having made his deposits against me, though I only ask

what is moderate and just—"My good sir, one part don't take just now; the other part put off I pray; and the other part remit"; they say that thus they will never get back their money, but abuse me, as I am unjust, and say they will go to law with me. Now therefore let them go to law, for it little concerns me, if Phidippides has learned to speak well. I shall soon know by knocking at the thinking-shop.

[Knocks at the door.]

Boy, I say! Boy, boy!

[Enter Socrates]

Soc. Good morning, Strepsiades.

Strep. The same to you. But first accept this present, for one ought to compliment the teacher with a fee. And tell me about my son, if he has learned that cause, which you just now brought forward.

Soc. He has learned it.

Strep. Well done, O Fraud, all-powerful queen!

Soc. So that you can get clear off from whatever suit you please.

Strep. Even if witnesses were present when I borrowed the money?

Soc. Yea, much more! Even if a thousand be present.

Strep. Then I will shout with a very loud shout. Ho! Weep, you petty-usurers, both you and your principals, and your compound interests! For you can no longer do me any harm, because such a son is being reared for me in this house, shining with a double-edged tongue, for my guardian, the preserver of my house, a mischief to my enemies, ending the sadness of the great woes of his father. Him do thou run and summon from within to me.

[Socrates goes into the house.]

O child! O son! Come forth from the house! Hear your father!

[Re-enter Socrates leading in Phidippides]

Soc. Lo, here is the man!

Strep. O my dear, my dear!

Soc. Take your son and depart.

[Exit Socrates.]

Strep. Oh, oh, my child! Huzza! Huzza! How I am delighted at the first sight of your complexion! Now, indeed, you are, in the first place, negative and

disputatious to look at, and this fashion native to the place plainly appears, the "what do you say?" and the seeming to be injured when, I well know, you are injuring and inflicting a wrong, and in your countenance there is the Attic look. Now, therefore, see that you save me, since you have also ruined me.

Phid. What, pray, do you fear?

Strep. The Old and New.

Phid. Why, is any day old and new?

Strep. Yes, on which they say that they will make their deposits against me.

Phid. Then those that have made them will lose them, for it is not possible that two days can be one day.

Strep. Can not it?

Phid. Certainly not, unless the same woman can be both old and young at the same time.

Strep. And yet it is the law.

Phid. For they do not, I think, rightly understand what the law means.

Strep. And what does it mean?

Phid. The ancient Solon was by nature the commons' friend.

Strep. This surely is nothing whatever to the Old and New.

Phid. He therefore made the summons for two days, for the Old and New, that the deposits might be made on the first of the month.

Strep. Why, pray, did he add the old day?

Phid. In order, my good sir, that the defendants, being present a day before, might compromise the matter of their own accord, but if not, that they might be worried on the morning of the new moon.

Strep. Why, then, do the magistrates not receive the deposits on the new moon, but on the Old and New?

Phid. They seem to me to do what the forestallers do: in order that they may appreciate the deposits as soon as possible, on this account they have the first pick by one day.

Strep. (turning to the audience) Bravo! Ye wretches, why do you sit senseless, the gain of us wise men, being blocks, ciphers, mere sheep, jars heaped together, wherefore I must sing an encomium upon myself and this my son, on account of our good fortune. "O happy

Strepsiades! How wise you are yourself, and how excellent is the son whom you are rearing!" My friends and fellow-tribesmen will say of me, envying me, when you prove victorious in arguing causes. But first I wish to lead you in and entertain you.

[Exeunt Strepsiades and Phidippides.]

Pasias (entering with his summons-witness) Then, ought a man to throw away any part of his own property? Never! But it were better then at once to put away blushes, rather than now to have trouble, since I am now dragging you to be a witness, for the sake of my own money; and further, in addition to this, I shall become an enemy to my fellow-tribesman. But never, while I live, will I disgrace my country, but will summon Strepsiades.

Strep. (from within) Who's there?

Pas. For the Old and New.

Strep. I call you to witness, that he has named it for two days. For what matter do you summon me?

Pas. For the twelve minae, which you received when you were buying the dapple-gray horse.

Strep. A horse? Do you not hear? I, whom you all know to hate horsemanship!

Pas. And, by Jupiter! You swore by the gods too, that you would repay it.

Strep. Ay, by Jove! For then my Phidippides did not yet know the irrefragable argument.

Pas. And do you now intend, on this account, to deny the debt?

Strep. Why, what good should I get else from his instruction?

Pas. And will you be willing to deny these upon oath of the gods?

Strep. What gods?

Pas. Jupiter, Mercury, and Neptune.

Strep. Yes, by Jupiter! And would pay down, too, a three-obol piece besides to swear.

Pas. Then may you perish some day for your impudence!

Strep. This man would be the better for it if he were cleansed by rubbing with salt.

Pas. Ah me, how you deride me!

Strep. He will contain six choae.

Pas. By great Jupiter and the gods, you certainly shall not do this to me with impunity!

Strep. I like your gods amazingly; and Jupiter, sworn by, is ridiculous to the knowing ones.

Pas. You will assuredly suffer punishment, some time or other, for this. But answer and dismiss me, whether you are going to repay me my money or not.

Strep. Keep quiet now, for I will presently answer you distinctly.

[Runs into the house.]

Pas. (to his summons-witness). What do you think he will do?

Witness. I think he will pay you.

[Re-enter Strepsiades with a kneading-trough]

Strep. Where is this man who asks me for his money? Tell me what is this?

Pas. What is this? A kardopos.

Strep. And do you then ask me for your money, being such an ignorant person? I would not pay, not even an obolus, to any one who called the kardope kardopos.

Pas. Then won't you pay me?

Strep. Not, as far as I know. Will you not then pack off as fast as possible from my door?

Pas. I will depart, and be assured of this, that I will make deposit against you, or may I live no longer!

Strep. Then you will lose it besides, in addition to your twelve minae. And yet I do not wish you to suffer this, because you named the kardopos foolishly.

[Exeunt Pasias and Witness, and enter Amynias]

Amynias. Ah me! Ah me!

Strep. Ha! Whoever is this, who is lamenting? Surely it was not one of Carcinus' deities that spoke.

Amyn. But why do you wish to know this, who I am?—A miserable man.

Strep. Then follow your own path.

Amyn. O harsh fortune! O Fates, breaking the wheels of my horses! O Pallas, how you have destroyed me!

Strep. What evil, pray, has Tlepolemus ever done you?

Amyn. Do not jeer me, my friend, but order your son to

pay me the money which he received, especially as I have been unfortunate.

Strep. What money is this?

Amyn. That which he borrowed.

Strep. Then you were really unlucky, as I think.

Amyn. By the gods, I fell while driving my horses.

Strep. Why, pray, do you talk nonsense, as if you had fallen from an ass?

Amyn. Do I talk nonsense if I wish to recover my money?

Strep. You can't be in your senses yourself.

Amyn. Why, pray?

Strep. You appear to me to have had your brains shaken as it were.

Amyn. And you appear to me, by Hermes, to be going to be summoned, if you will not pay me the money?

Strep. Tell me now, whether you think that Jupiter always rains fresh rain on each occasion, or that the sun draws from below the same water back again?

Amyn. I know not which, nor do I care.

Strep. How then is it just that you should recover your money, if you know nothing of meteorological matters?

Amyn. Well, if you are in want, pay me the interest of my money.

Strep. What sort of animal is this interest?

Amyn. Most assuredly the money is always becoming more and more every month and every day as the time slips away.

Strep. You say well. What then? Is it possible that you consider the sea to be greater now than formerly?

Amyn. No, by Jupiter, but equal, for it is not fitting that it should be greater.

Strep. And how then, you wretch does this become no way greater, though the rivers flow into it, while you seek to increase your money? Will you not take yourself off from my house? Bring me the goad.

[Enter Servant with a goad.]

Amyn. I call you to witness these things.

Strep. (beating him). Go! Why do you delay? Won't you march, Mr. Blood-horse?



Amy. Is not this an insult, pray?

Strep. Will you move quickly?

[Pricks him behind with the goad.]

I'll lay on you, goading you behind, you outrigger? Do you fly?

[Amy. runs off.]

I thought I should stir you, together with your wheels and your two-horse chariots.

[Exit Strepsiades.]

Cho. What a thing it is to love evil courses! For this old man, having loved them, wishes to withhold the money that he borrowed. And he will certainly meet with something today, which will perhaps cause this sophist to suddenly receive some misfortune, in return for the knaveries he has begun. For I think that he will presently find what has been long boiling up, that his son is skilful to speak opinions opposed to justice, so as to overcome all with whomsoever he holds converse, even if he advance most villainous doctrines; and perhaps, perhaps his father will wish that he were even speechless.

Strep. (running out of the house pursued by his son)  
Hollo! Hollo! O neighbours, and kinsfolk, and fellow-tribesmen, defend me, by all means, who am being beaten! Ah me, unhappy man, for my head and jaw! Wretch! Do you beat your father?

Phid. Yes, father.

Strep. You see him owning that he beats me.

Phid. Certainly.

Strep. O wretch, and parricide, and house-breaker!

Phid. Say the same things of me again, and more. Do you know that I take pleasure in being much abused?

Strep. You blackguard!

Phid. Sprinkle me with roses in abundance.

Strep. Do you beat your father?

Phid. And will prove too, by Jupiter! that I beat you with justice.

Strep. O thou most rascally! Why, how can it be just to beat a father?

Phid. I will demonstrate it, and will overcome you in argument.

Strep. Will you overcome me in this?

Phid. Yea, by much and easily. But choose which of the two Causes you wish to speak.

Strep. Of what two Causes?

Phid. The better, or the worse?

Strep. Marry, I did get you taught to speak against justice, by Jupiter, my friend, if you are going to persuade me of this, that it is just and honourable for a father to be beaten by his sons!

Phid. I think I shall certainly persuade you, so that, when you have heard, not even you yourself will say anything against it.

Strep. Well, now, I am willing to hear what you have to say.

Cho. It is your business, old man, to consider in what way you shall conquer the man; for if he were not relying upon something, he would not be so licentious. But he is emboldened by something; the boldness of the man is evident. Now you ought to tell to the Chorus from what the contention first arose. And this you must do by all means.

Strep. Well, now, I will tell you from what we first began to rail at one another. After we had feasted, as you know, I first bade him take a lyre, and sing a song of Simonides, "The Shearing of the Ram." But he immediately said it was old-fashioned to play on the lyre and sing while drinking, like a woman grinding parched barley.

Phid. For ought you not then immediately to be beaten and trampled on, bidding me sing, just as if you were entertaining cicadae?

Strep. He expressed, however, such opinions then too within, as he does now; and he asserted that Simonides was a bad poet. I bore it at first, with difficulty indeed, yet nevertheless I bore it. And then I bade him at least take a myrtle-wreath and recite to me some portion of Aeschylus; and then he immediately said, "Shall I consider Aeschylus the first among the poets, full of empty sound, unpolished, bombastic, using rugged words?" And hereupon you can't think how my heart panted. But, nevertheless, I restrained my passion, and said, "At least recite some passage of the more modern poets, of whatever kind these clever things be." And he immediately sang a passage of Euripides, how a brother, O averter of ill! Debauched his uterine sister. And I bore it no longer, but immediately assailed him with many abusive reproaches. And then, after that, as was natural, we hurled word upon word. Then he springs upon me; and then he was wounding me, and beating me, and throttling me.

Phid. Were you not therefore justly beaten, who do not praise Euripides, the wisest of poets?

Strep. He the wisest! Oh, what shall I call you? But I shall be beaten again.

Phid. Yes, by Jupiter, with justice?

Strep. Why, how with justice? Who, O shameless fellow, reared you, understanding all your wishes, when you lisped what you meant? If you said bryn, I, understanding it, used to give you to drink. And when you asked for mamman, I used to come to you with bread. And you used no sooner to say caccan, than I used to take and carry you out of doors, and hold you before me. But you now, throttling me who was bawling and crying out because I wanted to ease myself, had not the heart to carry me forth out of doors, you wretch, but I did it there while I was being throttled.

Cho. I fancy the hearts of the youths are panting to hear what he will say. For if, after having done such things, he shall persuade him by speaking, I would not take the hide of the old folks, even at the price of a chick-pea. It is thy business, thou author and upheaver of new words, to seek some means of persuasion, so that you shall seem to speak justly.

Phid. How pleasant it is to be acquainted with new and clever things, and to be able to despise the established laws! For I, when I applied my mind to horsemanship alone, used not to be able to utter three words before I made a mistake, but now, since he himself has made me cease from these pursuits, and I am acquainted with subtle thoughts, and arguments, and speculations, I think I shall demonstrate that it is just to chastise one's father.

Strep. Ride, then, by Jupiter! Since it is better for me to keep a team of four horses than to be killed with a beating.

Phid. I will pass over to that part of my discourse where you interrupted me, and first I will ask you this: Did you beat me when I was a boy?

Strep. I did, through good-will and concern for you.

Phid. Pray tell me, is it not just that I also should be well inclined toward you in the same way, and beat you, since this is to be well inclined—to give a beating? For why ought your body to be exempt from blows and mine not? And yet I too was born free. The boys weep, and do you not think it is right that a father should weep? You will say that it is ordained by law that this should be the lot of boys. But I would reply, that old men are boys twice over, and that it is the more reasonable that the old should weep than the young, inasmuch as it is less just that they should err.

Strep. It is nowhere ordained by law that a father should suffer this.

Phid. Was it not then a man like you and me, who first proposed this law, and by speaking persuaded the ancients? Why then is it less lawful for me also in turn to propose henceforth a new law for the sons, that they should beat their fathers in turn? But as many blows as we received before the law was made, we remit: and we concede to them our having been thrashed without return. Observe the cocks and these other animals, how they punish their fathers; and yet, in what do they differ from us, except that they do not write decrees?

Strep. Why then, since you imitate the cocks in all things, do you not both eat dung and sleep on a perch?

Phid. It is not the same thing, my friend, nor would it appear so to Socrates.

Strep. Therefore do not beat me; otherwise you will one day blame yourself.

Phid. Why, how?

Strep. Since I am justly entitled to chastise you, and you to chastise your son, if you should have one.

Phid. But if I should not have one, I shall have wept for nothing, and you will die laughing at me.

Strep. To me, indeed, O comrades, he seems to speak justly; and I think we ought to concede to them what is fitting. For it is proper that we should weep, if we do not act justly.

Phid. Consider still another maxim.

Strep. No; for I shall perish if I do.

Phid. And yet perhaps you will not be vexed at suffering what you now suffer.

Strep. How, pray? For inform me what good you will do me by this.

Phid. I will beat my mother, just as I have you.

Strep. What do you say? What do you say? This other, again, is a greater wickedness.

Phid. But what if, having the worst Cause, I shall conquer you in arguing, proving that it is right to beat one's mother?

Strep. Most assuredly, if you do this, nothing will hinder you from casting yourself and your Worse Cause into the pit along with Socrates. These evils have I suffered through you, O Clouds! Having intrusted all my affairs to you.

Cho. Nay, rather, you are yourself the cause of these things, having turned yourself to wicked courses.

Strep. Why, pray, did you not tell me this, then, but excited with hopes a rustic and aged man?

Cho. We always do this to him whom we perceive to be a lover of wicked courses, until we precipitate him into misfortune, so that he may learn to fear the gods.

Strep. Ah me! it is severe, O Clouds! But it is just, for I ought not to have withheld the money which I borrowed. Now, therefore, come with me, my dearest son, that you may destroy the blackguard Chaerephon and Socrates, who deceived you and me.

Phid. I will not injure my teachers.

Strep. Yes, yes, reverence Paternal Jove.

Phid. "Paternal Jove" quoth'a! How antiquated you are! Why, is there any Jove?

Strep. There is.

Phid. There is not, no; for Vortex reigns having expelled Jupiter.

Strep. He has not expelled him; but I fancied this, on account of this Vortex here. Ah me, unhappy man! When I even took you who are of earthenware for a god.

Phid. Here rave and babble to yourself.

[Exit Phidippides]

Strep. Ah me, what madness! How mad, then, I was when I ejected the gods on account of Socrates! But O dear Hermes, by no means be wroth with me, nor destroy me; but pardon me, since I have gone crazy through prating. And become my adviser, whether I shall bring an action and prosecute them, or whatever you think. You advise me rightly, not permitting me to get up a lawsuit, but as soon as possible to set fire to the house of the prating fellows. Come hither, come hither, Xanthias! Come forth with a ladder and with a mattock and then mount upon the thinking-shop and dig down the roof, if you love your master, until you tumble the house upon them.

[Xanthias mounts upon the roof]

But let some one bring me a lighted torch and I'll make some of them this day suffer punishment, even if they be ever so much impostors.

1st Dis. (from within) Hollo! Hollo!

Strep. It is your business, O torch, to send forth abundant flame.

[Mounts upon the roof]

1st Dis. What are you doing, fellow?

Strep. What am I doing? Why, what else, than chopping logic with the beams of your house?

[Sets the house on fire]

2nd Dis. (from within) You will destroy us! You will destroy us!

Strep. For I also wish this very thing, unless my mattock deceive my hopes, or I should somehow fall first and break my neck.

Soc. (from within). Hollo you! What are you doing, pray, you fellow on the roof?

Strep. I am walking on air, and speculating about the sun.

Soc. Ah me, unhappy! I shall be suffocated, wretched man!

Chaer. And I, miserable man, shall be burnt to death!

Strep. For what has come into your heads that you acted insolently toward the gods, and pried into the seat of the moon? Chase, pelt, smite them, for many reasons, but especially because you know that they offended against the gods!

[The thinking shop is burned down]

Cho. Lead the way out, for we have sufficiently acted as chorus for today.

[Exeunt omnes]

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## **marianne's dream.**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley Volume II*

[Composed at Marlow, 1817. Published in Hunt's "Literary Pocket-Book", 1819, and reprinted in "Posthumous Poems", 1824.]

1.  
A pale Dream came to a Lady fair,  
And said, A boon, a boon, I pray!  
I know the secrets of the air,  
And things are lost in the glare of day,  
Which I can make the sleeping see, \_5  
If they will put their trust in me.
2.  
And thou shalt know of things unknown,  
If thou wilt let me rest between  
The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown  
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen. \_10  
And half in hope, and half in fright,  
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.
3.  
At first all deadly shapes were driven  
Tumultuously across her sleep,  
And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven \_15  
All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;  
And the Lady ever looked to spy  
If the golden sun shone forth on high.
4.  
And as towards the east she turned,  
She saw aloft in the morning air, \_20  
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,  
A great black Anchor rising there,  
And wherever the Lady turned her eyes,  
It hung before her in the skies.
5.  
The sky was blue as the summer sea, \_25  
The depths were cloudless overhead,  
The air was calm as it could be,  
There was no sight or sound of dread,  
But that black Anchor floating still  
Over the piny eastern hill. \_30
6.  
The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear  
To see that Anchor ever hanging,  
And veiled her eyes, she then did hear  
The sound as of a dim low clanging, \_35  
And looked abroad if she might know  
Was it aught else, or but the flow  
Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.
7.  
There was a mist in the sunless air,  
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock,  
But the very weeds that blossomed there \_40  
Were moveless, and each mighty rock

Stood on its basis steadfastly,  
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

8.  
But piled around, with summits hid  
In lines of cloud at intervals,  
Stood many a mountain pyramid  
Among whose everlasting walls  
Two mighty cities shone, and ever  
Through the red mist their domes did quiver.

\_45

9.  
On two dread mountains, from whose crest,  
Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,  
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,  
Those tower-encircled cities stood.  
A vision strange such towers to see,  
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,  
Where human art could never be.

\_50

\_55

10.  
And columns framed of marble white,  
And giant fanes, dome over dome  
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright  
With workmanship, which could not come  
From touch of mortal instrument,  
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent  
From its own shapes magnificent.

\_60

11.  
But still the Lady heard that clang  
Filling the wide air far away,  
And still the mist whose light did hang  
Among the mountains shook away,  
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,  
As half in joy, and half aghast,  
On those high domes her look she cast.

\_65

\_70

12.  
Sudden, from out that city sprung  
A light that made the earth grow red,  
Two flames that each with quivering tongue  
Licked its high domes, and overhead  
Among those mighty towers and fanes  
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains  
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

\_75

13.  
And hark! a rush as if the deep  
Had burst its bonds; she looked behind  
And saw over the western steep  
A raging flood descend, and wind  
Through that wide vale, she felt no fear,  
But said within herself, 'Tis clear  
These towers are Nature's own, and she  
To save them has sent forth the sea.

\_80

\_85

14.  
And now those raging billows came  
Where that fair Lady sate, and she  
Was borne towards the showering flame



By the wild waves heaped tumultuously.  
And, on a little plank, the flow  
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro. \_90

15.  
The flames were fiercely vomited  
From every tower and every dome,  
And dreary light did widely shed  
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam, \_95  
Beneath the smoke which hung its night  
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

16.  
The plank whereon that Lady sate  
Was driven through the chasms, about and about,  
Between the peaks so desolate \_100  
Of the drowning mountains, in and out.  
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails--  
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

17.  
At last her plank an eddy crossed,  
And bore her to the city's wall, \_105  
Which now the flood had reached almost,  
It might the stoutest heart appal  
To hear the fire roar and hiss  
Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

18.  
The eddy whirled her round and round \_110  
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood  
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound  
Its aery arch with light like blood,  
She looked on that gate of marble clear,  
With wonder that extinguished fear. \_115

19.  
For it was filled with sculptures rarest,  
Of forms most beautiful and strange,  
Like nothing human, but the fairest  
Of winged shapes, whose legions range  
Throughout the sleep of those that are, \_120  
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

20.  
And as she looked, still lovelier grew  
Those marble forms,--the sculptor sure  
Was a strong spirit, and the hue  
Of his own mind did there endure \_125  
After the touch, whose power had braided  
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

21.  
She looked, the flames were dim, the flood  
Grew tranquil as a woodland river  
Winding through hills in solitude, \_130  
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,  
And their fair limbs to float in motion,  
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

22.

And their lips moved, one seemed to speak,  
 When suddenly the mountains cracked, \_135  
 And through the chasm the flood did break  
 With an earth-uplifting cataract.  
 The statues gave a joyous scream,  
 And on its wings the pale thin Dream  
 Lifted the Lady from the stream. \_140

23.  
 The dizzy flight of that phantom pale  
 Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,  
 And she arose, while from the veil  
 Of her dark eyes the Dream did creep,  
 And she walked about as one who knew \_145  
 That sleep has sights as clear and true  
 As any waking eyes can view.

#### NOTES:

- \_18 golden 1819; gold 1824, 1839.
- \_28 or 1824; nor 1839.
- \_62 or]a cj. Rossetti.
- \_63 its]their cj. Rossetti.
- \_92 flames cj. Rossetti; waves 1819, 1824, 1839.
- \_101 mountains 1819; mountain 1824, 1839.
- \_106 flood]flames cj. James Thomson ('B.V.').
- \_120 that 1819, 1824; who 1839.
- \_135 mountains 1819; mountain 1824, 1839.

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## X MARKS THE PEDWALK

BY FRITZ LEIBER

[Transcriber's Note: This Project Gutenberg  
 etext was produced from

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*This is how it all began--the terrible  
 civil strife that devastates our world!*

Based in material in Ch. 7--"First Clashes of the Wheeled and  
 Footed Sects"--of Vol. 3 of Burger's monumental History of  
 Traffic, published by the Foundation for Twenty-Second  
 Century Studies.

The raggedy little old lady with the big shopping bag was in the exact  
 center of the crosswalk when she became aware of the big black car  
 bearing down on her.

Behind the thick bullet-proof glass its seven occupants had a misty  
 look, like men in a diving bell.

She saw there was no longer time to beat the car to either curb. Veering remorselessly, it would catch her in the gutter.

Useless to attempt a feint and double-back, such as any venturesome child executed a dozen times a day. Her reflexes were too slow.

Polite vacuous laughter came from the car's loudspeaker over the engine's mounting roar.

From her fellow pedestrians lining the curbs came a sigh of horror.

The little old lady dipped into her shopping bag and came up with a big blue-black automatic. She held it in both fists, riding the recoils like a rodeo cowboy on a bucking bronco.

Aiming at the base of the windshield, just as a big-game hunter aims at the vulnerable spine of a charging water buffalo over the horny armor of its lowered head, the little old lady squeezed off three shots before the car chewed her down.

From the right-hand curb a young woman in a wheelchair shrieked an obscenity at the car's occupants.

Smythe-de Winter, the driver, wasn't happy. The little old lady's last shot had taken two members of his car pool. Bursting through the laminated glass, the steel-jacketed slug had traversed the neck of Phipps-McHeath and buried itself in the skull of Horvendile-Harker.

Braking viciously, Smythe-de Winter rammed the car over the right-hand curb. Pedestrians scattered into entries and narrow arcades, among them a youth bounding high on crutches.

But Smythe-de Winter got the girl in the wheelchair.

Then he drove rapidly out of the Slum Ring into the Suburbs, a shred of rattan swinging from the flange of his right fore mudguard for a trophy. Despite the two-for-two casualty list, he felt angry and depressed. The secure, predictable world around him seemed to be crumbling.

\* \* \* \* \*

While his companions softly keened a dirge to Horvy and Phipps and quietly mopped up their blood, he frowned and shook his head.

"They oughtn't to let old ladies carry magnums," he murmured.

Witherspoon-Hobbs nodded agreement across the front-seat corpse. "They oughtn't to let 'em carry anything. God, how I hate Feet," he muttered, looking down at his shrunken legs. "Wheels forever!" he softly cheered.

The incident had immediate repercussions throughout the city. At the combined wake of the little old lady and the girl in the wheelchair, a fiery-tongued speaker inveighed against the White-Walled Fascists of Suburbia, telling to his hearers, the fabled wonders of old Los Angeles, where pedestrians were sacrosanct, even outside crosswalks. He called for a hobnail march across the nearest lawn-bowling alleys and perambulator-traversed golf courses of the motorists.

At the Sunnyside Crematorium, to which the bodies of Phipps and Horvy

had been conveyed, an equally impassioned and rather more grammatical orator reminded his listeners of the legendary justice of old Chicago, where pedestrians were forbidden to carry small arms and anyone with one foot off the sidewalk was fair prey. He broadly hinted that a holocaust, primed if necessary with a few tankfuls of gasoline, was the only cure for the Slums.

Bands of skinny youths came loping at dusk out of the Slum Ring into the innermost sections of the larger doughnut of the Suburbs slashing defenseless tires, shooting expensive watchdogs and scrawling filthy words on the pristine panels of matrons' runabouts which never ventured more than six blocks from home.

Simultaneously squadrons of young suburban motorcycles and scooterites roared through the outermost precincts of the Slum Ring, harrying children off sidewalks, tossing stink-bombs through second-story tenement windows and defacing hovel-fronts with sprays of black paint.

Incident--a thrown brick, a cut corner, monster tacks in the portico of the Auto Club--were even reported from the center of the city, traditionally neutral territory.

The Government hurriedly acted, suspending all traffic between the Center and the Suburbs and establishing a 24-hour curfew in the Slum Ring. Government agents moved only by centipede-car and pogo-hopper to underline the point that they favored neither contending side.

The day of enforced non-movement for Feet and Wheels was spent in furtive vengeful preparations. Behind locked garage doors, machine-guns that fired through the nose ornament were mounted under hoods, illegal scythe blades were welded to oversize hubcaps and the stainless steel edges of flange fenders were honed to razor sharpness.

While nervous National Guardsmen hopped about the deserted sidewalks of the Slum Ring, grim-faced men and women wearing black armbands moved through the webwork of secret tunnels and hidden doors, distributing heavy-caliber small arms and spike-studded paving blocks, piling cobblestones on strategic roof-tops and sapping upward from the secret tunnels to create car-traps. Children got ready to soap intersections after dark. The Committee of Pedestrian Safety, sometimes known as Robespierre's Rats, prepared to release its two carefully hoarded anti-tank guns.

\* \* \* \* \*

At nightfall, under the tireless urging of the Government, representatives of the Pedestrians and the Motorists met on a huge safety island at the boundary of the Slum Ring and the Suburbs.

Underlings began a noisy dispute as to whether Smythe-de Winter had failed to give a courtesy honk before charging, whether the little old lady had opened fire before the car had come within honking distance, how many wheels of Smythe-de's car had been on the sidewalk when he hit the girl in the wheelchair and so on. After a little while the High Pedestrian and the Chief Motorist exchanged cautious winks and drew aside.

The red writhing of a hundred kerosene flares and the mystic yellow pulsing of a thousand firefly lamps mounted on yellow sawhorses ranged around the safety island illumined two tragic, strained faces.

"A word before we get down to business," the Chief Motorist whispered.  
"What's the current S.Q. of your adults?"

"Forty-one and dropping," the High Pedestrian replied, his eyes fearfully searching from side to side for eavesdroppers. "I can hardly get aides who are halfway \_compos mentis\_."

"Our own Sanity Quotient is thirty-seven," the Chief Motorist revealed. He shrugged helplessly.... "The wheels inside my people's heads are slowing down. I do not think they will be speeded up in my lifetime."

"They say Government's only fifty-two," the other said with a matching shrug.

"Well, I suppose we must scrape out one more compromise," the one suggested hollowly, "though I must confess there are times when I think we're all the figments of a paranoid's dream."

Two hours of concentrated deliberations produced the new Wheel-Foot Articles of Agreement. Among other points, pedestrian handguns were limited to a slightly lower muzzle velocity and to .38 caliber and under, while motorists were required to give three honks at one block distance before charging a pedestrian in a crosswalk. Two wheels over the curb changed a traffic kill from third-degree manslaughter to petty homicide. Blind pedestrians were permitted to carry hand grenades.

Immediately the Government went to work. The new Wheel-Foot Articles were loudspeaked and posted. Detachments of police and psychiatric social hoppers centipedaed and pogoed through the Slum Ring, seizing outsize weapons and giving tranquilizing jet-injections to the unruly. Teams of hypnotherapists and mechanics scuttled from home to home in the Suburbs and from garage to garage, in-chanting a conformist serenity and stripping illegal armament from cars. On the advice of a rogue psychiatrist, who said it would channel off aggressions, a display of bull-fighting was announced, but this had to be canceled when a strong protest was lodged by the Decency League, which had a large mixed Wheel-Foot membership.

At dawn, curfew was lifted in the Slum Ring and traffic reopened between the Suburbs and the Center. After a few uneasy moments it became apparent that the \_status quo\_ had been restored.

\* \* \* \* \*

Smythe-de Winter tooled his gleaming black machine along the Ring. A thick steel bolt with a large steel washer on either side neatly filled the hole the little old lady's slug had made in the windshield.

A brick bounced off the roof. Bullets pattered against the side windows.

Smythe-de ran a handkerchief around his neck under his collar and smiled.

A block ahead children were darting into the street, cat-calling and thumbing their noses. Behind one of them limped a fat dog with a spiked collar.

Smythe-de suddenly gunned his motor. He didn't hit any of the children, but he got the dog.

A flashing light on the dash showed him the right front tire was losing pressure. Must have hit the collar as well! He thumbed the matching emergency-air button and the flashing stopped.

He turned toward Witherspoon-Hobbs and said with thoughtful satisfaction, "I like a normal orderly world, where you always have a little success, but not champagne-heady; a little failure, but just enough to brace you."

Witherspoon-Hobbs was squinting at the next crosswalk. Its center was discolored by a brownish stain ribbon-tracked by tires.

"That's where you bagged the little old lady, Smythe-de," he remarked. "I'll say this for her now: she had spirit."

"Yes, that's where I bagged her," Smythe-de agreed flatly. He remembered wistfully the witchlike face growing rapidly larger, her jerking shoulders in black bombazine, the wild white-circled eyes. He suddenly found himself feeling that this was a very dull day.

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## X

### THE HOMELY HEROINE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Buttered Side Down*, by Edna Ferber

Millie Whitcomb, of the fancy goods and notions, beckoned me with her finger. I had been standing at Kate O'Malley's counter, pretending to admire her new basket-weave suitings, but in reality reveling in her droll account of how, in the train coming up from Chicago, Mrs. Judge Porterfield had worn the negro porter's coat over her chilly shoulders in mistake for her husband's. Kate O'Malley can tell a funny story in a way to make the after-dinner pleasantries of a Washington diplomat sound like the clumsy jests told around the village grocery stove.

"I wanted to tell you that I read that last story of yours," said Millie, sociably, when I had strolled over to her counter, "and I liked it, all but the heroine. She had an 'adorable throat' and hair that 'waved away from her white brow,' and eyes that 'now were blue and now gray.' Say, why don't you write a story about an ugly girl?"

"My land!" protested I. "It's bad enough trying to make them accept my stories as it is. That last heroine was a raving beauty, but she came back eleven times before the editor of Blakely's succumbed to her charms."

Millie's fingers were busy straightening the contents of a tray of combs and imitation jet barrettes. Millie's fingers were not intended for that task. They are slender, tapering fingers, pink-tipped and sensitive.

"I should think," mused she, rubbing a cloudy piece of jet with a bit of soft cloth, "that they'd welcome a homely one with relief. These goddesses are so cloying."

Millie Whitcomb's black hair is touched with soft mists of gray, and she wears lavender shirtwaists and white stocks edged with lavender. There is a Colonial air about her that has nothing to do with celluloid combs and imitation jet barrettes. It breathes of dim old rooms, rich with the

tones of mahogany and old brass, and Millie in the midst of it, gray-gowned, a soft white fichu crossed upon her breast.

In our town the clerks are not the pert and gum-chewing young persons that story-writers are wont to describe. The girls at Bascom's are institutions. They know us all by our first names, and our lives are as an open book to them. Kate O'Malley, who has been at Bascom's for so many years that she is rumored to have stock in the company, may be said to govern the fashions of our town. She is wont to say, when we express a fancy for gray as the color of our new spring suit.

"Oh, now, Nellie, don't get gray again. You had it year before last, and don't you think it was just the least leetle bit trying? Let me show you that green that came in yesterday. I said the minute I clapped my eyes on it that it was just the color for you, with your brown hair and all."

And we end by deciding on the green.

The girls at Bascom's are not gossips--they are too busy for that--but they may be said to be delightfully well informed. How could they be otherwise when we go to Bascom's for our wedding dresses and party favors and baby flannels? There is news at Bascom's that our daily paper never hears of, and wouldn't dare print if it did.

So when Millie Whitcomb, of the fancy goods and notions, expressed her hunger for a homely heroine, I did not resent the suggestion. On the contrary, it sent me home in thoughtful mood, for Millie Whitcomb has acquired a knowledge of human nature in the dispensing of her fancy goods and notions. It set me casting about for a really homely heroine.

There never has been a really ugly heroine in fiction. Authors have started bravely out to write of an unlovely woman, but they never have had the courage to allow her to remain plain. On Page 237 she puts on a black lace dress and red roses, and the combination brings out unexpected tawny lights in her hair, and olive tints in her cheeks, and there she is, the same old beautiful heroine. Even in the "Duchess" books one finds the simple Irish girl, on donning a green corduroy gown cut square at the neck, transformed into a wild-rose beauty, at sight of whom a ball-room is hushed into admiring awe. There's the case of Jane Eyre, too. She is constantly described as plain and mouse-like, but there are covert hints as to her gray eyes and slender figure and clear skin, and we have a sneaking notion that she wasn't such a fright after all.

Therefore, when I tell you that I am choosing Pearlie Schultz as my leading lady you are to understand that she is ugly, not only when the story opens, but to the bitter end. In the first place, Pearlie is fat. Not, plump, or rounded, or dimpled, or deliciously curved, but FAT. She bulges in all the wrong places, including her chin. (Sister, who has a way of snooping over my desk in my absence, says that I may as well drop this now, because nobody would ever read it, anyway, least of all any sane editor. I protest when I discover that Sis has been over my papers. It bothers me. But she says you have to do these things when you have a genius in the house, and cites the case of Kipling's "Recessional," which was rescued from the depths of his wastebasket by his wife.)

Pearlie Schultz used to sit on the front porch summer evenings and watch the couples stroll by, and weep in her heart. A fat girl with a fat girl's soul is a comedy. But a fat girl with a thin girl's soul is a tragedy. Pearlie, in spite of her two hundred pounds, had the soul of a willow wand.

The walk in front of Pearlle's house was guarded by a row of big trees that cast kindly shadows. The strolling couples used to step gratefully into the embrace of these shadows, and from them into other embraces. Pearlle, sitting on the porch, could see them dimly, although they could not see her. She could not help remarking that these strolling couples were strangely lacking in sprightly conversation. Their remarks were but fragmentary, disjointed affairs, spoken in low tones with a queer, tremulous note in them. When they reached the deepest, blackest, kindest shadow, which fell just before the end of the row of trees, the strolling couples almost always stopped, and then there came a quick movement, and a little smothered cry from the girl, and then a sound, and then a silence. Pearlle, sitting alone on the porch in the dark, listened to these things and blushed furiously. Pearlle had never strolled into the kindly shadows with a little beating of the heart, and she had never been surprised with a quick arm about her and eager lips pressed warmly against her own.

In the daytime Pearlle worked as public stenographer at the Burke Hotel. She rose at seven in the morning, and rolled for fifteen minutes, and lay on her back and elevated her heels in the air, and stood stiff-kneed while she touched the floor with her finger tips one hundred times, and went without her breakfast. At the end of each month she usually found that she weighed three pounds more than she had the month before.

The folks at home never joked with Pearlle about her weight. Even one's family has some respect for a life sorrow. Whenever Pearlle asked that inevitable question of the fat woman: "Am I as fat as she is?" her mother always answered: "You! Well, I should hope not! You're looking real peaked lately, Pearlle. And your blue skirt just ripples in the back, it's getting so big for you."

Of such blessed stuff are mothers made.

But if the gods had denied Pearlle all charms of face or form, they had been decent enough to bestow on her one gift. Pearlle could cook like an angel, no, better than an angel, for no angel could be a really clever cook and wear those flowing kimono-like sleeves. They'd get into the soup. Pearlle could take a piece of rump and some suet and an onion and a cup or so of water, and evolve a pot roast that you could cut with a fork. She could turn out a surprisingly good cake with surprisingly few eggs, all covered with white icing, and bearing cunning little jelly figures on its snowy bosom. She could beat up biscuits that fell apart at the lightest pressure, revealing little pools of golden butter within. Oh, Pearlle could cook!

On week days Pearlle rattled the typewriter keys, but on Sundays she shooed her mother out of the kitchen. Her mother went, protesting faintly:

"Now, Pearlle, don't fuss so for dinner. You ought to get your rest on Sunday instead of stewing over a hot stove all morning."

"Hot fiddlesticks, ma," Pearlle would say, cheerily. "It ain't hot, because it's a gas stove. And I'll only get fat if I sit around. You put on your black-and-white and go to church. Call me when you've got as far as your corsets, and I'll puff your hair for you in the back."

In her capacity of public stenographer at the Burke Hotel, it was Pearlle's duty to take letters dictated by traveling men and beginning: "Yours of the 10th at hand. In reply would say. . . ." or: "Enclosed please find, etc." As clinching proof of her plainness it may be stated



that none of the traveling men, not even Max Baum, who was so fresh that the girl at the cigar counter actually had to squelch him, ever called Pearlle "baby doll," or tried to make a date with her. Not that Pearlle would ever have allowed them to. But she never had had to reprove them. During pauses in dictation she had a way of peering near-sightedly, over her glasses at the dapper, well-dressed traveling salesman who was rolling off the items on his sale bill. That is a trick which would make the prettiest kind of a girl look owlsh.

On the night that Sam Miller strolled up to talk to her, Pearlle was working late. She had promised to get out a long and intricate bill for Max Baum, who travels for Kuhn and Klingman, so that he might take the nine o'clock evening train. The irrepressible Max had departed with much eclat and clatter, and Pearlle was preparing to go home when Sam approached her.

Sam had just come in from the Gayety Theater across the street, whither he had gone in a vain search for amusement after supper. He had come away in disgust. A soiled soubrette with orange-colored hair and baby socks had swept her practiced eye over the audience, and, attracted by Sam's good-looking blond head in the second row, had selected him as the target of her song. She had run up to the extreme edge of the footlights at the risk of teetering over, and had informed Sam through the medium of song--to the huge delight of the audience, and to Sam's red-faced discomfiture--that she liked his smile, and he was just her style, and just as cute as he could be, and just the boy for her. On reaching the chorus she had whipped out a small, round mirror and, assisted by the calcium-light man in the rear, had thrown a wretched little spotlight on Sam's head.

Ordinarily, Sam would not have minded it. But that evening, in the vest pocket just over the place where he supposed his heart to be reposed his girl's daily letter. They were to be married on Sam's return to New York from his first long trip. In the letter near his heart she had written prettily and seriously about traveling men, and traveling men's wives, and her little code for both. The fragrant, girlish, grave little letter had caused Sam to sour on the efforts of the soiled soubrette.

As soon as possible he had fled up the aisle and across the street to the hotel writing-room. There he had spied Pearlle's good-humored, homely face, and its contrast with the silly, red and-white countenance of the unlaundered soubrette had attracted his homesick heart.

Pearlle had taken some letters from him earlier in the day. Now, in his hunger for companionship, he, strolled up to her desk, just as she was putting her typewriter to bed.

"Gee I This is a lonesome town!" said Sam, smiling down at her.

Pearlle glanced up at him, over her glasses. "I guess you must be from New York," she said. "I've heard a real New Yorker can get bored in Paris. In New York the sky is bluer, and the grass is greener, and the girls are prettier, and the steaks are thicker, and the buildings are higher, and the streets are wider, and the air is finer, than the sky, or the grass, or the girls, or the steaks, or the air of any place else in the world. Ain't they?"

"Oh, now," protested Sam, "quit kiddin' me! You'd be lonesome for the little old town, too, if you'd been born and dragged up in it, and hadn't seen it for four months."

"New to the road, aren't you?" asked Pearlle.

Sam blushed a little. "How did you know?"

"Well, you generally can tell. They don't know what to do with themselves evenings, and they look rebellious when they go into the dining-room. The old-timers just look resigned."

"You've picked up a thing or two around here, haven't you? I wonder if the time will ever come when I'll look resigned to a hotel dinner, after four months of 'em. Why, girl, I've got so I just eat the things that are covered up--like baked potatoes in the shell, and soft boiled eggs, and baked apples, and oranges that I can peel, and nuts."

"Why, you poor kid," breathed Pearlle, her pale eyes fixed on him in motherly pity. "You oughtn't to do that. You'll get so thin your girl won't know you."

Sam looked up quickly. "How in thunderation did you know----?"

Lealle was pinning on her hat, and she spoke succinctly, her hatpins between her teeth. "You've been here two days now, and I notice you dictate all your letters except the longest one, and you write that one off in a corner of the writing-room all by yourself, with your cigar just glowing like a live coal, and you squint up through the smoke, and grin to yourself."

"Say, would you mind if I walked home with you?" asked Sam.

If Lealle was surprised, she was woman enough not to show it. She picked up her gloves and hand bag, locked her drawer with a click, and smiled her acquiescence. And when Lealle smiled she was awful.

It was a glorious evening in the early summer, moonless, velvety, and warm. As they strolled homeward, Sam told her all about the Girl, as is the way of traveling men the world over. He told her about the tiny apartment they had taken, and how he would be on the road only a couple of years more, as this was just a try-out that the firm always insisted on. And they stopped under an arc light while Sam showed her the picture in his watch, as is also the way of traveling men since time immemorial.

Lealle made an excellent listener. He was so boyish, and so much in love, and so pathetically eager to make good with the firm, and so happy to have some one in whom to confide.

"But it's a dog's life, after all," reflected Sam, again after the fashion of all traveling men. "Any fellow on the road earns his salary these days, you bet. I used to think it was all getting up when you felt like it, and sitting in the big front window of the hotel, smoking a cigar and watching the pretty girls go by. I wasn't wise to the packing, and the unpacking, and the rotten train service, and the grouchy customers, and the canceled bills, and the grub."

Lealle nodded understandingly. "A man told me once that twice a week regularly he dreamed of the way his wife cooked noodle-soup."

"My folks are German," explained Sam. "And my mother--can she cook! Well, I just don't seem able to get her potato pancakes out of my mind. And her roast beef tasted and looked like roast beef, and not like a wet red flannel rag."

At this moment Pearlie was seized with a brilliant idea. "To-morrow's Sunday. You're going to Sunday here, aren't you? Come over and eat your dinner with us. If you have forgotten the taste of real food, I can give you a dinner that'll jog your memory."

"Oh, really," protested Sam. "You're awfully good, but I couldn't think of it. I-----"

"You needn't be afraid. I'm not letting you in for anything. I may be homelier than an English suffragette, and I know my lines are all bumps, but there's one thing you can't take away from me, and that's my cooking hand. I can cook, boy, in a way to make your mother's Sunday dinner, with company expected, look like Mrs. Newlywed's first attempt at 'riz' biscuits. And I don't mean any disrespect to your mother when I say it. I'm going to have noodle-soup, and fried chicken, and hot biscuits, and creamed beans from our own garden, and strawberry shortcake with real-----"

"Hush!" shouted Sam. "If I ain't there, you'll know that I passed away during the night, and you can telephone the clerk to break in my door."

The Grim Reaper spared him, and Sam came, and was introduced to the family, and ate. He put himself in a class with Dr. Johnson, and Ben Brust, and Gargantua, only that his table manners were better. He almost forgot to talk during the soup, and he came back three times for chicken, and by the time the strawberry shortcake was half consumed he was looking at Pearlie with a sort of awe in his eyes.

That night he came over to say good-bye before taking his train out for Ishpeming. He and Pearlie strolled down as far as the park and back again.

"I didn't eat any supper," said Sam. "It would have been sacrilege, after that dinner of yours. Honestly, I don't know how to thank you, being so good to a stranger like me. When I come back next trip, I expect to have the Kid with me, and I want her to meet you, by George! She's a winner and a pippin, but she wouldn't know whether a porterhouse was stewed or frapped. I'll tell her about you, you bet. In the meantime, if there's anything I can do for you, I'm yours to command."

Pearlie turned to him suddenly. "You see that clump of thick shadows ahead of us, where those big trees stand in front of our house?"

"Sure," replied Sam.

"Well, when we step into that deepest, blackest shadow, right in front of our porch, I want you to reach up, and put your arm around me and kiss me on the mouth, just once. And when you get back to New York you can tell your girl I asked you to."

There broke from him a little involuntary exclamation. It might have been of pity, and it might have been of surprise. It had in it something of both, but nothing of mirth. And as they stepped into the depths of the soft black shadows he took off his smart straw sailor, which was so different from the sailors that the boys in our town wear. And there was in the gesture something of reverence.

Millie Whitcomb didn't like the story of the homely heroine, after all. She says that a steady diet of such literary fare would give her blue indigestion. Also she objects on the ground that no one got married--that is, the heroine didn't. And she says that a heroine who

does not get married isn't a heroine at all. She thinks she prefers the pink-cheeked, goddess kind, in the end.

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## THE GOD FROM THE MACHINE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Soldiers Three*, by Rudyard Kipling

Hit a man an' help a woman, an' ye can't be far wrong anyways.--  
\_Maxims of Private Mulvaney.\_

The Inexpressibles gave a ball. They borrowed a seven-pounder from the Gunners, and wreathed it with laurels, and made the dancing-floor plate-glass, and provided a supper, the like of which had never been eaten before, and set two sentries at the door of the room to hold the trays of programme-cards. My friend, Private Mulvaney, was one of the sentries, because he was the tallest man in the regiment. When the dance was fairly started the sentries were released, and Private Mulvaney went to curry favour with the Mess Sergeant in charge of the supper. Whether the Mess Sergeant gave or Mulvaney took, I cannot say. All that I am certain of is that, at supper-time, I found Mulvaney with Private Ortheris, two-thirds of a ham, a loaf of bread, half a \_pate-de-foie-gras\_, and two magnums of champagne, sitting on the roof of my carriage. As I came up I heard him saying--

'Praise be a danst doesn't come as often as Ord'ly-room, or, by this an' that, Orth'ris, me son, I wud be the dishgrace av the rig'mint instid av the brightest jool in uts crown.'

'Hand \_the Colonel's pet noosance,' said Ortheris. 'But wot makes you curse your rations? This 'ere fizzy stuff's good enough.'

'Stuff, ye oncivilised pagin! 'Tis champagne we're dhrinkin' now. 'Tisn't that I am set ag'in. 'Tis this quare stuff wid the little bits av black leather in it. I misdoubt I will be distressin'ly sick wid it in the mornin'. Fwhat is ut?'

'Goose liver,' I said, climbing on the top of the carriage, for I knew that it was better to sit out with Mulvaney than to dance many dances.

'Goose liver is ut?' said Mulvaney. 'Faith, I'm thinkin' thim that makes it wud do bettther to cut up the Colonel. He carries a power av liver undher his right arrum whin the days are warm an' the nights chill. He wud give thim tons an' tons av liver. 'Tis he sez so. "I'm all liver to-day," sez he, an' wid that he ordhers me ten days C. B. for as moild a dhrink as iver a good sodger tuk betune his teeth.'

'That was when 'e wanted for to wash 'isself in the Fort Ditch,' Ortheris explained. 'Said there was too much beer in the Barrack water-butts for a God-fearing man. You was lucky in gettin' orf with wot you did, Mulvaney.'

'Say you so? Now I'm pershuaded I was cruel hard trated, seein' fwhat I've done for the likes av him in the days whin my eyes were wider opin than they are now. Man alive, for the Colonel to whip \_me\_ on the peg in that way! Me that have saved the repitation av a ten times better man than him! 'Twas ne-farious--an' that manes a power av evil!'

'Never mind the nefariousness,' I said. 'Whose reputation did you save?'

'More's the pity, 'twasn't my own, but I tuk more trouble wid ut than av ut was. 'Twas just my way, messin' wid fwat was no business av mine. Hear now!' He settled himself at ease on the top of the carriage. 'I'll tell you all about ut. Av coorse I will name no names, for there's wan that's an orf'cer's lady now, that was in ut, and no more will I name places, for a man is thracked by a place.'

'Eyah!' said Ortheris lazily, 'but this is a mixed story wot's comin'.'

'Wanst upon a time, as the childer-books say, I was a recruity.'

'Was you though?' said Ortheris, 'now that's extry-ordinary!'

'Orth'ris,' said Mulvaney, 'av you opin thim lips av yours again, I will, savin' your presence, Sorr, take you by the slack av your trousers an' heave you.'

'I'm mum,' said Ortheris. 'Wot 'appened when you was a recruity?'

'I was a betther recruity than you iver was or will be, but that's neither here nor there. Thin I became a man, an' the devil of a man I was fifteen years ago. They called me Buck Mulvaney in thim days, an', begad, I tuk a woman's eye. I did that! Ortheris, ye scrub, fwat are ye sniggerin' at? Do you misdoubt me?'

'Devil a doubt!' said Ortheris, 'but I've 'eard summat like that before!'

Mulvaney dismissed the impertinence with a lofty wave of his hand and continued--

'An' the orf'cers av the rig'mint I was in in thim days was orf'cers--gran' men, wid a manner on 'em, an' a way wid 'em such as is not made these days--all but wan--wan o' the capt'ns. A bad dhrill, a wake voice, an' a limp leg--thim three things are the signs av a bad man. You bear that in your mind, Orth'ris, me son.

'An' the Colonel av the rig'mint had a daughter--wan av thim lamblike, bleatin', pick-me-up-an'-carry-me-or-I'll-die gurls such as was made for the natural prey av men like the Capt'n, who was iverlastin' payin' coort to her, though the Colonel he said time an' over, "Kape out av the brute's way, my dear." But he niver had the heart for to send her away from the throuble, bein' as he was a widower, an' she their wan child.'

'Stop a minute, Mulvaney,' said I, 'how in the world did you come to know these things?'

'How did I come?' said Mulvaney, with a scornful grunt, 'bekase I'm turned durin' the Quane's pleasure to a lump av wood, lookin' out straight forninst me, wid a--a--candelabrum in my hand, for you to pick your cards out av, must I not see nor feel? Av coorse I du! Up my back, an' in my boots, an' in the short hair av the neck--that's where I kape my eyes whin I'm on duty an' the reg'lar wans are fixed. Know! Take my word for it, Sorr, ivrything an' a great dale more is known in a rig'mint, or fwat wud be the use av a Mess Sargint, or a Sargint's wife doin' wet-nurse to the Major's baby? To reshume. He was

a bad dhrill was this Capt'n--a rotten bad dhrill--an' whin first I ran me eye over him, I sez to myself: "My Militia bantam!" I sez, "My cock av a Gosport dunghill"--'twas from Portsmouth he came to us--"there's combs to be cut," sez I, "an' by the grace av God,'tis Terence Mulvaney will cut thim."

'So he wint menowderin', and minanderin', an' blandandherin' roun' an' about the Colonel's daughter, an' she, poor innocint, lookin' at him like a Comm'ssariat bullock looks at the Comp'ny cook. He'd a dhirty little scrub av a black moustache, an' he twisted an' turned ivry wurrd he used as av he found ut too sweet for to spit out. Eyah! He was a tricky man an' a liar by natur'. Some are born so. He was wan. I knew he was over his belt in money borrowed from natives, besides a lot av other matthers which, in regard for your presince, Sorr, I will oblitherate. A little av fwat I knew, the Colonel knew, for he wud have none av him, an' that, I'm thinkin', by fwat happened aftherwards, the Capt'n knew.

'Wan day, bein' mortal idle, or they wud never ha' thried ut, the rig'mint gave amshure theatricals--orf'cers an' orf'cers' ladies. You've seen the likes time an' agin, Sorr, an' poor fun 'tis for them that sit in the back row an' stamp wid their boots for the honour av the rig'mint. I was told off for to shif' the scenes, haulin' up this an' draggin' down that. Light work ut was, wid lashins av beer and the gurl that dhressed the orf'cers' ladies--but she died in Aggra twelve years gone, an' my tongue's gettin' the betther av me. They was actin' a play thing called Sweethearts, which you may ha' heard av, an' the Colonel's daughter she was a lady's maid. The Capt'n was a boy called Broom--Spread Broom was his name in the play. Thin I saw --ut come out in the actin'--fwat I niver saw before, an' that was that he was no gentleman. They was too much together, thim two, a-whishperin' behind the scenes I shifted, an' some av what they said I heard, for I was death--blue death an' ivy--on the comb-cuttin'. He was iverlastin'ly oppressing her to fall in wid some sneakin' schame av his, an' she was thryin' to stand out against him, but not as though she was set in her will. I wonder now in thim days that my ears did not grow a yard on me head wid list'nin'. But I looked straight forninst me an' hauled up this an' dragged down that, such as was my duty, an' the orf'cers' ladies sez one to another, thinkin' I was out av listen--reach. "Fwhat an obligin' young man is this Corp'ril Mulvaney!" I was a Corp'ril then. I was rejuced aftherwards, but, no matther, I was a Corp'ril wanst.

'Well, this Sweethearts business wint on like most amshure theatricals, an' barrin' fwat I suspicioned, 'twasn't till the dhress-rehearsal that I saw for certain that thim two--he the blackguard, an' she no wiser than she should ha' been--had put up an evasion.'

'A what?' said I.

'E-vasion! Fwhat you call an elopemint. E-vasion I calls it, bekaze, exceptin' whin 'tis right an' natural an' proper, 'tis wrong an' dhirty to steal a man's wan child she not knowin' her own mind. There was a Sargint in the Comm'ssariat who set my face upon e-vasions. I'll tell you about that--'

'Stick to the bloomin' Captains, Mulvaney,' said Ortheris, 'Comm'ssariat Sargints is low.'

Mulvaney accepted the amendment and went on:--

'Now I knew that the Colonel was no fool, any more than me, for I was hild the smartest man in the rig'mint, an' the Colonel was the best orf'cer commandin' in Asia, so fwhat he said an' I said was a mortal truth. We knew that the Capt'n was bad, but, for reasons which I have already oblitherated, I knew more than me Colonel. I wud ha' rolled out his face wid the butt av my gun before permittin' av him to steal the gurl. Saints knew av he wud ha' married her, and av he didn't she wud be in great tormint, an' the divil av a "scandal." But I niver sthruck, niver raised me hand on my shuperior orf'cer, an' that was a merricle now I come to considher it.'

'Mulvaney, the dawn's risin',' said Ortheris, 'an' we're no nearer 'ome than we was at the beginnin'. Lend me your pouch. Mine's all dust.'

Mulvaney pitched his pouch over, and filled his pipe afresh.

'So the dhress-rehearsal came to an end, an', bekaze I was curious, I stayed behind whin the scene-shiftin' was ended, an' I shud ha' been in barracks, lyin' as flat as a toad under a painted cottage thing. They was talkin' in whispers, an' she was shiverin' an' gaspin' like a fresh-hukked fish. "Are you sure you've got the hang av the manewvers?" sez he, or wurds to that effec', as the coort-martial sez. "Sure as death," sez she, "but I misdoubt 'tis cruel hard on my father." "Damn your father," sez he, or anyways 'twas fwhat he thought, "the arrangement is as clear as mud. Jungi will drive the carr'ge afther all's over, an' you come to the station, cool an' aisy, in time for the two o'clock thrain, where I'll be wid your kit." "Faith," thinks I to myself, "thin there's a ayah in the business tu!"

'A powerful bad thing is a ayah. Don't you niver have any thruck wid wan. Thin he began sootherin' her, an' all the orf'cers an' orf'cers' ladies left, an' they put out the lights. To explain the theory av the flight, as they say at Muskthry, you must understand that afther this 'Sweethearts' nonsinse was ended, there was another little bit av a play called 'Couples' --some kind av couple or another. The gurl was actin' in this, but not the man. I suspicioned he'd go to the station wid the gurl's kit at the end av the first piece. 'Twas the kit that flustered me, for I knew for a Capt'n to go trapesing about the impire wid the Lord knew what av a truso on his arrum was nefarious, an' wud be worse than easin' the flag, so far as the talk aftherwards wint.'

"Old on, Mulvaney. Wot's \_truso\_?" said Ortheris.

'You're an oncivilised man, me son. Whin a gurl's married, all her kit an' 'coutrements are truso, which manes weddin'-portion. An' 'tis the same whin she's runnin' away, even wid the biggest blackguard on the Army List.

'So I made my plan av campaign. The Colonel's house was a good two miles away. "Dennis," sez I to my colour-sargint, "av you love me lend me your kyart, for me heart is bruk an' me feet is sore wid trampin' to and from this foolishness at the Gaff." An' Dennis lent ut, wid a rampin', stampin' red stallion in the shafts. Whin they was all settled down to their 'Sweethearts' for the first scene, which was a long wan, I slips outside and into the kyart. Mother av Hivin! but I made that horse walk, an' we came into the Colonel's compound as the divil wint through Athlone--in standin' leps. There was no one there excipt the servints, an' I wint round to the back an' found the girl's ayah.

"Ye black brazen Jezebel," sez I, "sellin' your masther's honour for five rupees--pack up all the Miss Sahib's kit an' look slippy! Capt'n Sahib's order," sez I. "Going to the station we are," I sez, an' wid that I laïd my finger to my nose an' looked the schamin' sinner I was.

"Bote acchy," says she, so I knew she was in the business, an' I piled up all the sweet talk I'd iver learnt in the bazars on to this she-bullock, an' prayed av her to put all the quick she knew into the thing. While she packed, I stud outside an' sweated, for I was wanted for to shif the second scene. I tell you, a young gurl's e-vasion manes as much baggage as a rig'mint on the line av march! "Saints help Dennis's springs," thinks I, as I bundled the stuff into the thrap, "for I'll have no mercy!"

"I'm comin' too," says the ayah.

"No, you don't," sez I, "later--pechy! You baito where you are. I'll pechy come an' bring you sart, along with me, you maraudin"--niver mind fwhat I called her.

'Thin I wint for the Gaff, an' by the special ordher av Providence, for I was doin' a good work you will ondersthand, Dennis's springs hild toight. "Now, whin the Capt'n goes for that kit," thinks I, "he'll be troubled." At the end av Sweethearts off the Capt'n runs in his kyart to the Colonel's house, an' I sits down on the steps and laughs. Wanst an' again I slipped in to see how the little piece was goin', an' whin ut was near endin' I stepped out all among the carr'ges an' sings out very softly, "Jungi!" Wid that a carr'ge began to move, an' I waved to the dhriver. "Hitherao!" sez I, an' he hitheraoed till I judged he was at proper distance, an' thin I tuk him, fair an' square betune the eyes, all I knew for good or bad, an' he dhropped wid a guggle like the canteen beer-engine whin ut's runnin' low. Thin I ran to the kyart an' tuk out all the kit an' piled it into the carr'ge, the sweat runnin' down my face in dhrops. "Go home," sez I, to the sais, "you'll find a man close here. Very sick he is. Take him away, an' av you iver say wan wurrd about fwhat you've dekkloed, I'll marrow you till your own wife won't sumjao who you are!" Thin I heard the stampin' av feet at the ind av the play, an' I ran in to let down the curtain. Whin they all came out the gurl thried to hide herself behind wan av the pillars, an' sez "Jungi" in a voice that wouldn't ha' scared a hare. I run over to Jungi's carr'ge an' tuk up the lousy old horse-blanket on the box, wrapped my head an' the rest av me in ut, an' dhrove up to where she was.

"Miss Sahib," sez I, "going to the station? Captain Sahib's order!" an' widout a sign she jumped in all among her own kit.

'I laid to an' dhruv like steam to the Colonel's house before the Colonel was there, an' she screamed an' I thought she was goin' off. Out comes the ayah, saying all sorts av things about the Capt'n havin' come for the kit an' gone to the station.

"Take out the luggage, you divil," sez I, "or I'll murther you!"

'The lights av the thraps people comin' from the Gaff was showin' across the parade ground, an', by this an' that, the way thim two women worked at the bundles an' thrunks was a caution! I was dyin' to help, but, seein' I didn't want to be known, I sat wid the blanket roun' me an' coughed an' thanked the Saints there was no moon that night.



'Whin all was in the house again, I niver asked for bukshish but dhruv tremenjus in the opp'site way from the other carr'ge an' put out my lights. Presintly, I saw a naygur man wallowin' in the road. I slipped down before I got to him, for I suspicioned Providence was wid me all through that night. 'Twas Jungi, his nose smashed in flat, all dumb sick as you please. Dennis's man must have tilted him out av the thrap. Whin he came to, "Hutt!" sez I, but he began to howl.

"'You black lump av dirt," I sez, "is this the way you dhrive your gharri? That tikka has been owin' an' fere-owin' all over the bloomin' country this whole bloomin' night, an' you as mut-walla as Davey's sow. Get up, you hog!" sez I, louder, for I heard the wheels av a thrap in the dark; "get up an' light your lamps, or you'll be run into!" This was on the road to the Railway Station.

"'Fwhat the devil's this?" sez the Capt'n's voice in the dhark, an' I could judge he was in a lather av rage.

"' Gharri dhriver here, dhrunk, Sorr," sez I; "I've found his gharri sthrayin' 'bout cantonmints, an' now I've found him."

"'Oh!" sez the Capt'n; "fwhat's his name?" I stooped down an' pretended to listen.

"'He sez his name's Jungi, Sorr," sez I.

"'Hould my harse," sez the Capt'n to his man, an' wid that he gets down wid the whip an' lays into Jungi, just mad wid rage an' swearin' like the scutt he was.

'I thought, afther a while, he wud kill the man, so I sez:--"Stop, Sorr, or you'll, murdher him!" That dhrew all his fire on me, an' he cursed me into Blazes, an' out again. I stud to attenshin an' saluted:-- "Sorr," sez I, "av ivry man in this wurruld had his rights, I'm thinkin' that more than wan wud be beaten to a jelly for this night's work--that niver came off at all, Sorr, as you see?" "Now," thinks I to myself, "Terence Mulvaney, you've cut your own throat, for he'll sthrike, an' you'll knock him down for the good av his sowl an' your own iverlastin' dishgrace!"

'But the Capt'n niver said a single wurrd. He choked where he stud, an' thin he went into his thrap widout sayin' good-night, an' I wint back to barricks.'

'And then?' said Ortheris and I together.

'That was all,' said Mulvaney; 'niver another word did I hear av the whole thing. All I know was that there was no e-vasion, an' that was fwhat I wanted. Now, I put ut to you, Sorr, is ten days' C. B. a fit an' a proper tratement for a man who has behaved as me?'

'Well, any'ow,' said Ortheris, 'tweren't this 'ere Colonel's daughter, an' you was blazin' copped when you tried to wash in the Fort Ditch.'

'That,' said Mulvaney, finishing the champagne, 'is a shuparfluous an' impert'nint observation.'

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## RAMON THE DISCONTENTED.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Patrañas*, by R. H. Busk

Ramon was a discontented man. Instead of thanking Providence for all the good gifts of earth, and the promise of the joys of heaven, he was always repining at the hardships of his life, and finding out one thing after another to grumble at. Work he specially objected to. He wanted a cottage, and a pig, and a stock of poultry, and a vine, and a wife, a smoking cazuela [32], and plenty of tobacco; but when it came to working to pay for them, then it was quite another story. He was an only son; his hard-working parents had spoilt him by letting him have his own way, supplying him with all he wanted out of their own earnings, and so he grew up idle and apathetic, finding fault with fate, instead of putting his shoulder to the wheel. "Estan las cosas en este mundo como cuernos en un costal--todas de punta" was a favourite proverb of his, meaning that the events of this life are like packing horns into a bag, the points of those first put in are always making their way through and obstructing the others. And indeed, if people indulge a discontented disposition, every thing must go wrong with them.

Strange, that any one can find pleasure in such an ugly habit as grumbling. Ramon had been made by nature a good-looking boy; but a sour, gloomy expression soon superseded the engaging smile of youth, and as he had never a pleasant word, his society was gradually shunned by all the village. The last to give him up was Carmen, the bright little playmate of his childhood, but he wore out even her patience, and then, when he was left to himself, he grew more and more sour and morose.

In the meantime, his good old father and mother had died, and for a time he had been living on the savings they had left him; but this was soon at an end, and hunger forced home the reflection, "What was to become of him?" Then every thing seemed gloomier than ever before even--he sat down to think under the old patriarchal vine, which had shaded his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather before him; but the fierce sun came through the withered branches and maddened him. He had neglected to tend it, and it had no shelter for him. Instead of blaming his own neglect, he turned with an imprecation upon the vine, and his ill-humour overflowed on to the old house, against the wall of which he leant and which was also crumbling to decay because he had left it without repair; and upon Carmen, whose patience he had wearied, and upon fortune, whose gifts he had left waste. And in his fury he said that he would die. "Die!" echoed a little leaf of the withered vine, as it fell rustling past him, "You can't die when you will, you must fulfil the work God has set you, whatever it be."

"Work! I will do no work. I will die!" he answered fiercely.

"You cannot die when you will!" whispered another rustling leaf.

"We shall see!" said Ramon, and with that he took up the rope of the well, and, stalking wildly upstairs, he deliberately made a noose, into which he inserted his throat, tied one end over a beam in the loft, and placed himself on an old chest, ready to jump off and so swing tight the fatal knot which was to end his days.

He shut his eyes, and took a desperate leap ... but ... instead of drawing the noose tight, the beam above broke in twain, and the two ends came with him to the ground. He had scarcely recovered from one surprise, when he had to encounter another. On each side of him a stream of golden coins came running through the broken ends of the hollowed beam. What a sight for a lazy, self-indulgent man! Ramon thought no more of hanging now. He untied the knot, gathered up the gold, and secured it in chests and hiding-places, and came down to enjoy himself once more in his old idle way.

He trod on a dry leaf of the old vine, as he passed through the garden, and it whispered,--

"What a chance for you, Ramon! Buy yourself a patch of land, and set to work like a man, and show Carmen you are worthy of her."

"Work! while I have gold enough to last for ever? Not I, indeed!"

"It won't last for ever, Ramon," rustled out another falling leaf.

But Ramon heeded not. Some of his treasure he spent rationally enough, I must say, in having the old cottage repaired, and the old vine tended, but the bulk he squandered in excesses, and in a few years was as badly off as ever.

Want once more stared him in the face, and once more he resolved to put an end to his existence.

"You are not fit to die!" said the patriarchal vine, but Ramon hastened away, he had not the courage to encounter the dreadful thought.

He snatched up a rusty, disused spade--he was out of conceit with hanging. This time he would dig a deep hole in the ground, and thrust himself in head foremost, and stifle himself that way.

Digging was hard work for arms so unused to labour, but he had never thought to find it so hard as it proved. He had not taken out a dozen spadefuls when the spade seemed to refuse to enter the ground any more. Had his arms grown so stiff they could not move? Or was the earth so hard he could not break it?

The evening breeze rustled by, bearing with it some leaves of the old vine, and as they passed they whispered,--

"You can't die when you will, Ramon! Only be content to work as hard as now in a good cause, and you won't want to die till your time comes."

Provoked into energy by what he considered a taunt, instead of being softened by the fatherly counsel, he made one more desperate thrust of the spade into the hole. Instead of entering deeper, its rusty pan broke short off, but with a sound which showed him it had struck against something made of metal, and putting his hand down to the place whence the sound came, he distinctly made out the shape of a copper vessel.

Here was a discovery which gave him a presentiment of another chance of good fortune. Partly with the broken spade and partly with his own hands, he succeeded in tearing up the soil around, and bringing to light a large jar heavy enough to be full of gold, and so it proved.

Thus provided with means, Ramon once more commenced a new lease of

his dissipated life.

"Take my advice," said the old vine, "and put your treasure in something that will last, this time."

This was too much trouble for Ramon. He went on in his old reckless way, spending and taking no heed.

But during all the years of neglect, the brambles had overgrown his ground, and his uncultivated place afforded a cover for idlers and vagabonds. So it happened that when he was making one of his nightly visits to his treasure he was overlooked, and, as you may readily imagine, by the next occasion the treasure was gone.

His rage at this discovery was unbounded: he resolved now once for all to have done with life, and let nothing interfere to prevent him.

As he lay in bed that night, he contrived a plan to prevent all possibility of escape, and with the first rays of the morning sun he sallied out fully equipped.

He bore a rope and a blunderbuss, and he bent his steps to a crag which overhung the sea, where he had marked a tree whose branches spread over the briny waves. Tying his cord to a branch, he held his blunderbuss ready to blow out his brains if the noose was too slack, while, if the rope should break, he would at least have a good chance of drowning.

Off he leapt with the rope round his neck, but the noose did not draw itself tight. Faithful to his plan, he pulled the rusty trigger, but, like every thing else belonging to Ramon, the gun was out of order, and didn't go off; but as he hung struggling in the air the old well-rope broke, and down he fell splashing into the sea. There was no easy drowning for him, however; the water was not so deep as he had imagined, and he was left floundering in the waves, and bruised about among the sunken rocks.

Ramon had no fortitude; at each bump he could not restrain an exclamation of pain, and the distressful cries attracted the attention of no less a person than Carmen, who was gathering esparto grass [33] on the wild coast at no great distance.

All her former womanly compassion returned when she saw her poor Ramon in suffering and distress. Without an instant's hesitation, she caught up a hank of strong esparto rope, which she used to tie up her bundles, and hurried to the water's edge. Making one end of it fast to a rock, with the vigorous exertion of an arm strengthened by labour and directed by intelligence and affection, she contrived to throw the other end within reach of his grasp.

Ramon, who by this time had been long enough within sight of the terrors of death to feel his wish to encounter it considerably cooled, no sooner saw who was steadying the line, than he felt all the love of life which is implanted in the heart of man revive with its full vigour.

He caught the rope and twisted it round his arm, and with its aid breasted the breakers. By the time he reached the shore, however, the exhaustion consequent on so much excitement and exertion overcame him so completely, that every remaining spark of ill-will in Carmen's bosom was extinguished, and her only thought was how to restore him to strength.

Her exertions were blessed with success, and his weakness found scope for all her womanly sympathies, while her tender care roused all the better qualities of his nature into action. Her smile mingled with the visions of his feeble state, and warmed all his prospects of the future.

When he dreamt of the dreary old house and its haunting associations with the guilty past, he fancied he saw the sunny halo of her presence dispelling all its gloomy phantasms, and her playful innocence silencing even the convicting warnings of the stern old vine. Shared with her, even labour seemed to lose its repugnance.

As soon as he was well enough, he opened to her his resolutions full of repentance, which, with a woman's instinct, she was forward to foster.

You will be pleased to hear that after all these lessons, crowned by Carmen's winning confidence in his promised amendment, Ramon set himself seriously to follow a new line of conduct. Carmen showed her faith in his penitence by marrying him, and he took honest care that she should never repent her generosity.

The old cottage once more looked homely and inviting; and in the summer evening, when Ramon and Carmen sat resting beneath the shadow of the old vine, now sturdy and fruitful under the culture it received, and watching the gambols of a troop of chiquillos [34] whom God had given them, the leaves, as they fell rustling about them, whispered playfully in Ramon's ear, "You don't want to die now?" And Ramon in revenge plucked a bunch of ruddy grapes, and distributed it among the happy party.

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## SILENCE

Project Gutenberg's *The Little Angel and Other Stories*, by Leonid Andreyev

I

On a moonlight night in May, when the nightingales were singing, his wife came to Father Ignaty who was sitting in his study. Her face was expressive of suffering, and the small lamp trembled in her hand. She came up to her husband, touched him on the shoulder, and said sobbing:

"Father, let us go to Verochka!"

Without turning his head, Father Ignaty frowned at his wife over his spectacles, and looked long and fixedly, until she made a motion of discomfort with her free hand, and sat down on a low divan.

"How pitiless you both are," said she slowly and with strong emphasis on the word "both," and her kindly puffed face was contorted with a look of pain and hardness, as though she wished to express by her looks how hard people were--her husband and her daughter.

Father Ignaty gave a laugh and stood up. Closing his book, he took off his spectacles, put them into their case, and fell into a brown study. His big black beard, shot with silver threads, lay in a graceful curve

upon his chest, and rose and fell slowly under his deep breathing.

"Well, then, we will go!" said he.

Olga Stepanovna rose quickly, and asked in a timid, ingratiating voice.

"Only don't scold her, father! You know what she is."

Vera's room was in a belvedere at the top of the house, and the narrow wooden stairs bent and groaned under the heavy steps of Father Ignaty. Tall and ponderous, he was obliged to stoop so as not to hit his head against the ceiling above, and he frowned fastidiously when his wife's white jacket touched his face. He knew that nothing would come of their conversation with Vera.

"What, is that you?" asked Vera, lifting one bare arm to her eyes. The other arm lay on the top of the white summer counterpane, from which it was scarcely distinguishable, so white, transparent and cold was it.

"Verochka!" the mother began, but gave a sob and was silent.

"Vera!" said the father, endeavouring to soften his dry, hard voice.

"Vera, tell us what is the matter with you?"

Vera was silent.

"Vera, are your mother and I undeserving of your confidence? Do we not love you? Have you any one nearer to you than ourselves? Speak to us of your grief, and believe me, an old and experienced man, you will feel the better for it. And so shall we. Look at your old mother, how she is suffering."

"Verochka----!" "And to me----" his voice trembled, as though something in it had broken in two, "and to me, is it easy, think you? As though I did not see that you were devoured by some grief, but what is it? And I, your father, am kept in ignorance. Is it right?"

Vera still kept silence. Father Ignaty stroked his beard with special precaution, as though he feared that his fingers would involuntarily begin to tear it, and continued.

"Against my wishes you went to St. Petersburg--did I curse you for your disobedience? Or did I refuse you money? Or do you say I was not kind? Well, why don't you speak? See, the good your St. Petersburg has done you!"

Father Ignaty ceased speaking, and there rose before his mind's eye something big, granite-built, terrible, full of unknown dangers, and of strange callous people. And there alone and weak was his Vera, and there she had been ruined. An angry hatred of that terrible incomprehensible city arose in Father Ignaty's soul, together with anger towards his daughter, who kept silent, so obstinately silent.

"St. Petersburg has nothing to do with it," said Vera crossly, and closed her eyes. "But there is nothing the matter with me. You had better go to bed, it's late."

"Verochka!" groaned her mother. "My little daughter, confide in me!"

"Oh! mamma!" said Vera, impatiently interrupting her.

Father Ignaty sat down on a chair and began to laugh.

"Well then, nothing is the matter after all?" he asked ironically.

"Father," said Vera, in a sharp voice, raising herself up on her bed, "you know that I love you and mamma. But—I do feel so dull. All this will pass away. Really, you had better go to bed. I want to sleep, too. To-morrow, or sometime, we will have a talk."

Father Ignaty rose abruptly, so that his chair bumped against the wall, and took his wife's arm.

"Let's go!"

"Verochka!"

"Let's go—I tell you," cried Father Ignaty. "If she has forgotten God, shall we too! Why should we!"

He drew Olga Stepanovna away, almost by main force, and as they were descending the stairs, she, dragging her steps more slowly, said in an angry whisper:

"Ugh! pope, it's you who have made her so. It's from you she has got this manner. And you'll have to answer for it. Ah! how wretched I am——"

And she began to cry, and kept blinking her eyes, so that she could not see the steps, and letting her feet go down as it were into an abyss below into which she wished to precipitate herself.

From that day forward Father Ignaty ceased to talk to his daughter, and she seemed not to notice the change. As before, she would now lie in her room, now go about, frequently wiping her eyes with the palms of her hands, as though they were obstructed. And oppressed by the silence of these two people, the pope's wife, who was fond of jokes and laughter, became lost and timid, hardly knowing what to say or do.

Sometimes Vera went out for a walk. About a week after the conversation related above, she went out in the evening as usual. They never saw her again alive, for that evening she threw herself under a train, which cut her in two.

Father Ignaty buried her himself. His wife was not present at the church, because at the news of Vera's death she had had a stroke. She had lost the use of her feet and hands and tongue, and lay motionless in a semi-darkened room, while close by her the bells tolled in the belfry. She heard them all coming out of church, heard the choristers singing before their house, and tried to raise her hand to cross herself, but the hand would not obey her will. She wished to say: "Good-bye, Vera," but her tongue lay inert in her mouth, swollen and heavy. She lay so still that any one who saw her would have thought that she was resting, or asleep. Only—her eyes were open.

There were many people in the church at the funeral, both acquaintances of Father Ignaty's and strangers. All present compassionated Vera, who had died such a terrible death, and they tried in Father Ignaty's movements and voice to find signs of profound grief. They were not fond of Father Ignaty, because he was rough and haughty in his manners, harsh and unforgiving with his penitents, while, himself jealous and greedy, he availed himself of every chance to take more than his dues

from a parishioner. They all wished to see him suffering, broken-down; they wished to see him acknowledge that he was doubly guilty of his daughter's death--as a harsh father, and as a bad priest, who could not protect his own flesh and blood from sin. So they all watched him with curiosity, but he, feeling their eyes directed on his broad powerful back, endeavoured to straighten it, and thought not so much of his dead daughter as of not compromising his dignity.

"A well-seasoned pope," Karzenov the carpenter, to whom he still owed money for some frames, said with a nod in his direction.

And so, firm and upright, Father Ignaty went to the cemetery, and came back the same. And not till he reached the door of his wife's room did his back bend a little; but that might have been because the door was not high enough for his stature. Coming in from the light he could only with difficulty distinguish his wife's face, and when he succeeded in so doing, he perceived that it was perfectly still and that there were no tears in her eyes. In them was there neither anger nor grief; they were dumb, and painfully, obstinately silent, as was also her whole obese feeble body that was pressed against the bed-rail.

"Well, what? How are you feeling?" Father Ignaty inquired.

But her lips were dumb, and her eyes were silent. Father Ignaty laid his hand on her forehead; it was cold and damp, and Olga Stepanovna gave no sign whatever that she had felt his touch. And when he removed his hands from her forehead, two deep, grey eyes looked at him without blinking; they seemed almost black on account of the dilation of the pupils, and in them was neither grief nor anger.

"Well, I will go to my own room," said Father Ignaty, who had turned cold and frightened.

He went through the guest-chamber, where everything was clean and orderly as ever, and the high-backed chairs stood swathed in white covers, like corpses in their shrouds. At one of the windows hung a wire cage, but it was empty and the door was open.

"Nastasya!" Father Ignaty called, and his voice seemed to him rough, and he felt awkward, that he had called so loud in those quiet rooms, so soon after the funeral of their daughter. "Nastasya," he called more gently, "where's the canary?"

The cook, who had cried so much that her nose was swollen and become as red as a beet, answered rudely:

"Don't know. It flew away."

"Why did you let it go?" said Father Ignaty, angrily knitting his brows.

Nastasya burst out crying, and wiping her eyes with the ends of a print handkerchief she wore over her head, said through her tears:

"The dear little soul of the young mistress. How could I keep it?"

And it seemed even to Father Ignaty that the happy little yellow canary, which used to sing always with its head thrown back, was really the soul of Vera, and that if it had not flown away it would have been impossible to say that Vera was dead. And he became still more angry with the cook, and shouted.



"Get along!" and when Nastasya did not at once make for the door, added  
"Fool!"

## II

From the day of the funeral silence reigned in the little house. It was not stillness, for that is the mere absence of noise, but it was silence which means that those who kept silence could, apparently, have spoken if they had pleased. So thought Father Ignaty when, entering his wife's chamber, he would meet an obstinate glance, so heavy that it was as though the whole air were turned to lead, and was pressing on his head and back. So he thought when he examined his daughter's music, on which her very voice was impressed, her books, and her portrait, a large one painted in colours which she had brought with her from St. Petersburg. In examining her portrait a certain order was evolved.

First he would look at her neck, on which the light was thrown in the portrait, and would imagine to himself a scratch on it, such as was on the neck of the dead Vera, and the origin of which he could not understand. And every time he meditated on the cause. If it had been the train which struck it, it would have shattered her whole head, and the head of the dead Vera was quite uninjured.

Could it be that some one had touched it with his foot when carrying home the corpse, or was it done unintentionally with the nail?

But to think long about the details of her death was horrible to Father Ignaty, so he would pass on to the eyes of the portrait. They were black and beautiful, with long eyelashes, the thick shadow of which lay below, so that the whites seemed peculiarly bright, and the two eyes were as though enclosed in black mourning frames. The unknown artist, a man of talent, had given to them a strange expression. It was as though between the eyes, and that on which they rested, there was a thin, transparent film. It reminded one of the black top of a grand piano, on which the summer dust lay in a thin layer, almost imperceptible, but still dimming the brightness of the polished wood. And wherever Father Ignaty placed the portrait, the eyes continually followed him, not speaking, but silent, and the silence was so clear that it seemed possible to hear it. And by degrees Father Ignaty came to think that he did hear the silence.

Every morning after the Eucharist Father Ignaty would go to the sitting-room, would take in at a glance the empty cage, and all the well-known arrangement of the room, sit down in an arm-chair, close his eyes and listen to the silence of the house. It was something strange. The cage was gently and tenderly silent, and grief and tears, and far-away dead laughter were felt in that silence. The silence of his wife, softened by the intervening walls, was obstinate, heavy as lead, and terrible, so terrible that Father Ignaty turned cold on the hottest day. Endless, cold as the grave, mysterious as death, was the silence of his daughter. It was as though the silence were a torture to itself, and as though it longed passionately to pass into speech, but that something strong and dull as a machine, held it motionless, and stretched it like a wire. And then somewhere in the far distance, the wire began to vibrate and emit a soft, timid, pitiful sound. Father Ignaty, with a mixture of joy and fear, would catch this incipient sound, and pressing his hands on the arms of the chair, would stretch

his head forward and wait for the sound to reach him. But it would break off, and lapse into silence.

"Nonsense!" Father Ignaty would angrily exclaim, and rise from the chair, tall and upright as ever. From the window was to be seen the market-place, bathed in sunlight, paved with round, even stones, and on the other side the stone wall of a long, windowless storehouse. At the corner stood a cab like a statue in clay, and it was incomprehensible why it continued to stand there, when for whole hours together not a single passer-by was to be seen.

### III

Out of the house Father Ignaty had much talking to do: with his ecclesiastical subordinates, and with his parishioners when he was performing his duties, and sometimes with acquaintances when he played with them at "Preference." But when he returned home he thought that he had been all the day silent. This came of the fact that with none of these people could he speak of the question which was the chief and most important of all to him, which racked his thoughts every night. Why had Vera died?

Father Ignaty was unwilling to admit to himself that it was impossible now to solve this difficulty, and kept on thinking that it was still possible.

Every night--and they were all now for him sleepless--he would recall the moment when he and his wife had stood by Vera's bed at darkest midnight, and he had entreated her "Speak!" And when in his recollections he arrived at that word, even the rest of the scene presented itself to him as different to what it had really been. His closed eyes preserved in their darkness a vivid, unblurred picture of that night; they saw distinctly Vera lifting herself upon her bed and saying with a smile But what did she say?

And that unuttered word of hers, which would solve the whole question, seemed so near, that if he were to stretch his ear and still the beating of his heart, then, then he would hear it--and at the same time it was so infinitely, so desperately far.

Father Ignaty would rise from his bed, and stretching forth his clasped hands in a gesture of supplication, entreat:

"Vera!"

And silence was the answer he received.

One evening Father Ignaty went to Olga Stepanovna's room, where he had not been for about a week, and sitting down near the head of her bed, he turned away from her doleful, obstinate gaze, and said:

"Mother! I want to talk to you about Vera. Do you hear?"

Her eyes were silent, and Father Ignaty raising his voice began to speak in the loud and severe tones with which he addressed his penitents:

"I know you think that I was the cause of Vera's death. But consider,

did I love her less than you? You judge strangely I was strict, but did that prevent her from doing as she pleased? I made little of the respect due to a father; I meekly bowed my neck, when she, with no fear of my curse, went away--thither. And you----mother----did not you with tears entreat her to remain, until I ordered you to be silent. Am I responsible for her being born hard-hearted? Did I not teach her of God, of humility, and of love?"

Father Ignaty gave a swift glance into his wife's eyes, and turned away.

"What could I do with her, if she would not open her grief to me. Command? I commanded her. Intreat? I intreated. What? Do you think I ought to have gone down on my knees before the little chit of a girl, and wept, like an old woman! What she had got in her head, and where she got it, I know not. Cruel, heartless daughter!"

Father Ignaty smote his knees with his fists.

"She was devoid of love--that's what it was! I know well enough what she called me--a tyrant. You she did love, didn't she? You who wept, and----humbled yourself?"

Father Ignaty laughed noiselessly.

"Lo--o--ved! That's it, to comfort you she chose such a death--a cruel, disgraceful death! She died on the ballast, in the dirt----like a d--d--og, to which some one gives a kick on the muzzle."

Father Ignaty's voice sounded low and hoarse.

"I'm ashamed! I'm ashamed to go out into the street! I'm ashamed to come out of the chancel! I'm ashamed before God. Cruel, unworthy daughter! One could curse you in your grave-----"

When Father Ignaty glanced again at his wife, she had fainted, and did not come to herself for some hours. And when she did come to herself her eyes were silent, and it was impossible to know whether she understood what Father Ignaty had said to her, or no.

That same night--it was a moonlight night in July, still, warm, soundless--Father Ignaty crept on tiptoe, so that his wife and her nurse should not hear him, up the stairs to Vera's room. The window of the belvedere had not been opened since the death of Vera, and the atmosphere was dry and hot, with a slight smell of scorching from the iron roof, which had become heated during the day. There was an uninhabited and deserted feeling about the apartment from which man had been absent so long, and in which the wood of the walls, the furniture and other objects gave out a faint smell of growing decay.

The moonlight fell in a bright stripe across the window and floor, and reflected by the carefully washed white boards it illumined the corners with a dim semi-light, and the clean white bed with its two pillows, a big one and a little one, looked unearthly and ghostly. Father Ignaty opened the window, and the fresh air poured into the room in a broad stream, smelling of dust, of the neighbouring river, and the flowering lime, and bore on it a scarcely audible chorus, apparently, of people rowing a boat, and singing as they rowed.

Stepping silently on his naked feet, like a white ghost, Father Ignaty approached the empty bed, and bending his knees fell face-down on the pillows, and embraced them--the place where Vera's face ought to have

been.

He lay long so. The song became louder, and then gradually became inaudible, but he still lay there, with his long black hair dishevelled over his shoulders and on the bed.

The moon had moved on, and the room had become darker, when Father Ignaty raised his head, and throwing into his voice all the force of a long suppressed and long unacknowledged love, and listening to his words, as though not he, but Vera, were listening to them, exclaimed. "Vera, my daughter! Do you understand what it means, daughter! Little daughter! My heart! my blood, my life! Your father, your poor old father, already grey and feeble."

His shoulders shook, and all his heavy frame was convulsed. With a shudder Father Ignaty whispered tenderly, as to a little child.

"Your poor old father asks you. Yes, Verochka, he entreats. He weeps. He who never was so wont. Your grief, my little daughter, your suffering, are my own. More than mine."

Father Ignaty shook his head.

"More, Verochka. What is death to me, an old man? But you----. If only you had realized, how tender, weak and timid you were! Do you remember how when you pricked your finger and the blood came, you began to cry. My little daughter! And you do indeed love me, love me dearly, I know. Every morning you kiss my hand. Speak, speak of what is grieving you--and I with these two hands will strangle your grief. They are still strong, Vera, these hands."

His locks shook.

"Speak!"

He fixed his eyes on the wall, and stretching out his hands, cried:

"Speak!"

But the chamber was silent, and from the far distance was borne in the sound of the long and short whistles of a locomotive.

Father Ignaty, rolling his distended eyes, as though there stood before him the frightful ghost of a mutilated corpse, slowly raised himself from his knees, and with uncertain movement lifted his hand, with the fingers separated and nervously stretched out, to his head. Going out by the door, Father Ignaty sharply whispered the word:

"Speak!"

And silence was the answer he received.

#### IV

The next day, after an early and solitary dinner, Father Ignaty went to the cemetery--for the first time since the death of his daughter. It was close, deserted, and still, as though the hot day were but an illumined night, but Father Ignaty as his habit was, with an effort

straightened his back, looked sternly from side to side, and thought that he was the same as heretofore. He did not regard the new, but terrible, weakness of his legs, nor that his long beard had grown completely white, as though bitten by a hard frost. The way to the cemetery led through the long, straight street, which sloped gently upwards, and at the end of which gleamed white the roof of the lych-gate, which was like a black, ever-open mouth edged with gleaming teeth.

Vera's grave lay in the very depth of the cemetery, where the gravelled pathways ended, and Father Ignaty had to wander for long on the narrow tracks, along a broken line of little mounds which protruded from the grass, forgotten of all, deserted of all. Here and there he came upon monuments sloping and green with age, broken-down railings, and great heavy stones cast upon the ground, and pressing it with a sort of grim senile malignity.

Vera's grave was next to one of these stones. It was covered with new sods, already turning yellow, while all around it was green. A rowan tree was intertwined with a maple, and a widely spreading clump of hazel stretched its pliant branches with rough furred leaves over the grave. Sitting down on the neighbouring tomb, and sighing repeatedly, Father Ignaty looked round, cast a glance at the cloudless desert sky, in which the red-hot disc of the sun hung suspended in perfect immobility--and then only did he become conscious of that profound stillness, like nothing else in the world, which holds sway over a cemetery, when there is not a breath of wind to rustle the dead leaves. And once more the thought came to Father Ignaty, that this was not stillness, but silence. It overflowed to the very brick walls of the cemetery, climbed heavily over them, and submerged the city. And its end was only there--in those grey, stubbornly, obstinately silent eyes.

Father Ignaty shrugged his shoulders, which were becoming cold, and let his eyes fall on Vera's grave. He gazed long at the short little seared stalks of grass, which had been torn from the ground somewhere in the wide wind-swept fields, and had failed to take root in the new soil, and he could not realize that there, under that grass, at a few feet from him, lay Vera. And this nearness seemed incomprehensible, and imbued his soul with a confusion and strange alarm. She, of whom he was accustomed to think as having for ever disappeared in the dark depth of infinity, was here, close--and it was difficult to understand that nevertheless she was not, and never would be again. And it seemed to Father Ignaty that if he spoke some word, which he almost felt upon his lips, or if he made some movement, Vera would come forth from the tomb, and stand up as tall and beautiful as ever. And that not only would she arise, but that all the dead, who could be felt, so awesome in their solemn cold silence, would rise too.

Father Ignaty took off his black wide-brimmed hat, smoothed his wavy locks, and said in a whisper:

"Vera!"

He became uneasy lest he should be heard by some stranger, and stood upon the tomb and looked over the crosses. But there was no one near, and he repeated aloud:

"Vera!"

It was Father Ignaty's old voice, dry and exacting, and it was strange

that a demand made with such force remained without answer.

"Vera!"

Loud and persistently the voice called, and when it was silent for a moment it seemed as though somewhere below a vague answer resounded. And Father Ignaty looked once more around, removed his hair from his ears, and laid them on the rough prickly sod.

"Vera! Speak!"

And Father Ignaty felt with horror that something cold as the tomb penetrated his ear, and froze the brain, and that Vera spoke—but what she said was ever the same long silence. It became ever more and more alarming and terrible, and when Father Ignaty dragged his head with an effort from the ground, pale as that of a corpse, it seemed to him that the whole air trembled and vibrated with a resonant silence, as though a wild storm had arisen on that terrible sea. The silence choked him: it kept rolling backwards and forwards through his head in icy waves, and stirred his hair; it broke against his bosom, which groaned beneath the shocks. Trembling all over, casting from side to side quick, nervous glances, he slowly raised himself, and strove with torturing efforts to straighten his back and to restore the proud carriage to his trembling body. And in this he succeeded. With slow deliberation he shook the dust from his knees, put on his hat, made the sign of the cross three times over the grave, and went with even, firm gait, and yet did not recognize the well-known cemetery, and lost his way.

"Lost my way!" he laughed, and stood still at the branching paths.

He stood still for a moment, and then without thinking turned to the left, because it was impossible to stand still and wait. The silence pursued him. It rose from the green graves, the grim grey crosses breathed it, it came forth in thin suffocating streams from every pore of the ground, which was sated with corpses. Father Ignaty's steps became quicker and quicker. Dazed, he went round the same paths again and again, he leapt the graves, stumbled against the railings, grasped the prickly tin wreaths, and the soft stuff tore to pieces in his hands. Only one thought, that of getting out, was left in his head. He rushed from side to side, and at last ran noiselessly, a tall figure, almost unrecognizable in his streaming cassock, with his hair floating on the air. More frightened than at the sight of a corpse risen from the grave, would have been any one who had met this wild figure of a man running, leaping, waving his arms—if he had recognized his mad, distorted face, and heard the dull rattle that escaped from his open mouth.

At full run Father Ignaty jumped out upon the little square at the end of which stood the low white mortuary chapel. In the porch on a little bench there dozed an old man who looked like a pilgrim from afar, and near him two old beggar-women were flying at one another, quarrelling and scolding.

When Father Ignaty reached home, it was already getting dark, and the lamp was lit in Olga Stepanovna's room. Without change of clothes or removing his hat, torn and dusty, he came hurriedly to his wife and fell on his knees.

"Mother—Olga—pity me!" he sobbed, "I am going out of my mind."

He beat his head against the edge of the table, and sobbed

tumultuously, painfully, as a man does who never weeps. He lifted his head, confident that in a moment a miracle would be performed, and that his wife would speak, and pity him.

"Dear!"

With his whole big body he stretched out towards his wife, and met the look of the grey eyes. In them there was neither compassion nor anger. Maybe his wife forgave and pitied him, but in those eyes there was neither pity nor forgiveness. They were dumb and silent.

And the whole desolate house was silent.